

HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
THE SEVEN
CRYSTAL BALLS



MAGNET



THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS

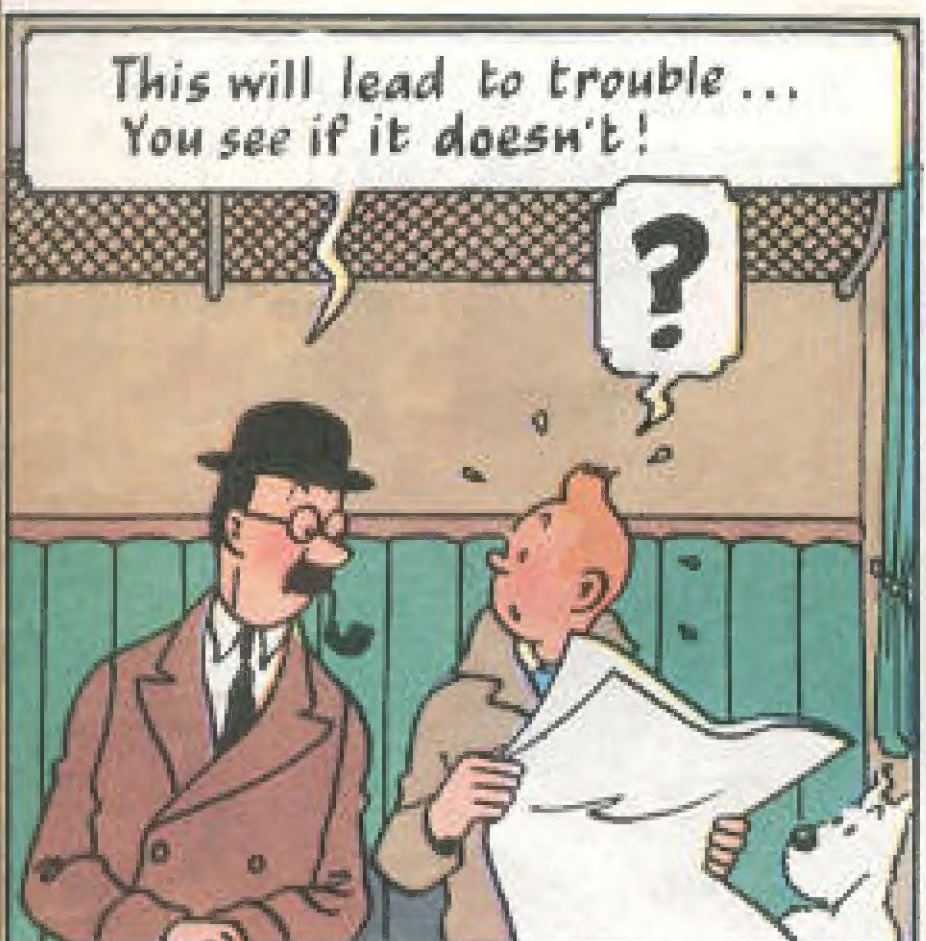
B. E. ROY HALL LIBRARY
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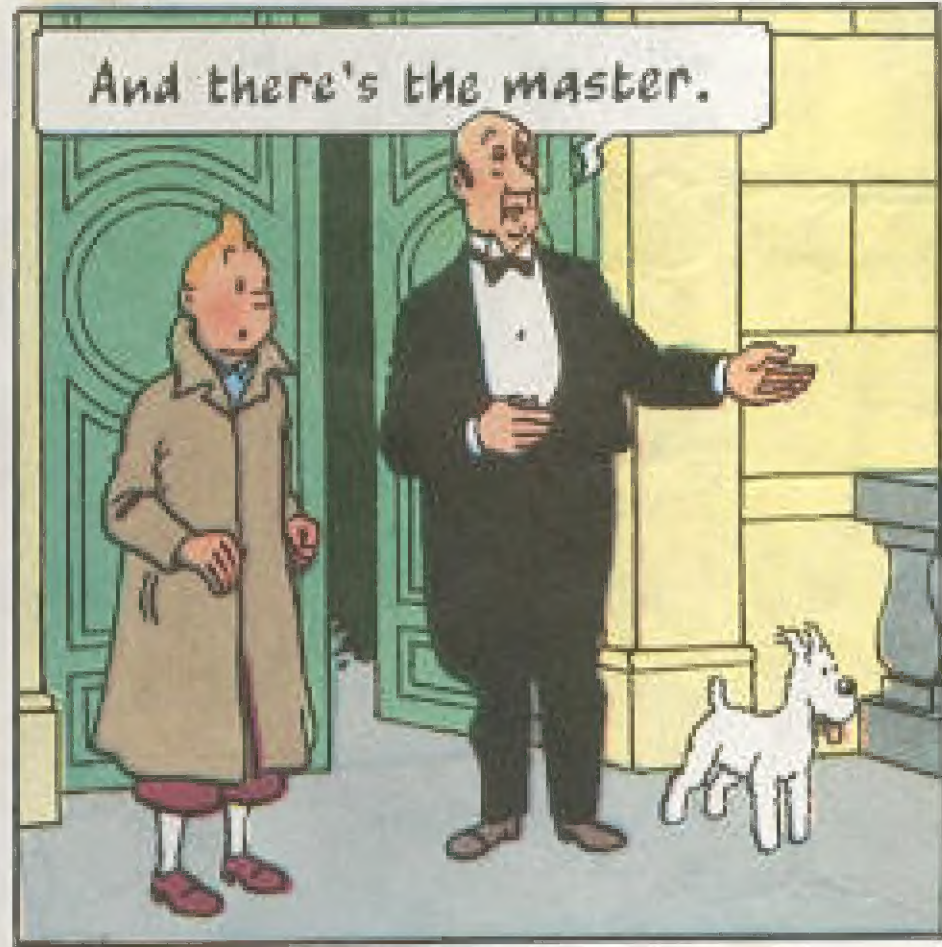
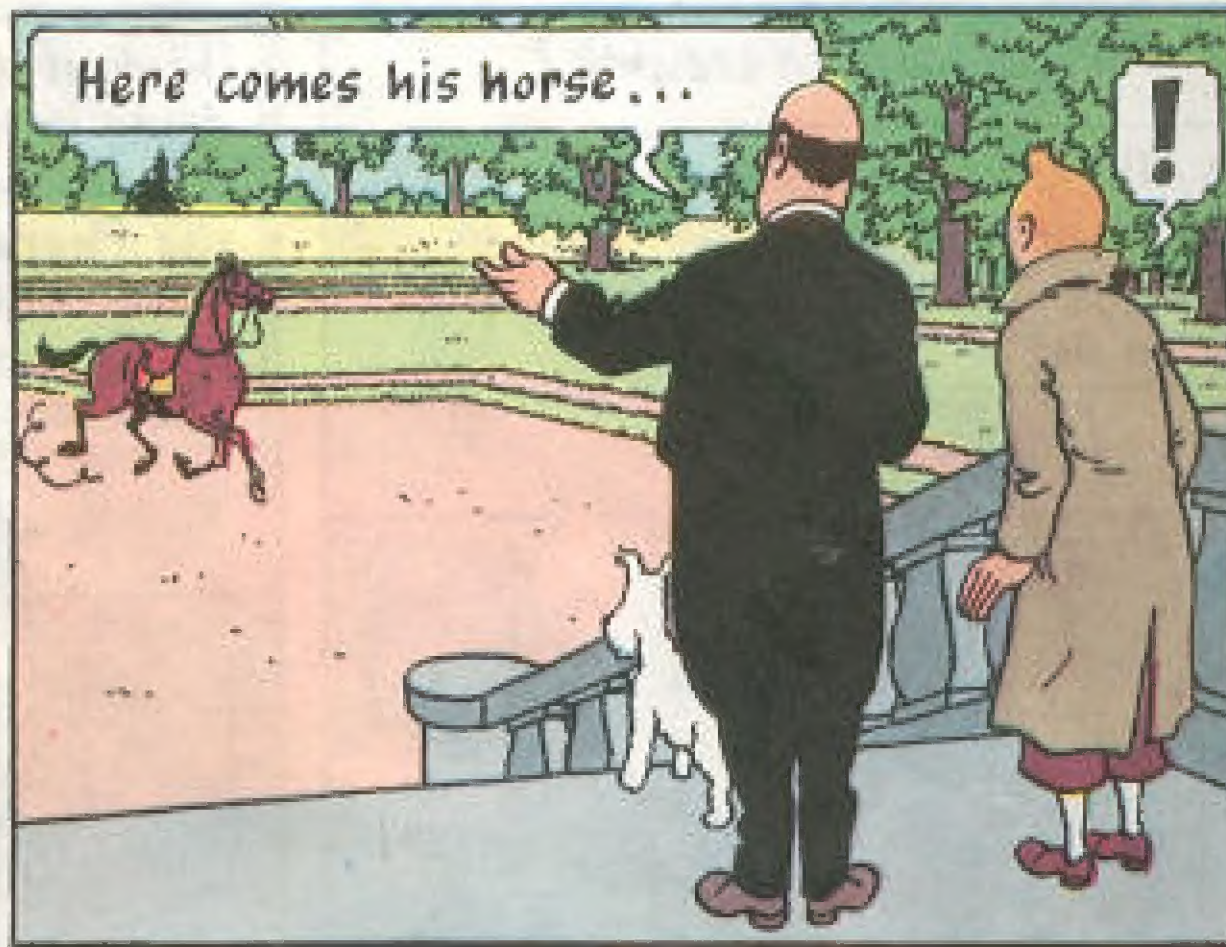
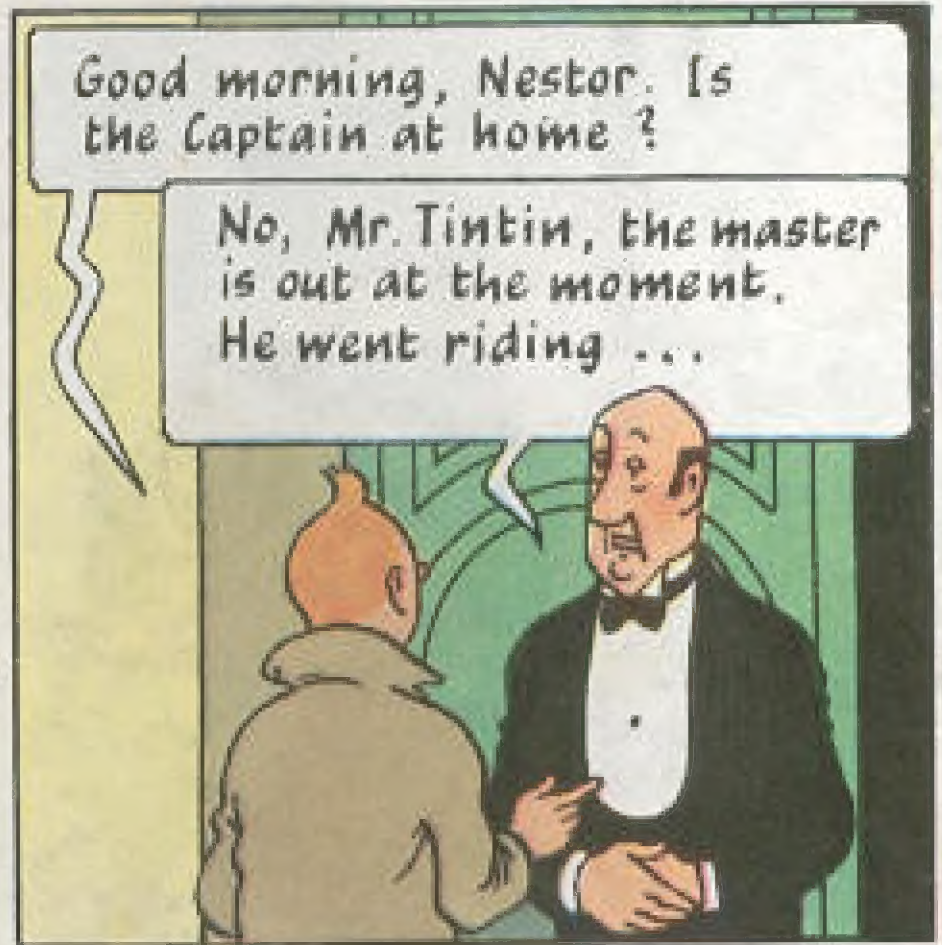


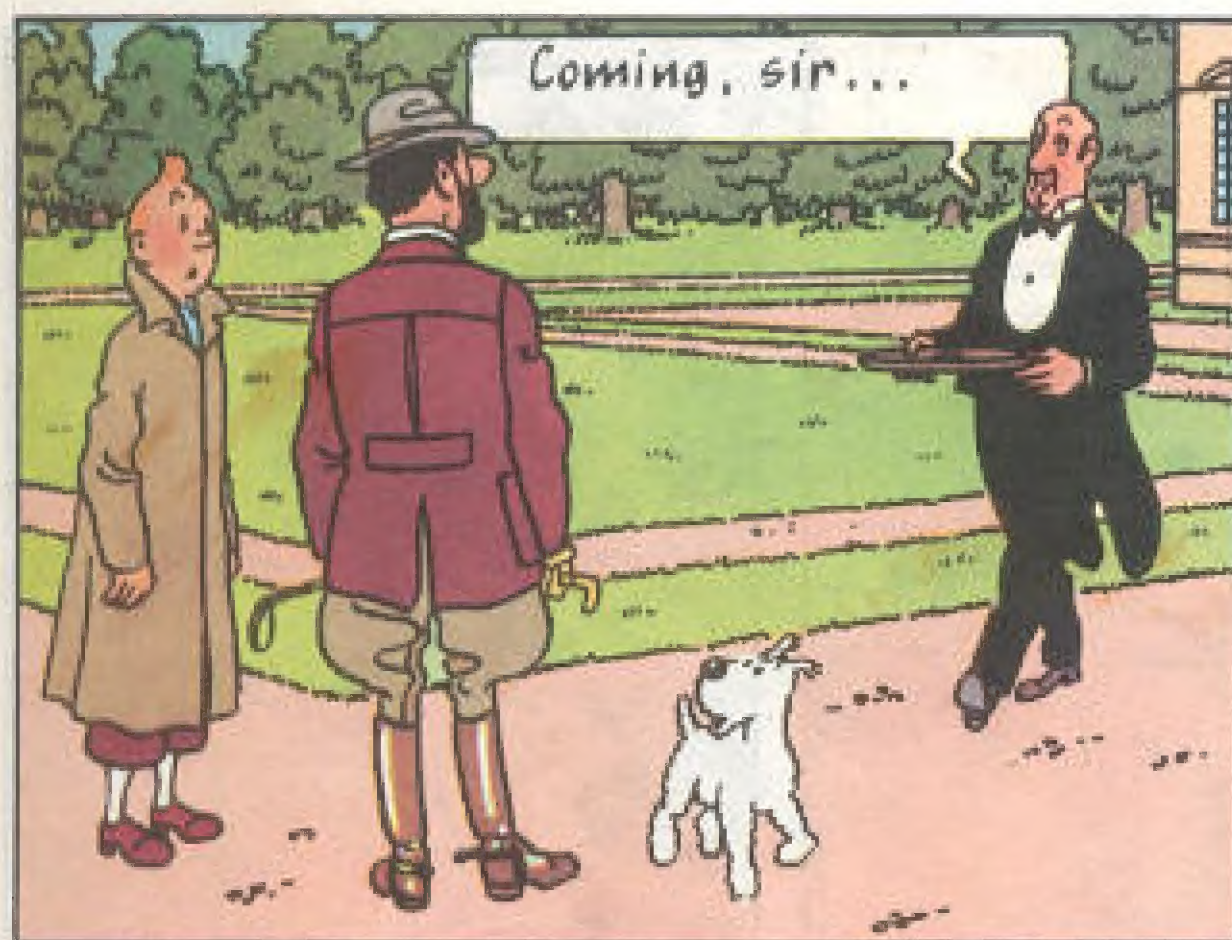
HOME AFTER TWO YEARS

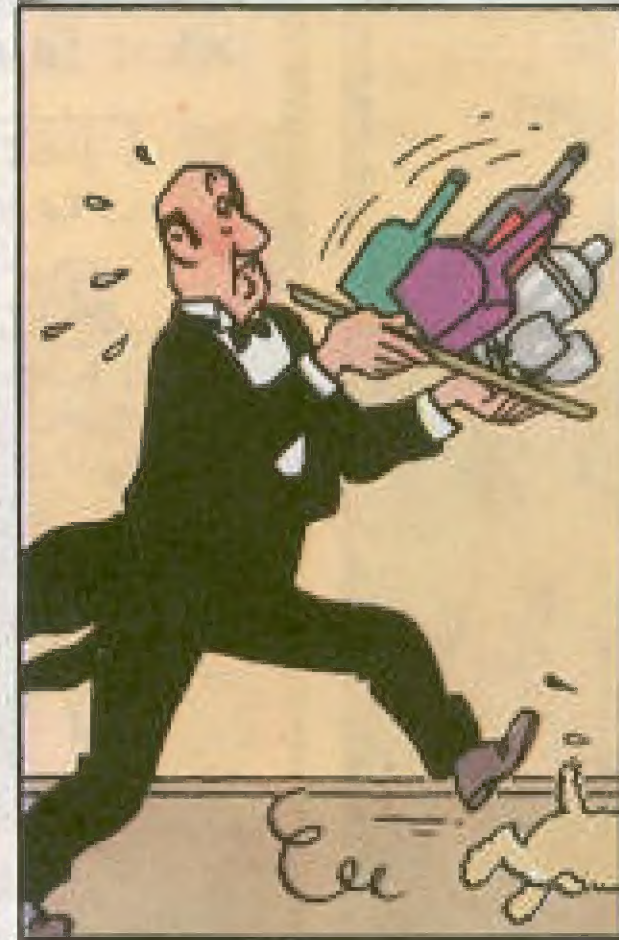
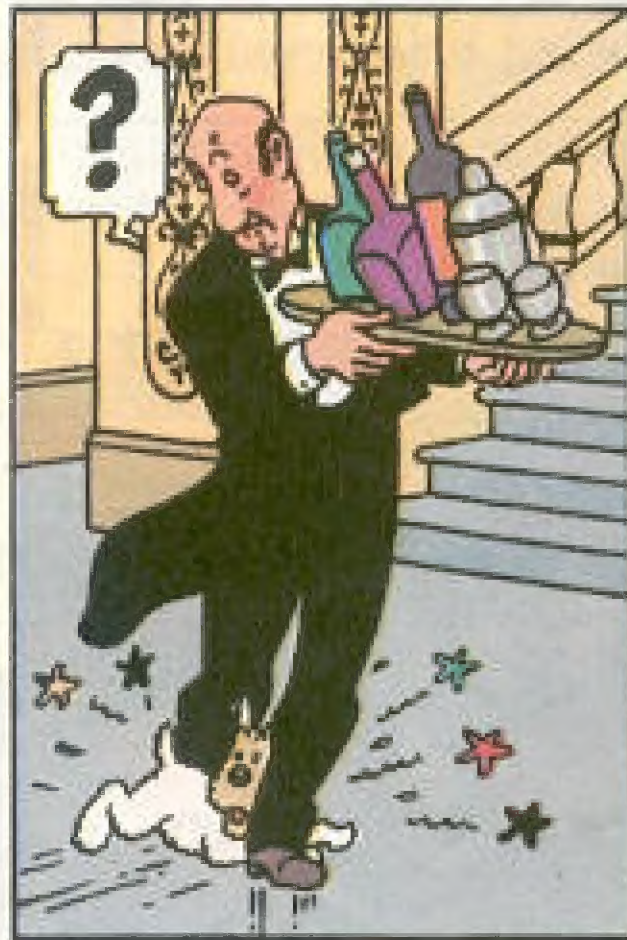
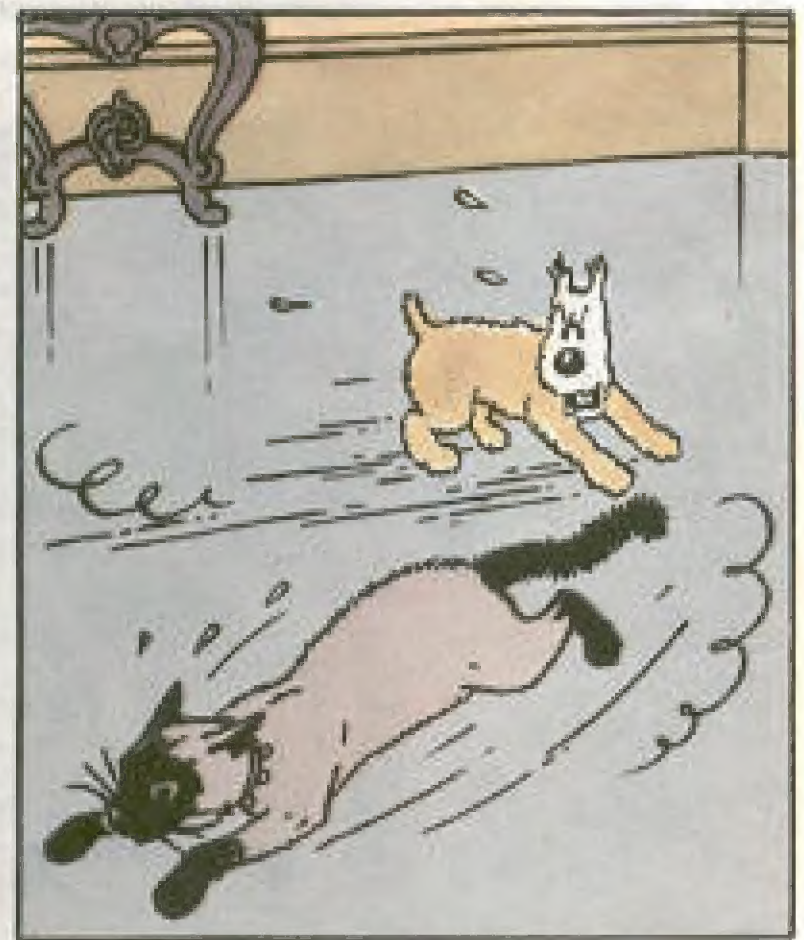
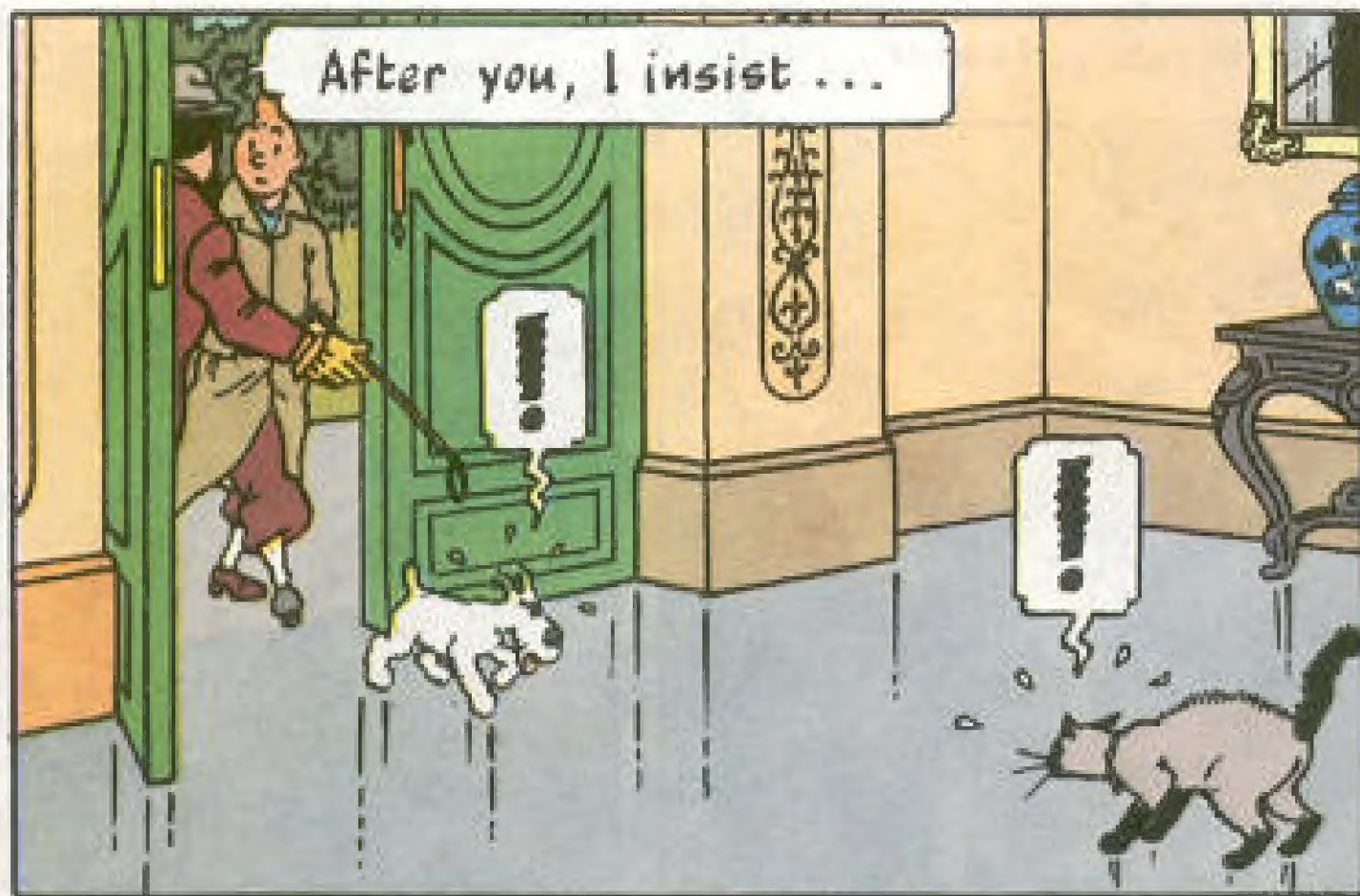
Sanders-Hardiman Expedition Returns

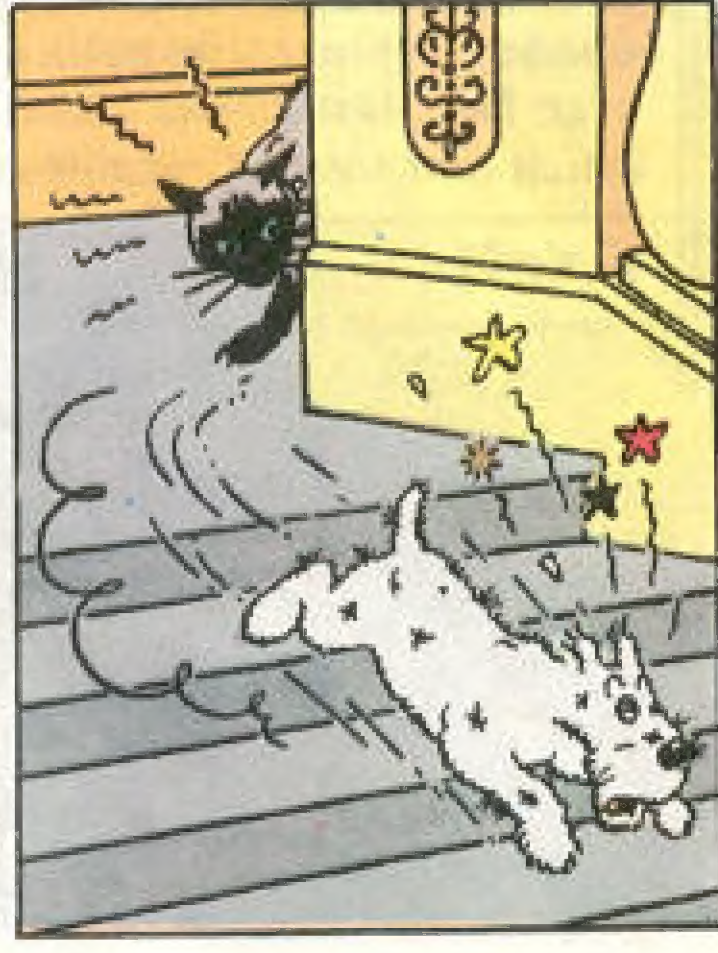
LIVERPOOL, *Thursday.* The seven members of the Sanders-Hardiman Ethnographic Expedition landed at Liverpool today. Back in Europe after a fruitful two-year trip through Peru and Bolivia, the scientists report that their travels took them deep into little-known territory. They discovered several Inca tombs, one of which contained a mummy still wearing a 'borla' or royal crown of solid gold. Funerary inscriptions establish beyond doubt that the tomb belonged to the Inca Rascar Capac.

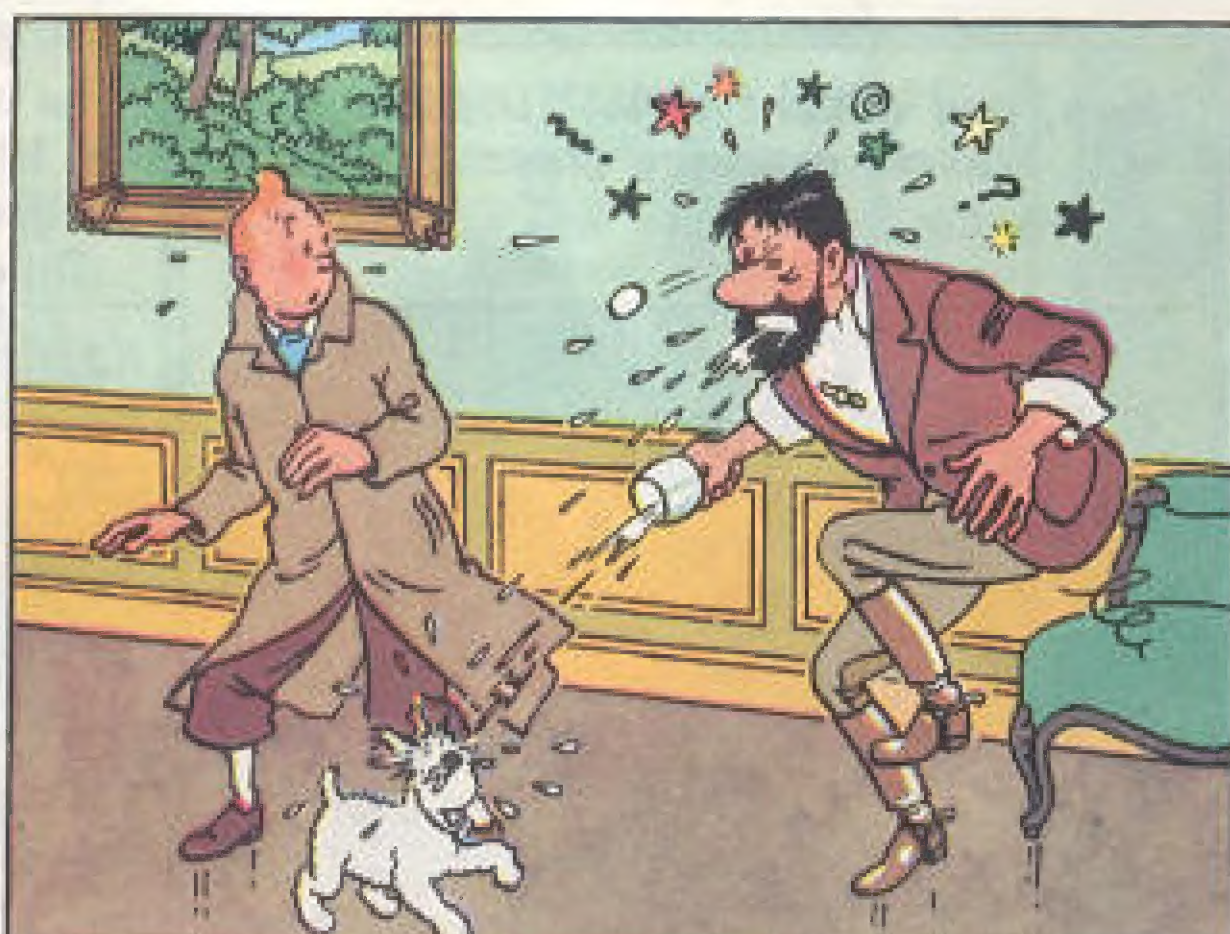
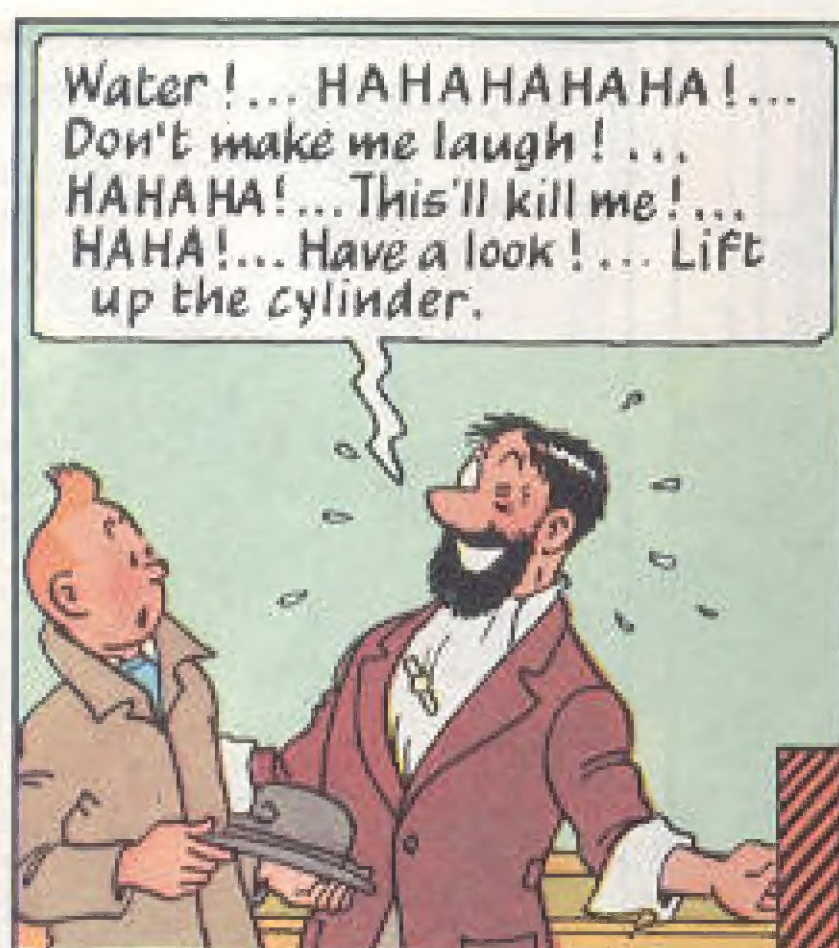


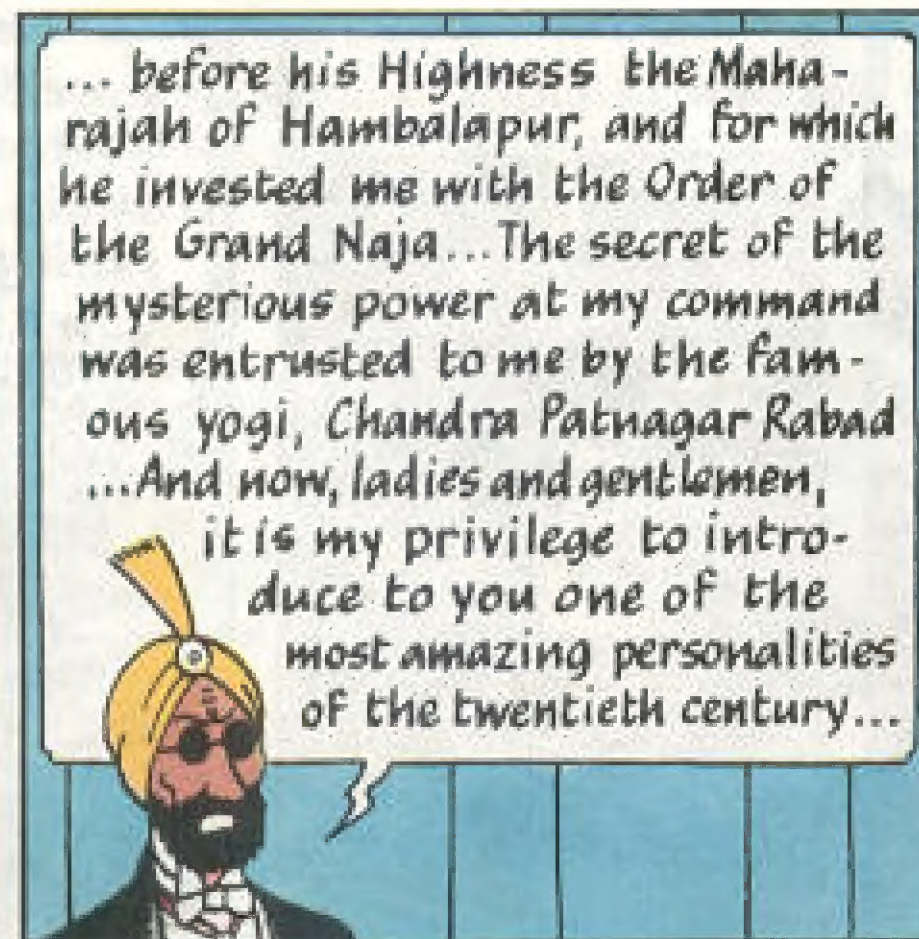
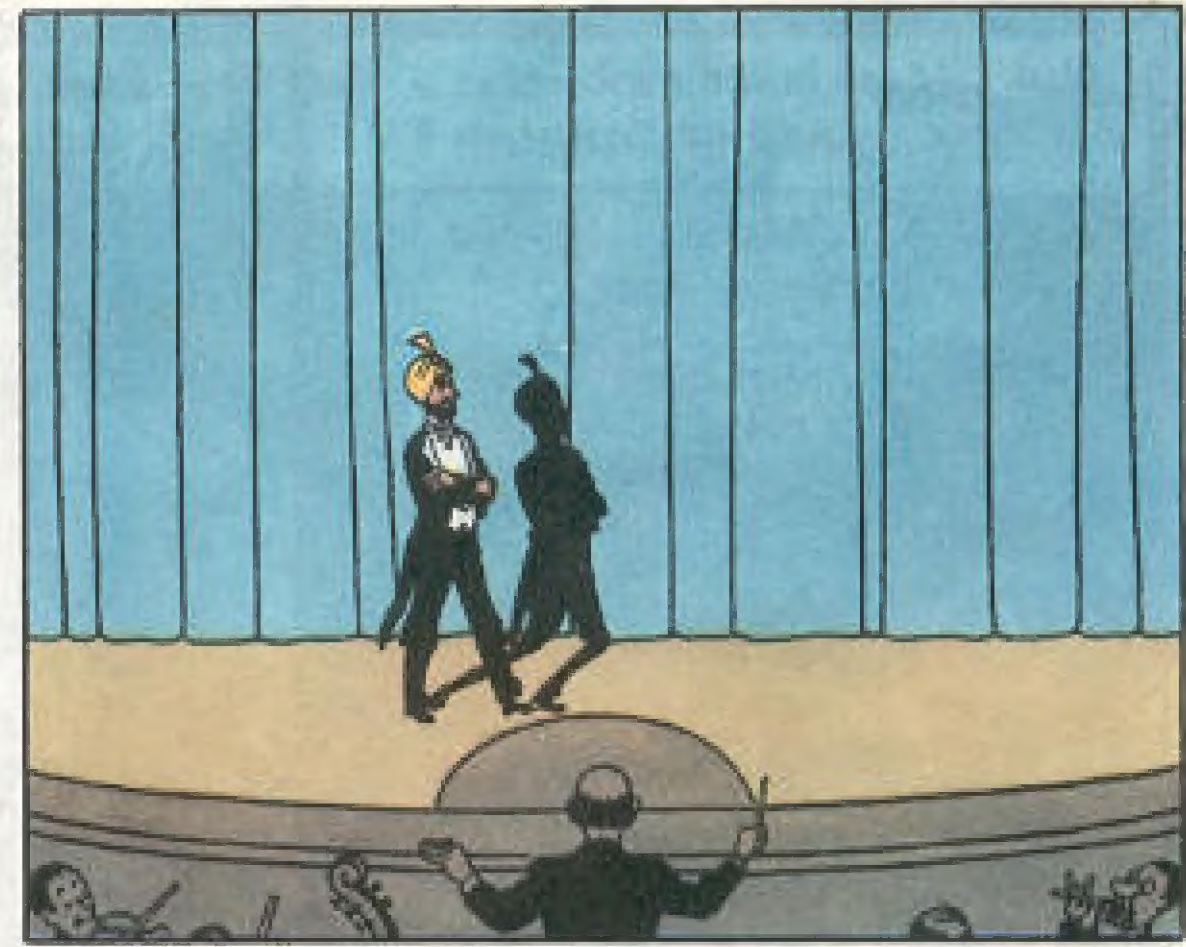
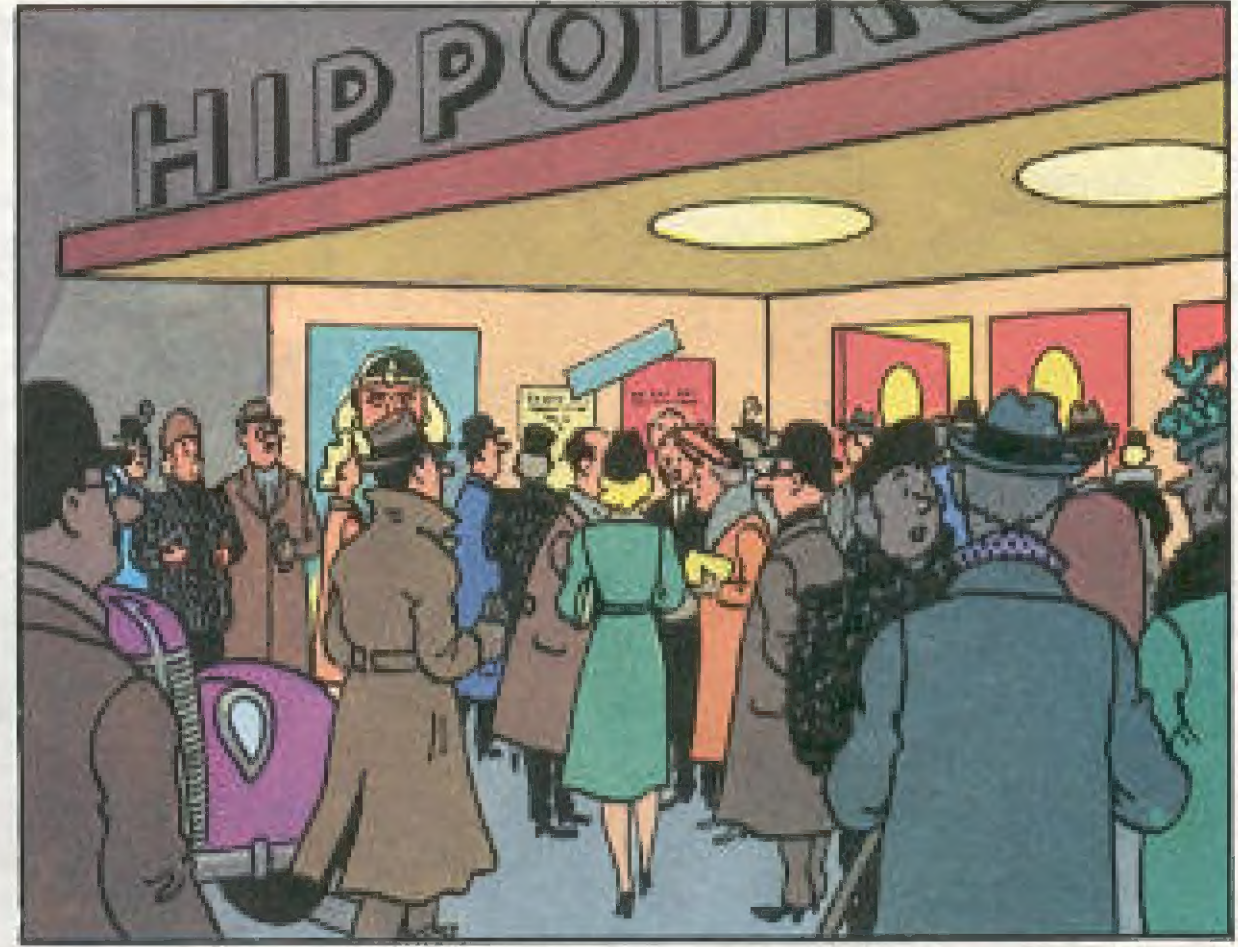
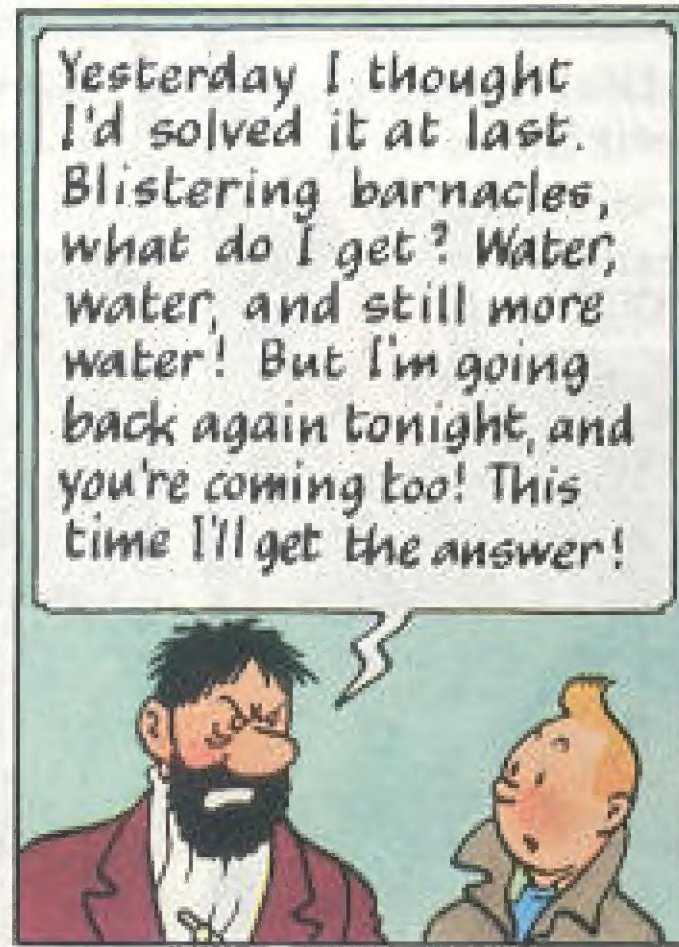
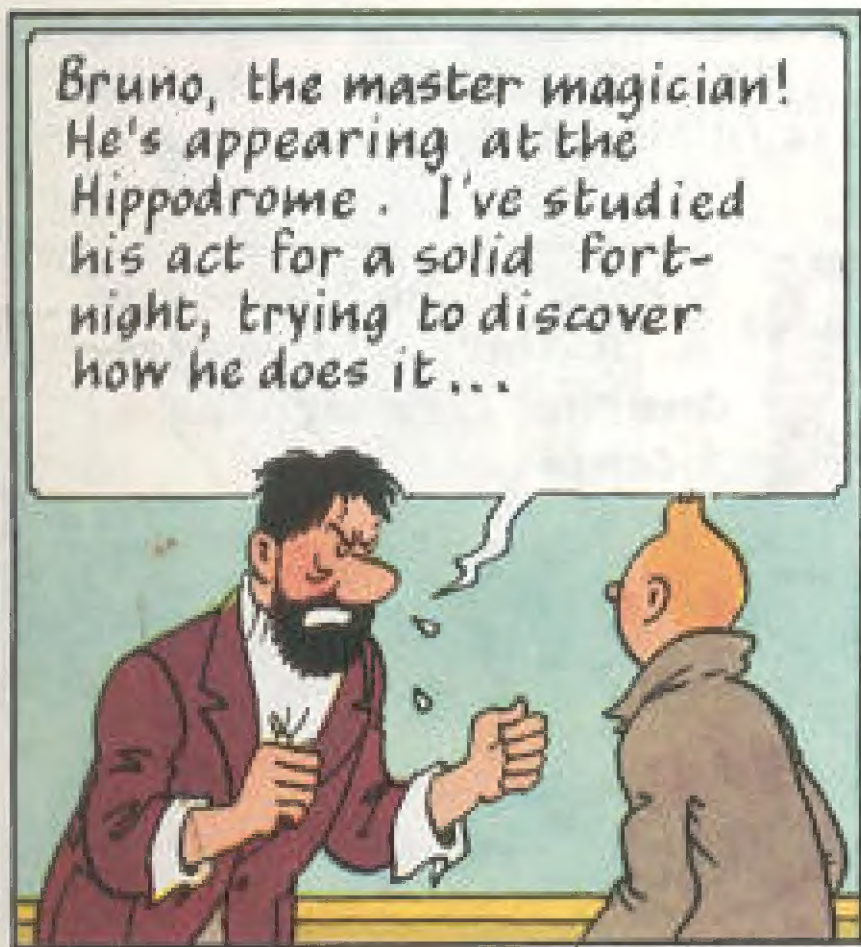












First I will put Madame Yamilah into a hypnotic trance...

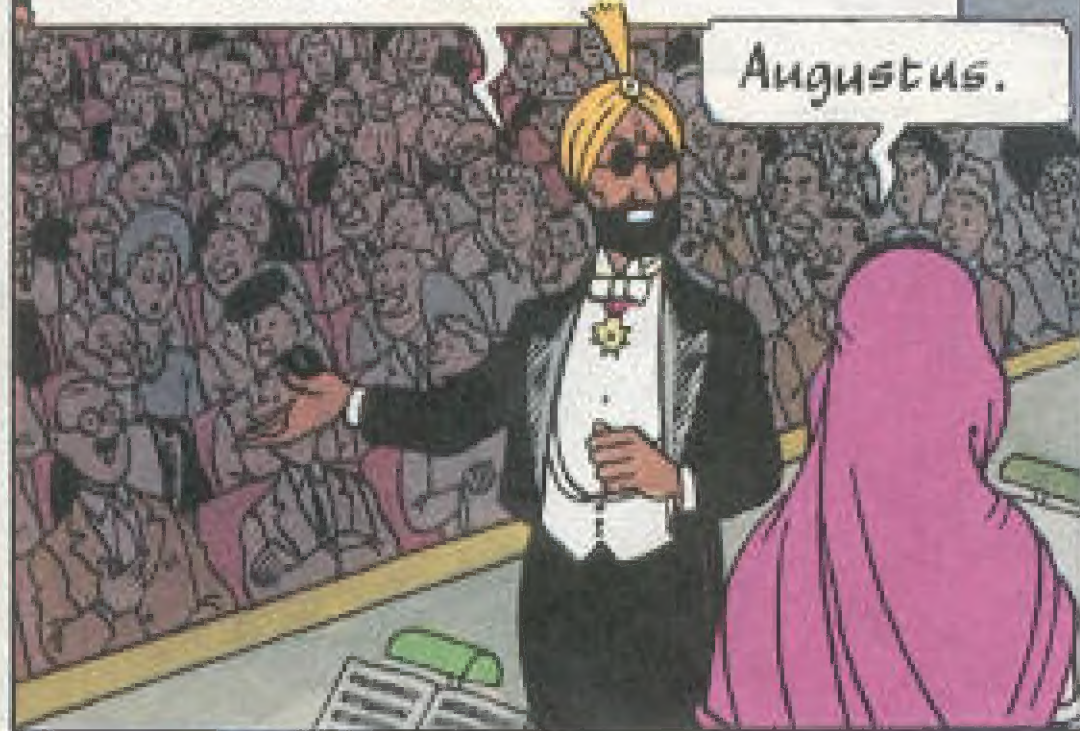


Madame Yamilah, are you ready to answer me?



Yes, master...

Good... Tell me, Madame Yamilah, what is this gentleman's Christian name?



Augustus.

Is that correct, sir?

Yes... quite correct!



Good... Now tell me, Madame Yamilah, what is in this lady's handbag?



A handkerchief, some keys, ... a diary... a powder compact... a driving licence...

And the number on that licence, Madame Yamilah?



Seven six eight one three seven...

Absolutely right!

Fantastic, isn't it?

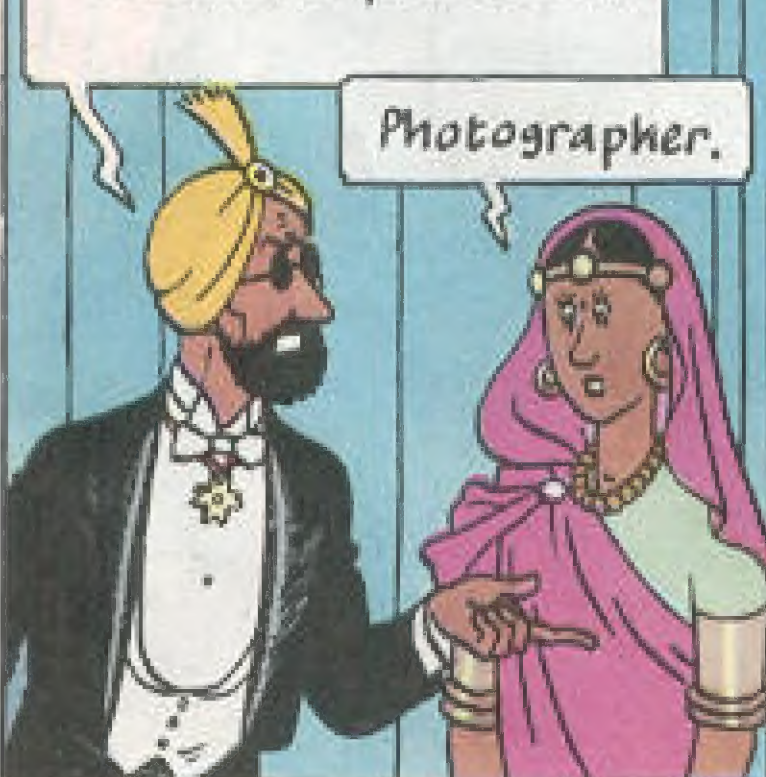


Madame Yamilah, will you please tell me whether that lady there in the third row is married.



Yes, she is married.

Good... And what is her husband's profession?



Photographer.

Is that right, madam?

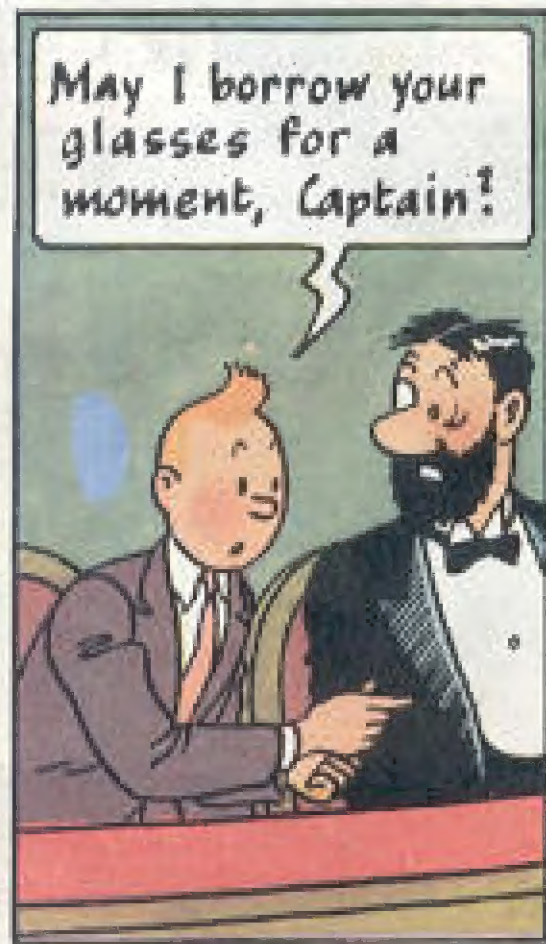
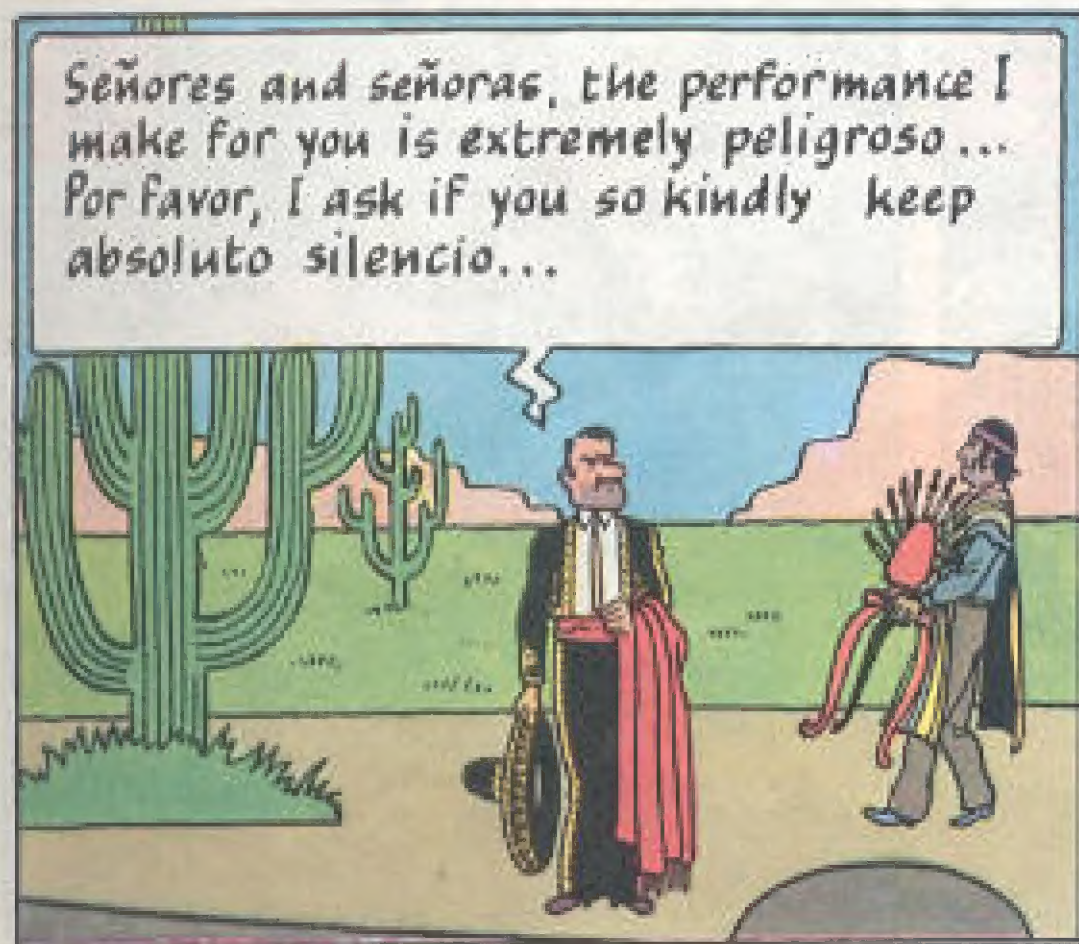
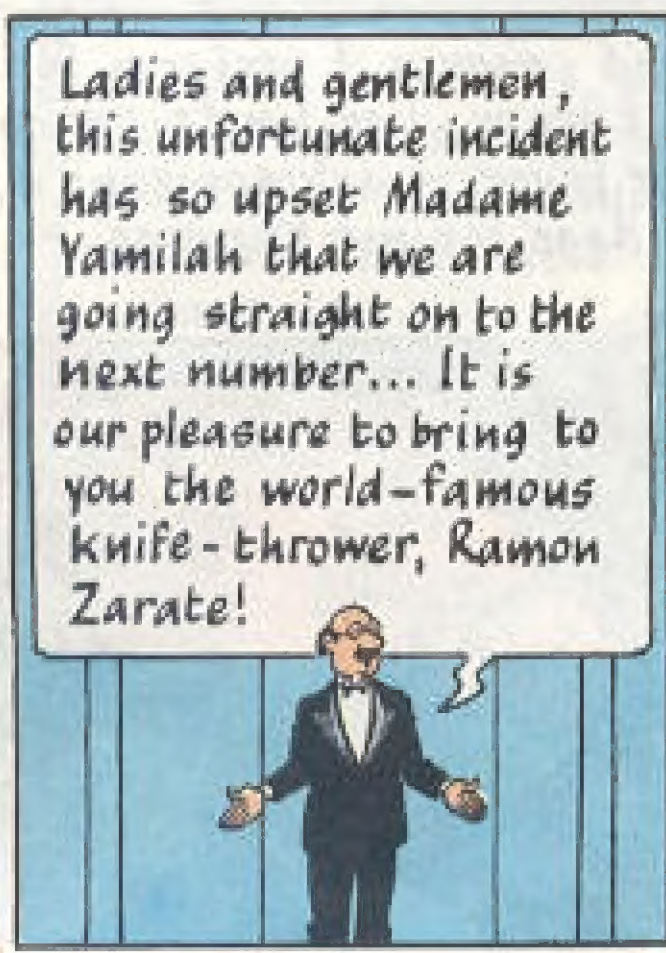
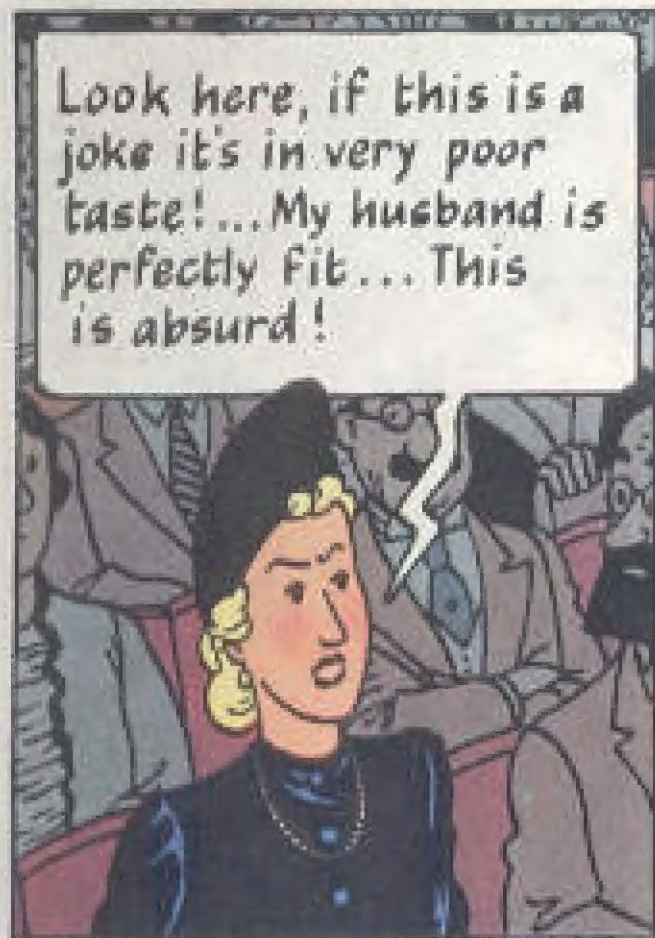


Quite right.



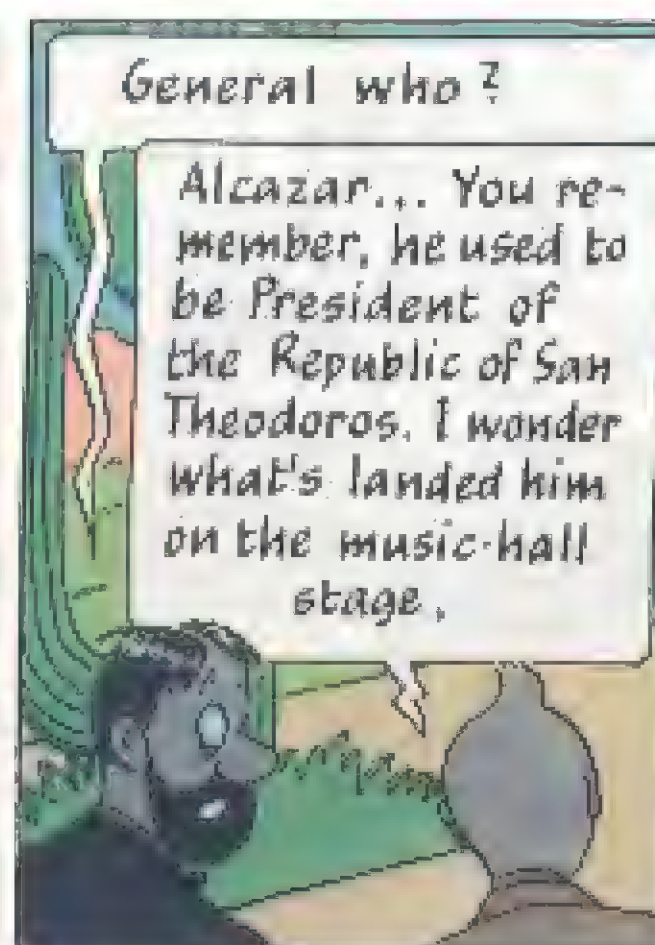
I see him... returning from a long journey to a distant land... He... he... What is happening?... He is ill... very ill... with a mysterious sickness...



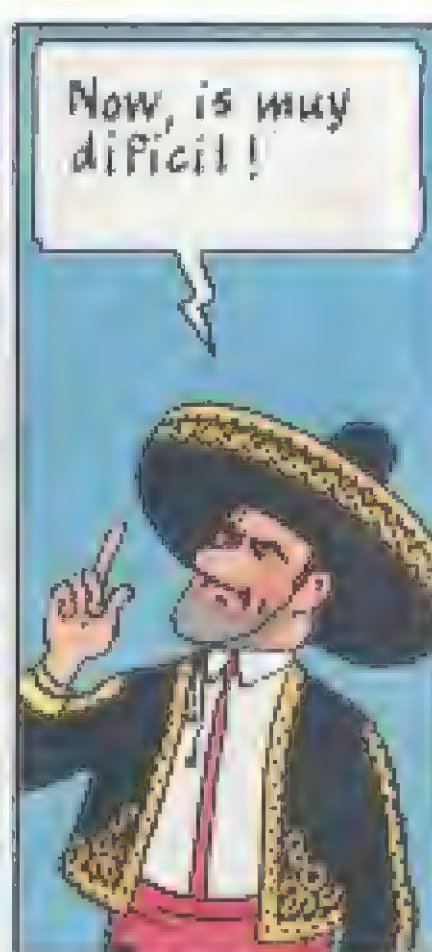
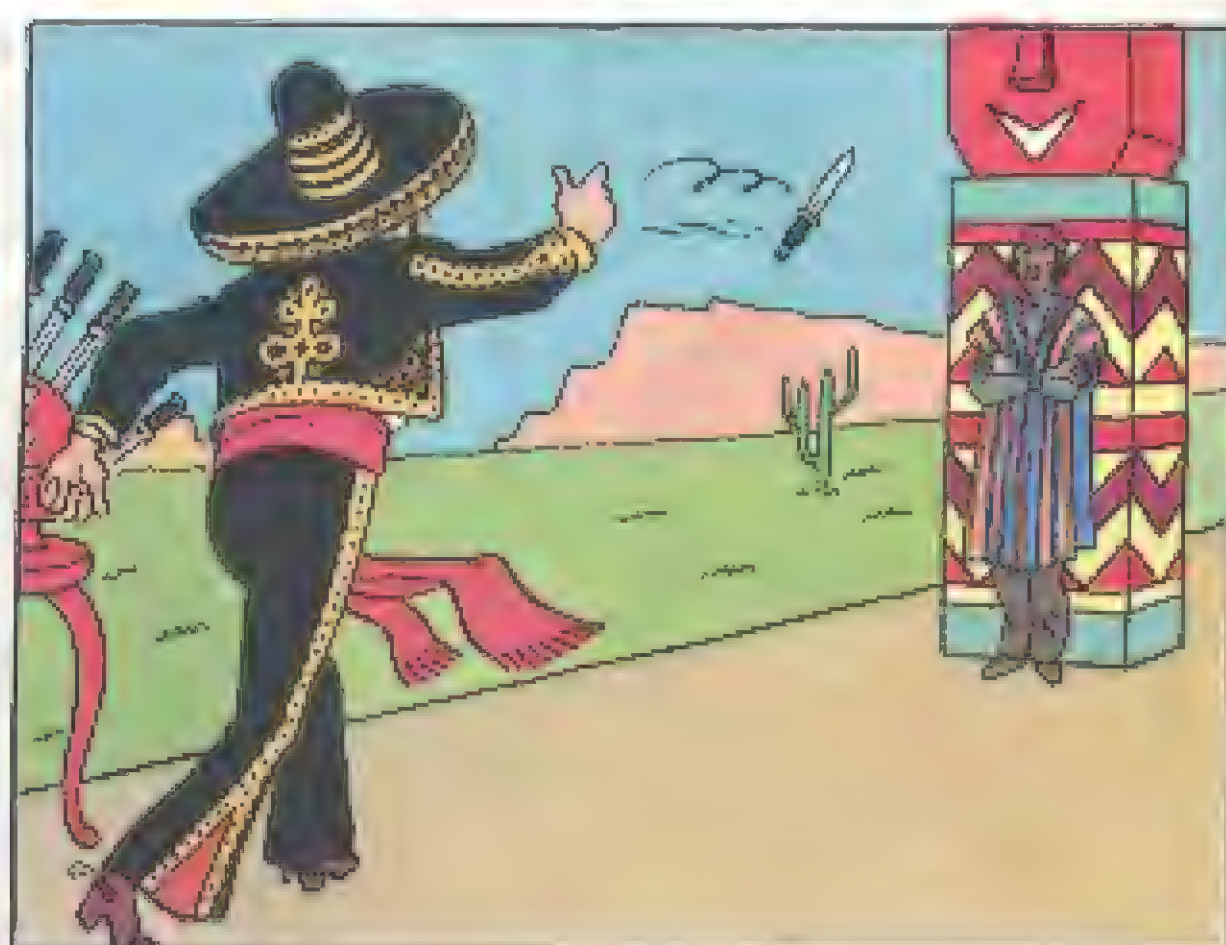




Great snakes! It's General Alcazar! ...



General who?
Alcazar... You remember, he used to be President of the Republic of San Theodoros. I wonder what's landed him on the music-hall stage.



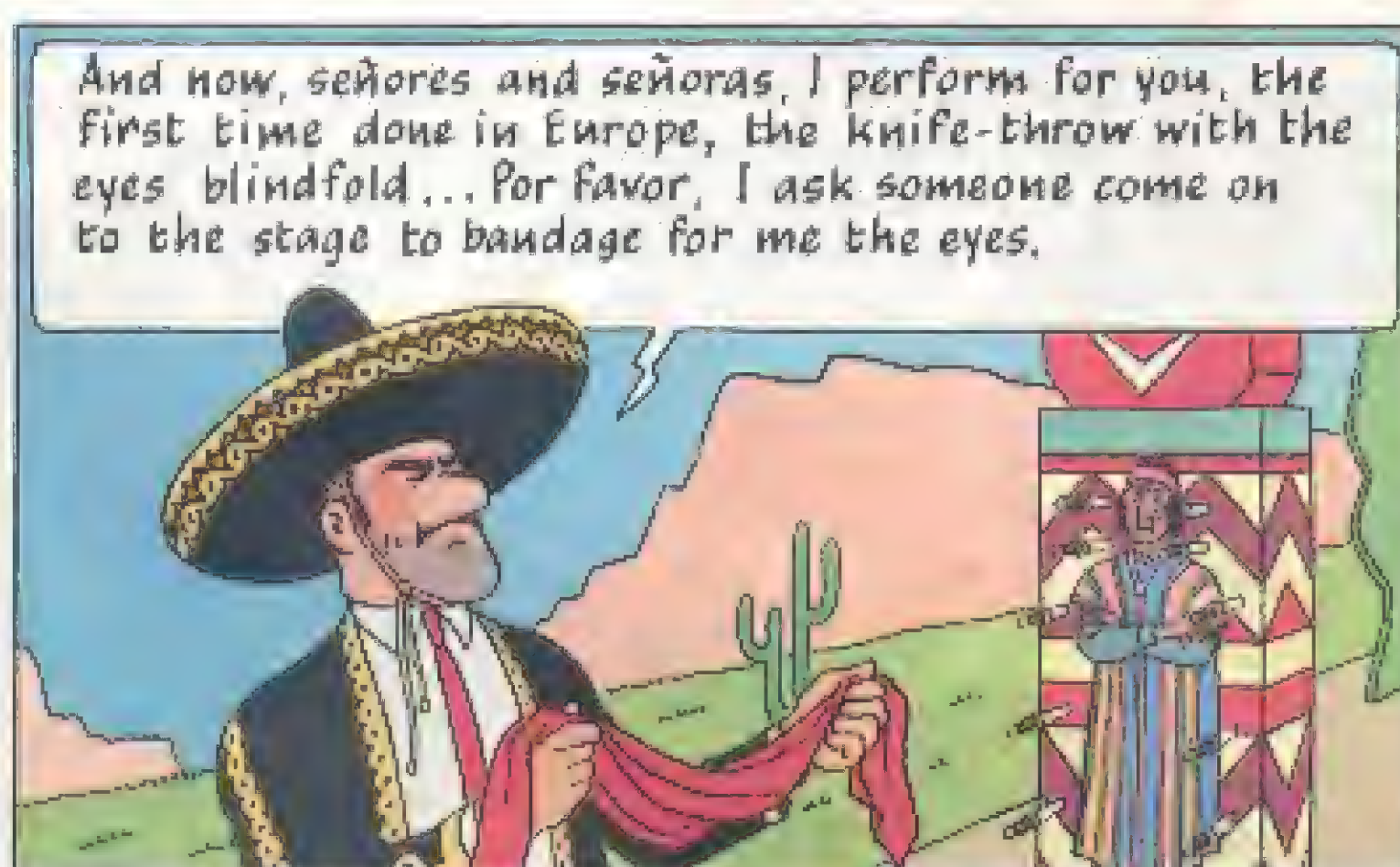
Now, is muy difícil!



Is more difícil!



Now, is mucho more difícil!



And now, señores and señoras, I perform for you, the first time done in Europe, the knife-throw with the eyes blindfold... Por favor, I ask someone come on to the stage to bandage for me the eyes.



There, that's it.
Muchas gracias, señor ...



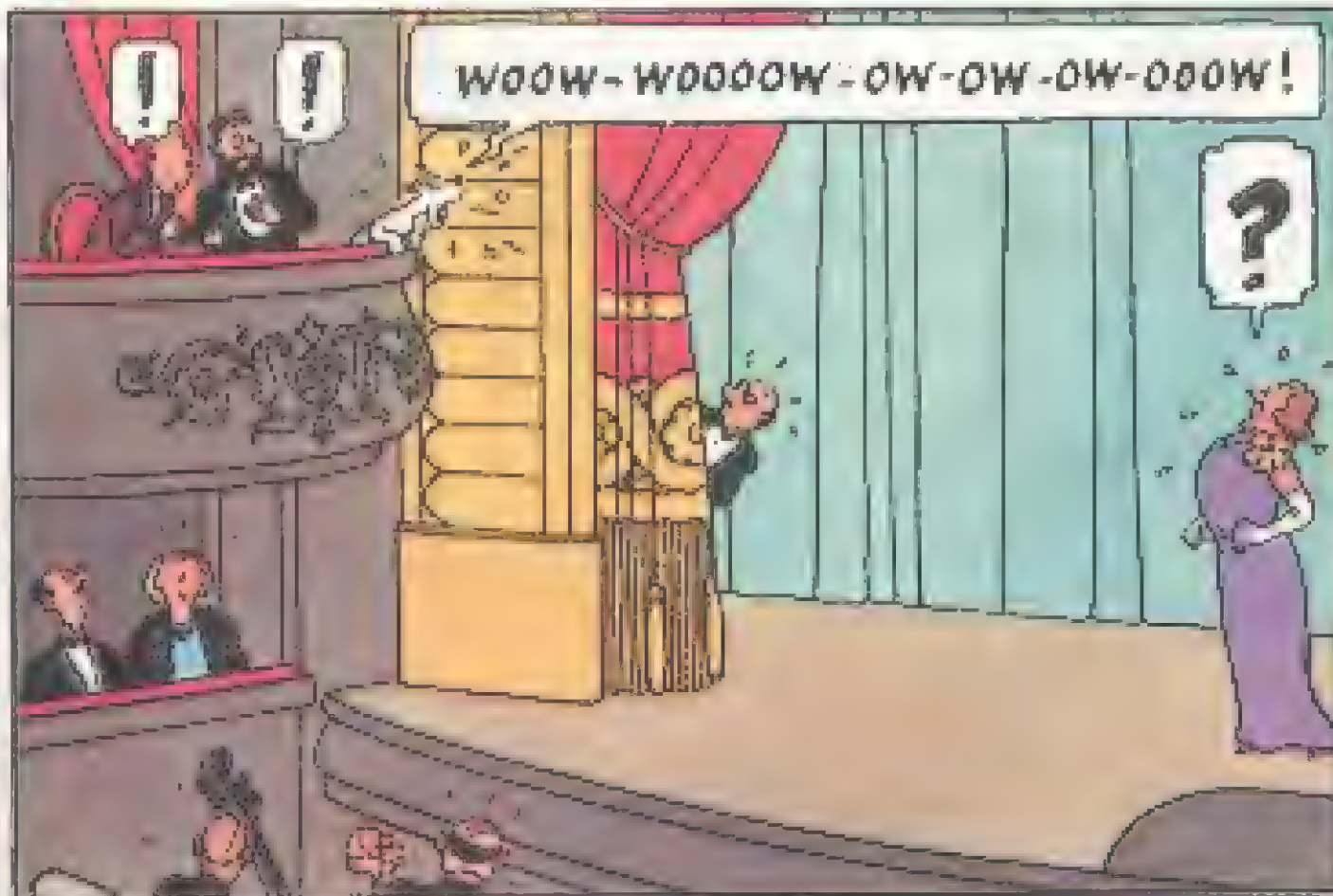
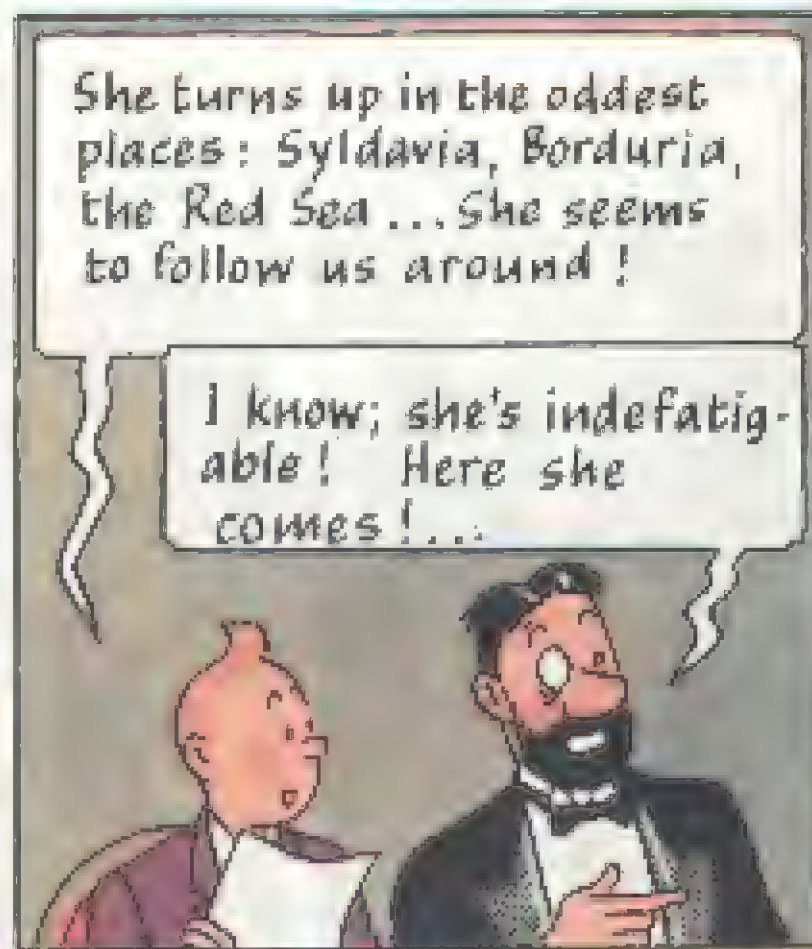
It almost went wrong three nights ago! The knife landed just on the edge of the target. Half an inch further and that Indian would have been skewered!



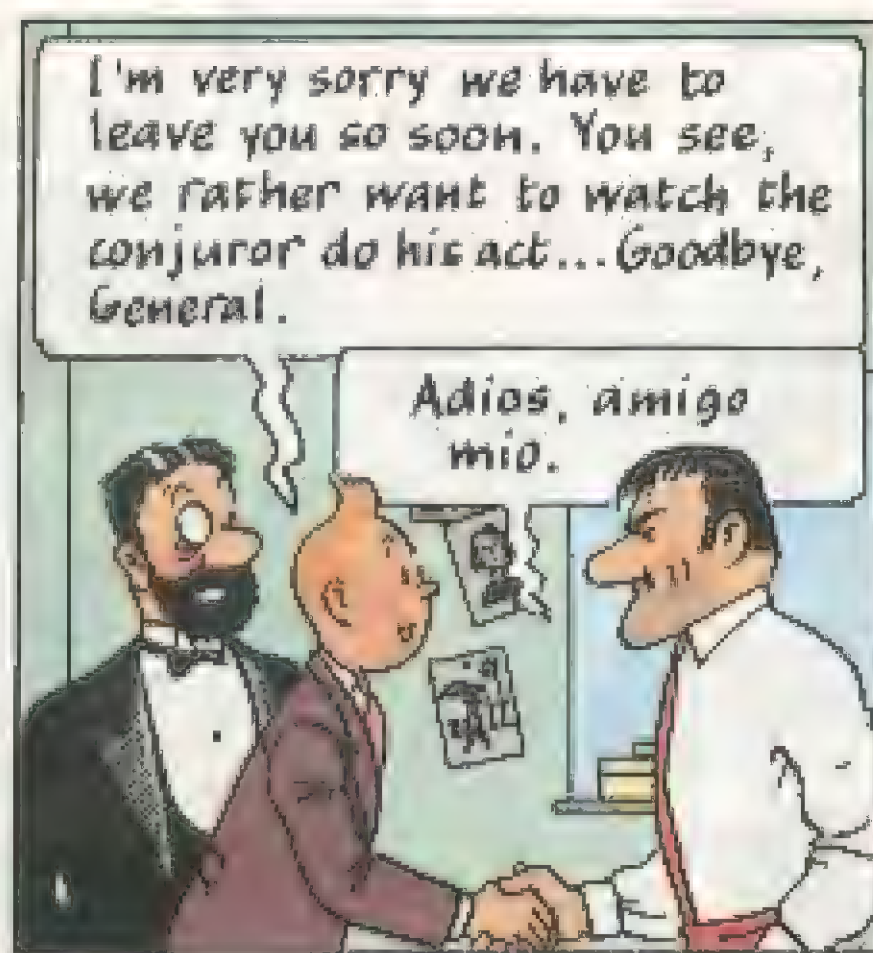
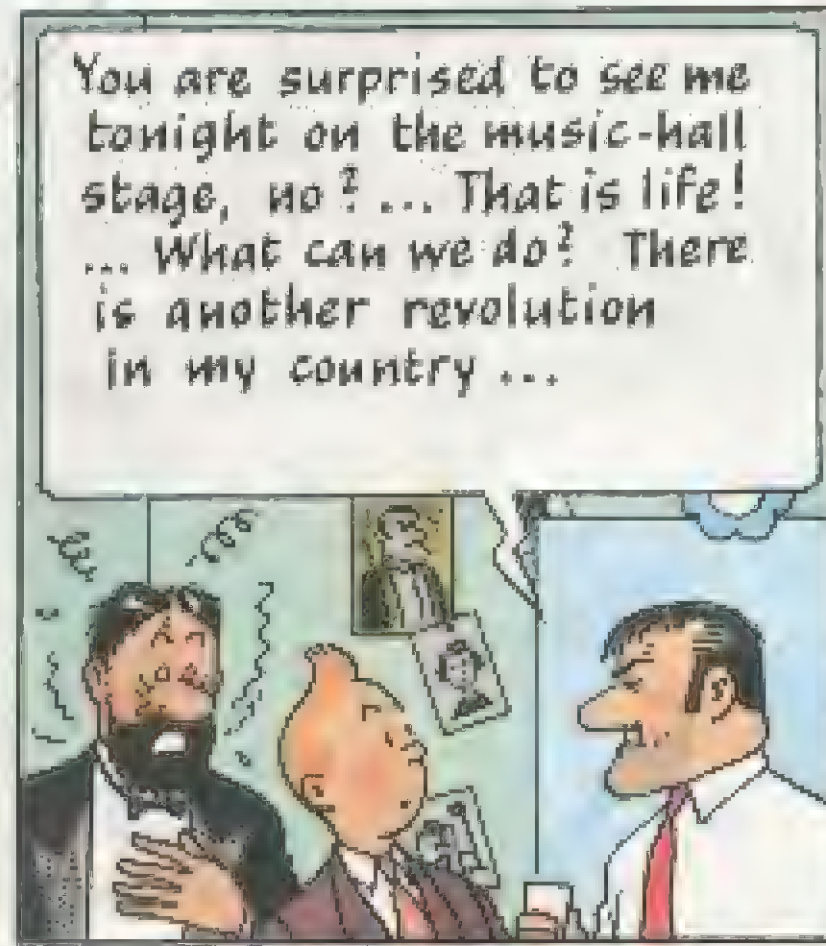
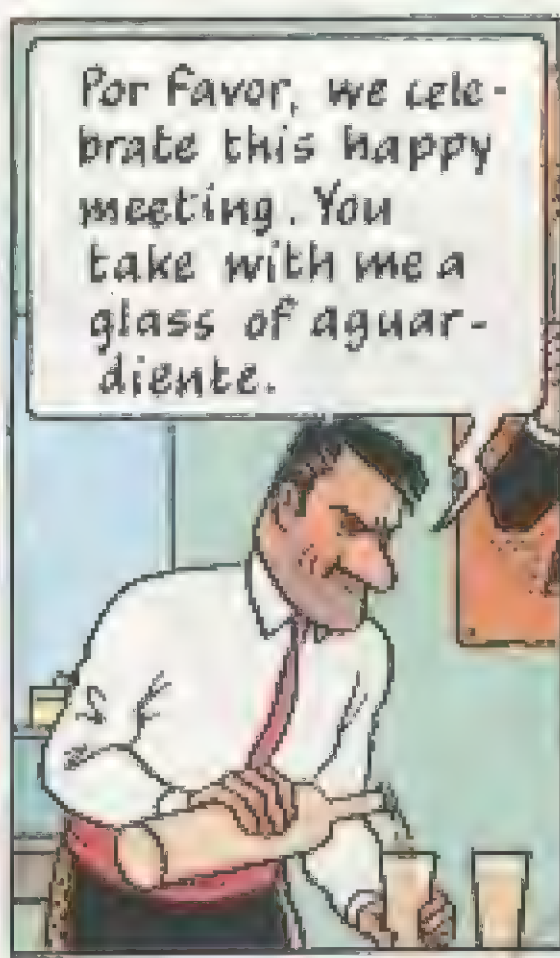
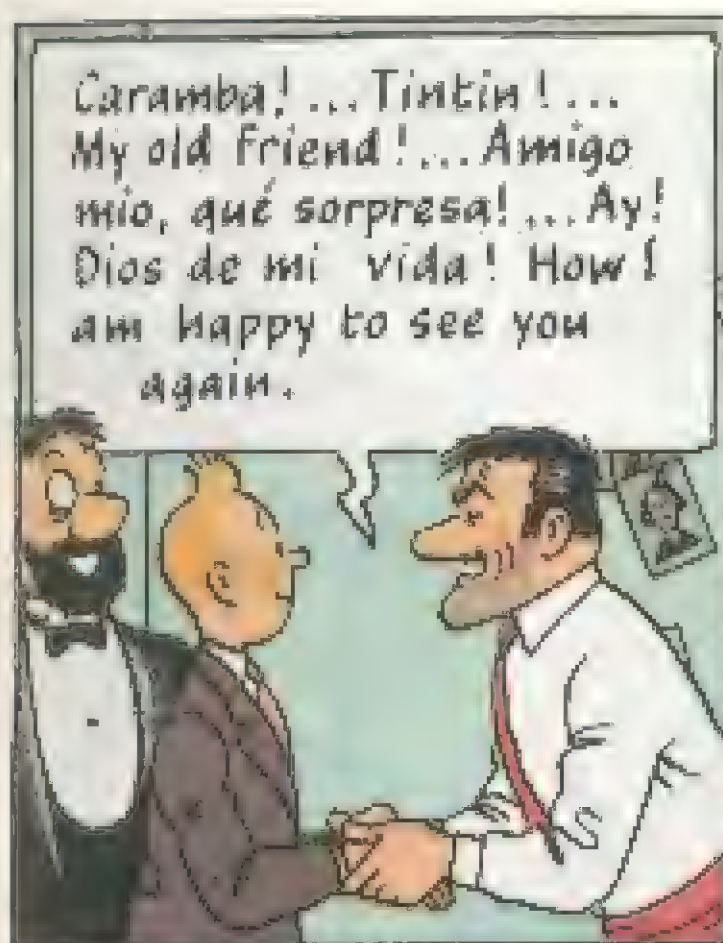
¿Esta usted?

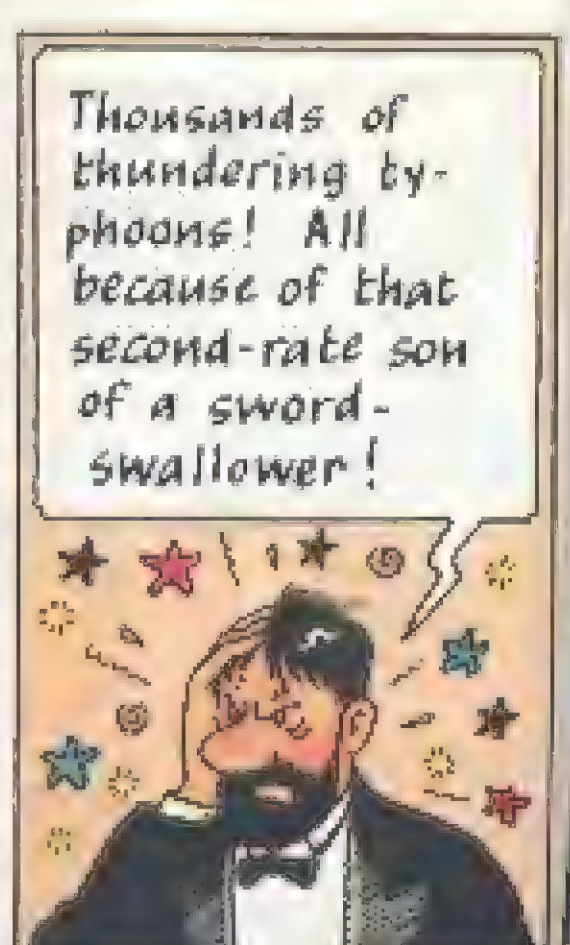
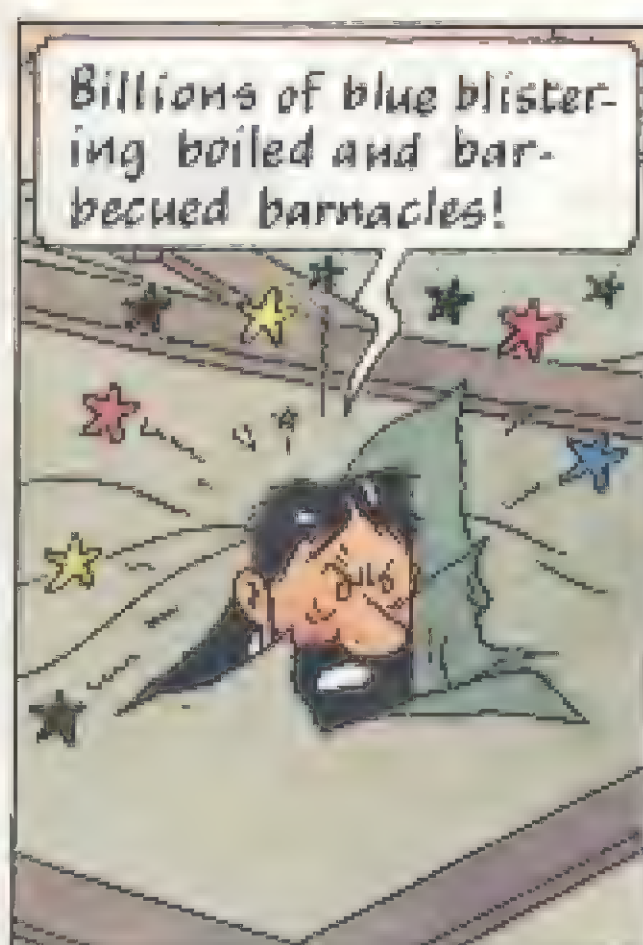
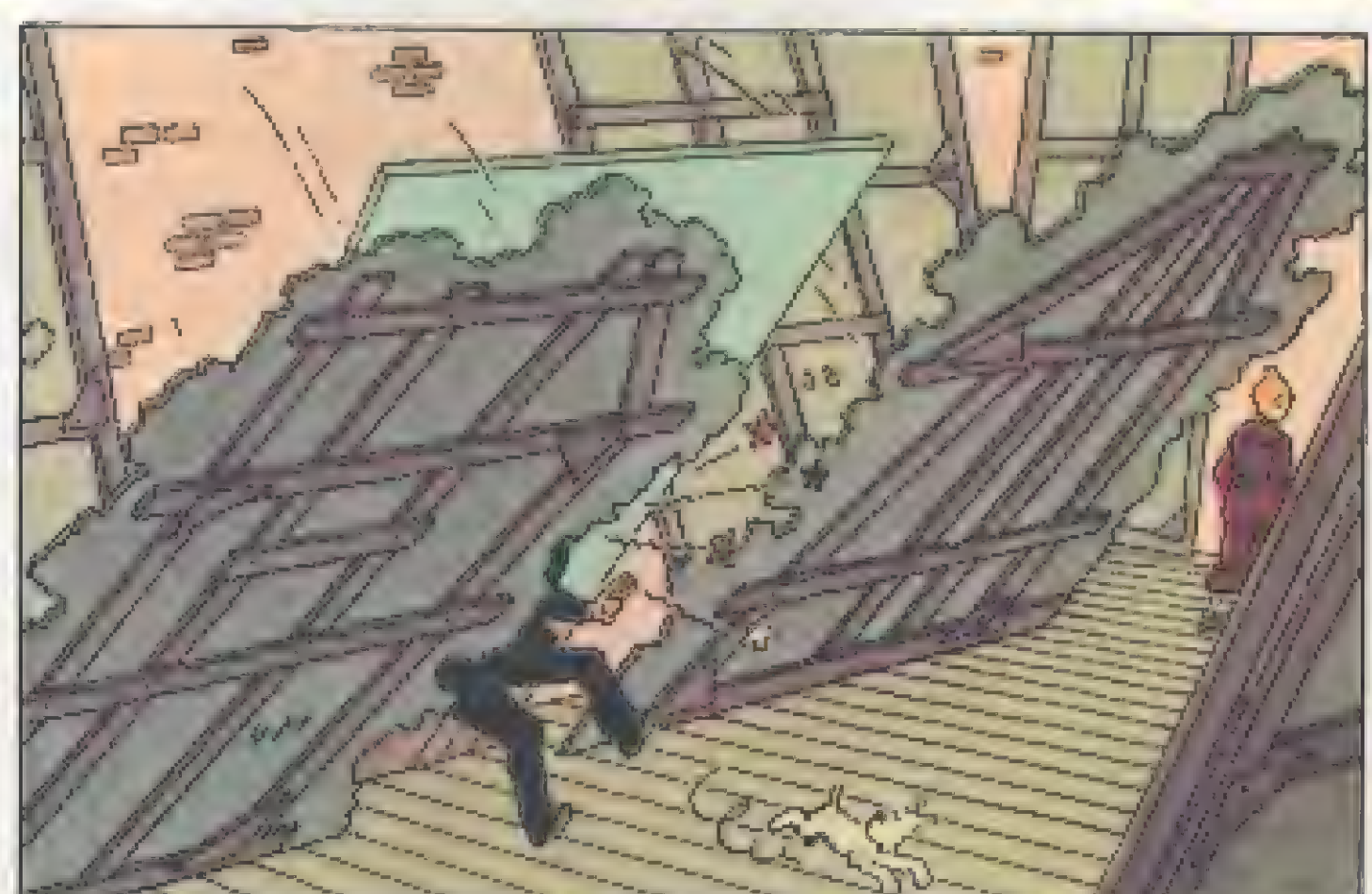
¡Si!

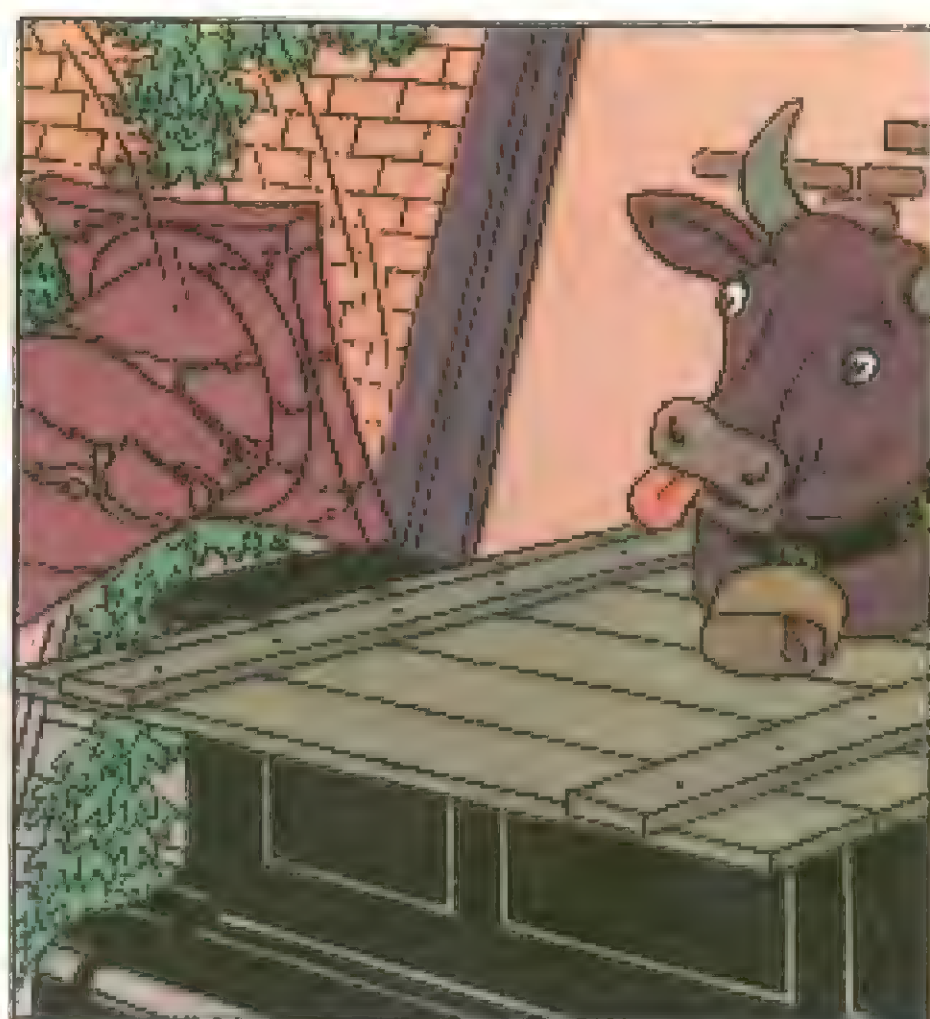


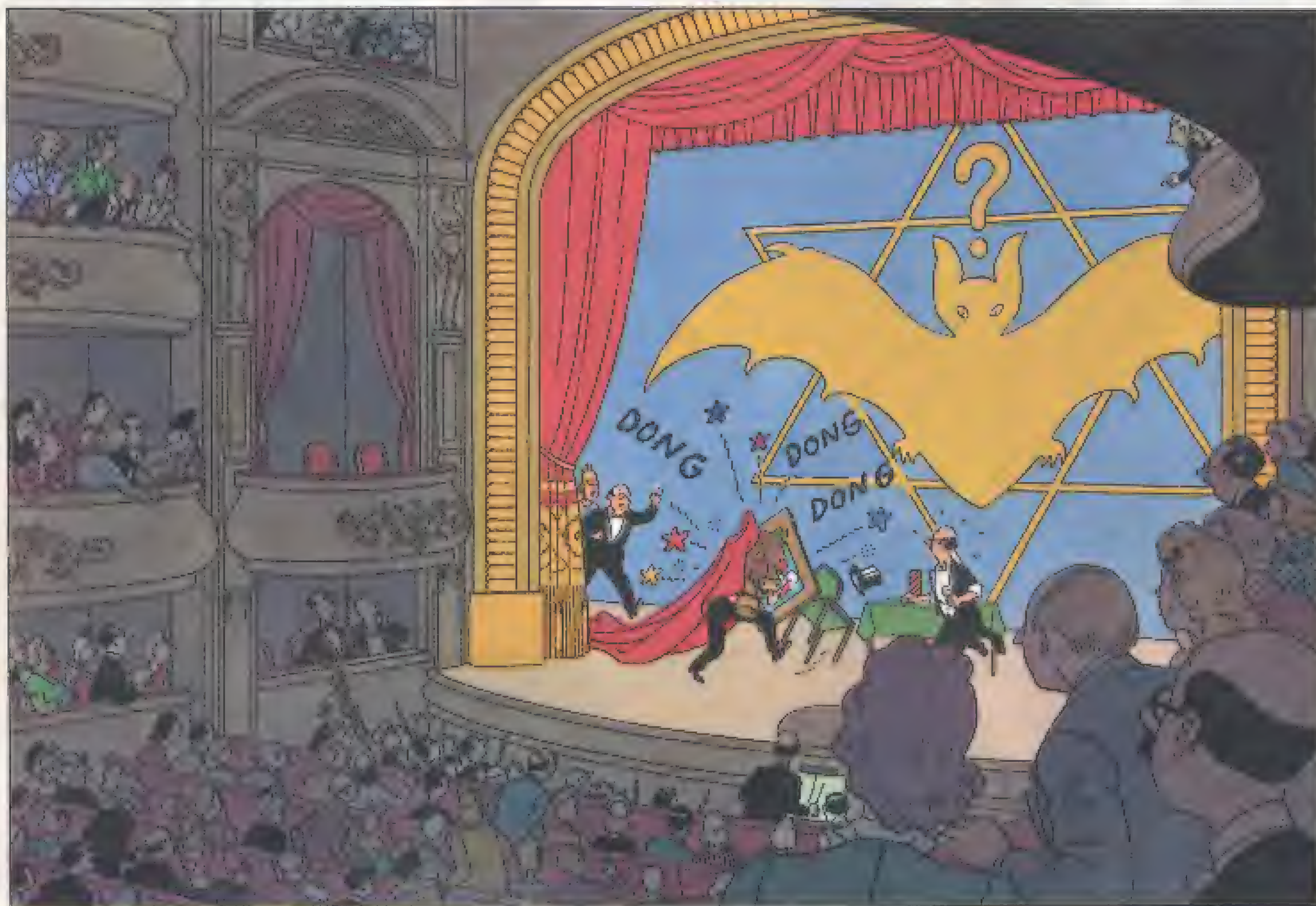






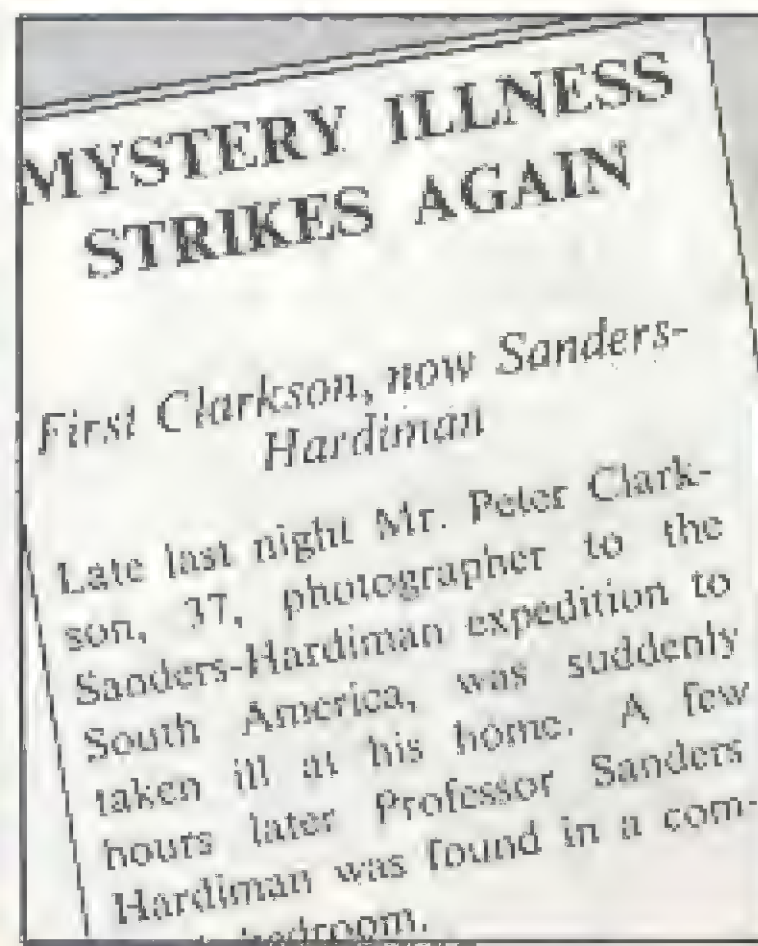








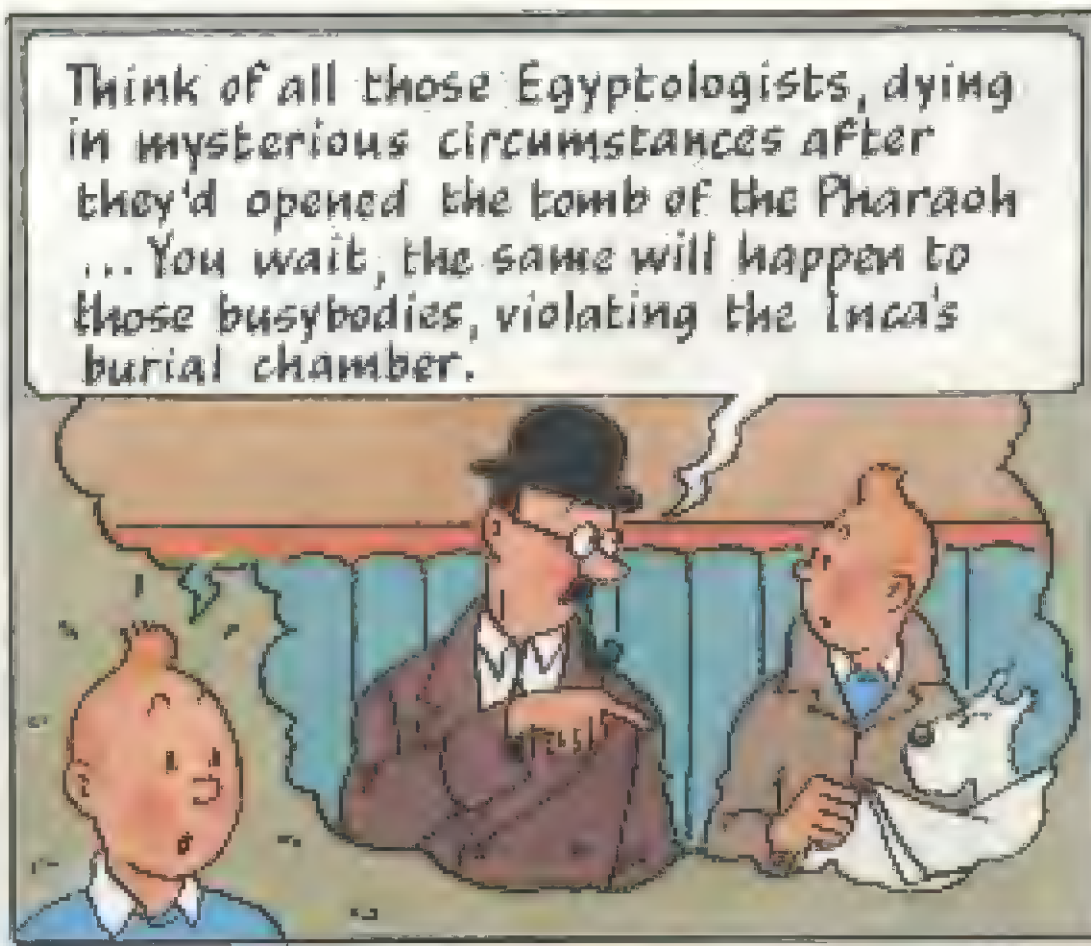
A delightful evening, I must say! ... I'll drop you off on my way home.



MYSTERY ILLNESS STRIKES AGAIN

First Clarkson, now Sanders-Hardiman

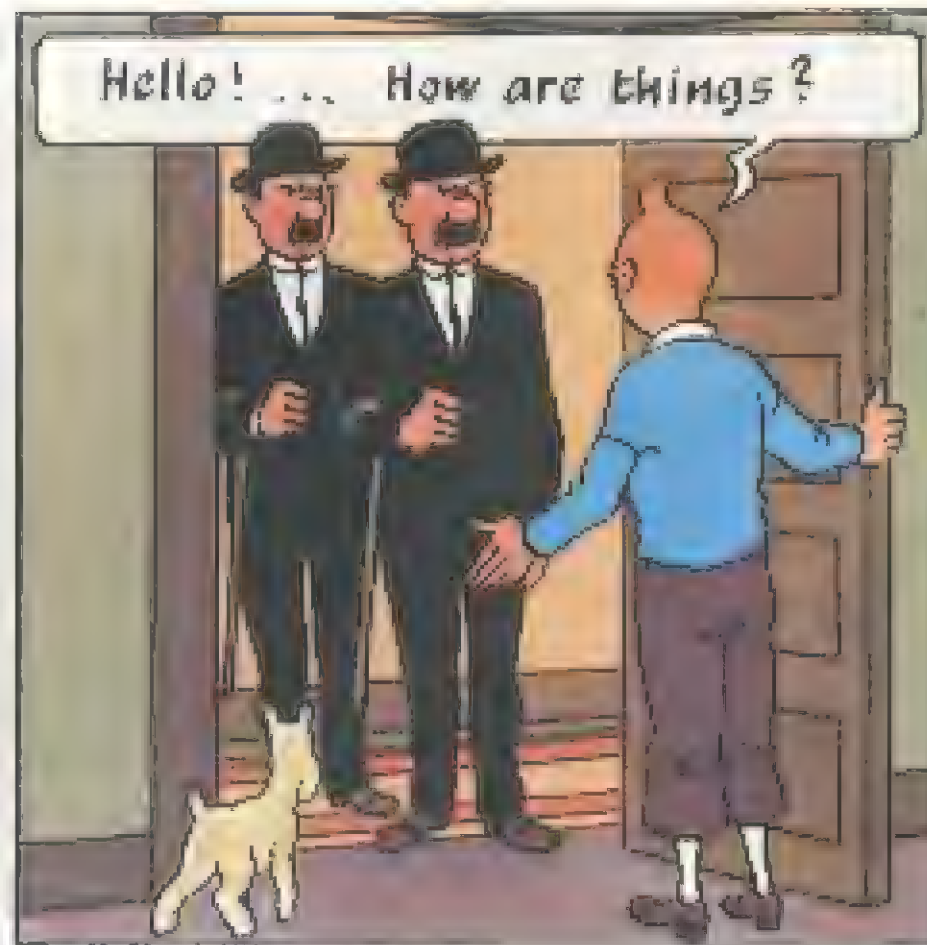
Late last night Mr. Peter Clarkson, 37, photographer to the Sanders-Hardiman expedition to South America, was suddenly taken ill at his home. A few hours later Professor Sanders Hardiman was found in a com-



Think of all those Egyptologists, dying in mysterious circumstances after they'd opened the tomb of the Pharaoh ... You wait, the same will happen to those busybodies, violating the Inca's burial chamber.



There could be something in what that chap said... Who knows? ... I wonder...



Hello! ... How are things?



Hmm... All right ... Yes, all right... We can't deny that we're right as ever.

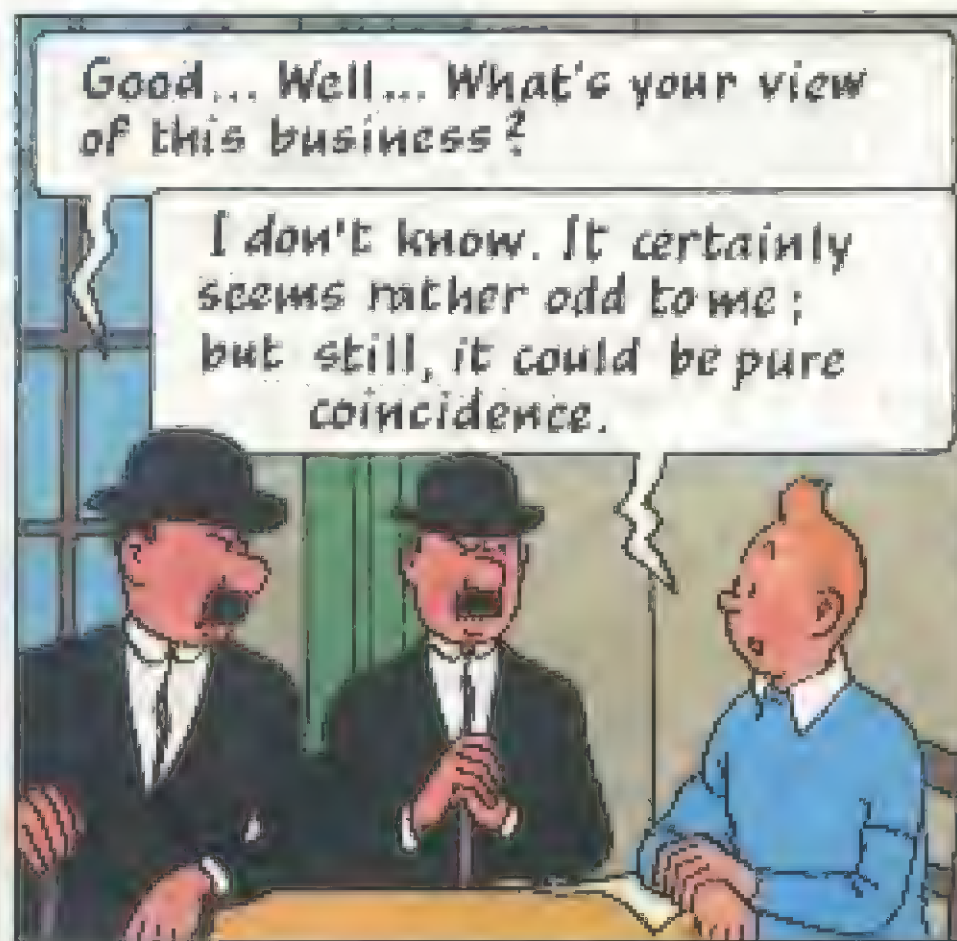
Quite right... quite right ... To be precise: we can deny that we're ever right.

Just as usual, eh?



Er... quite... You've seen this-morning's paper?... "Mystery illness strikes again"? ... Professor Sanders-Hardiman?

Yes, I saw that.



Good... Well... What's your view of this business?

I don't know. It certainly seems rather odd to me; but still, it could be pure coincidence.



No, no, there's more to it than just coincidence...

You're probably right, but how can you prove it? ... Anyway, what is this mysterious illness? ... What is it like?

Strictly speaking, it isn't exactly an illness... The two victims were found asleep: one at his desk, the other in his library. According to a preliminary report, the explorers seem to have fallen into some sort of deep coma or hypnotic sleep...



But have a look here...



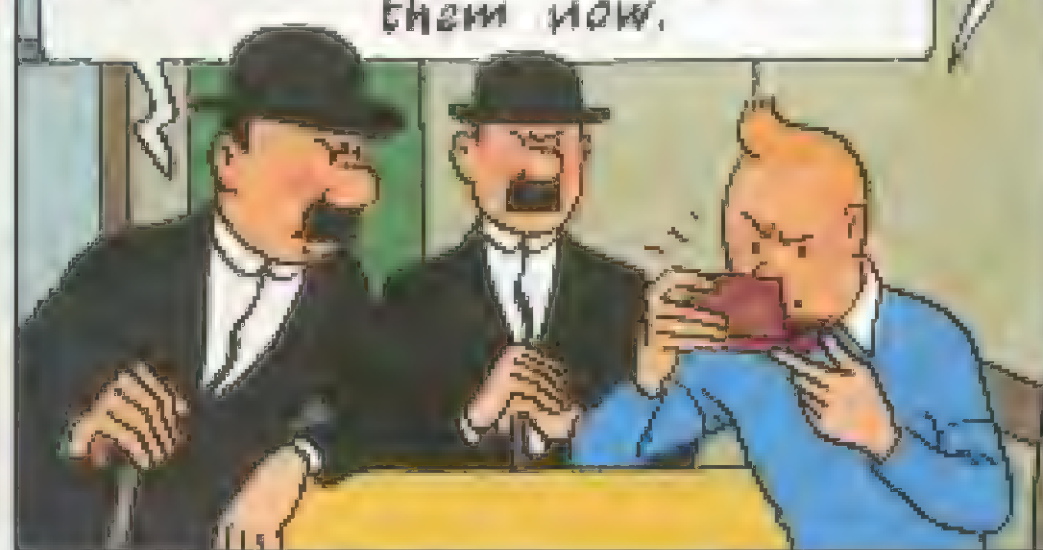
Well?... They're little pieces of glass.

Pieces of crystal... they were found close to the two victims.



Have you thought of having these crystal fragments analysed?

Yes, I've left some of them at the laboratory at police headquarters. They're working on them now.



There it is: that's all we know so far.

Anyway, it's enough for us to rule out the theory of simple coincidence... What we need now is the result of the police analysis. I wonder...



I'll ring up the laboratory. Perhaps they've got the answer already.

Good.



Hello?... Headquarters?... Put me through to the laboratory, please... Hello, Doctor Simons?... This is Thomson... No, without a P, as in Venezuela... Yes... the analysis... Well?



What??



Professor Reedbuck!... It's fantastic!... Found asleep in his bath... Yes... They discovered the same crystal fragments... Incredible!... I say, how is the analysis getting on?... Have you...?



Nothing definite yet... We've established that the glass particles come from little crystal balls... These probably contained the substance...

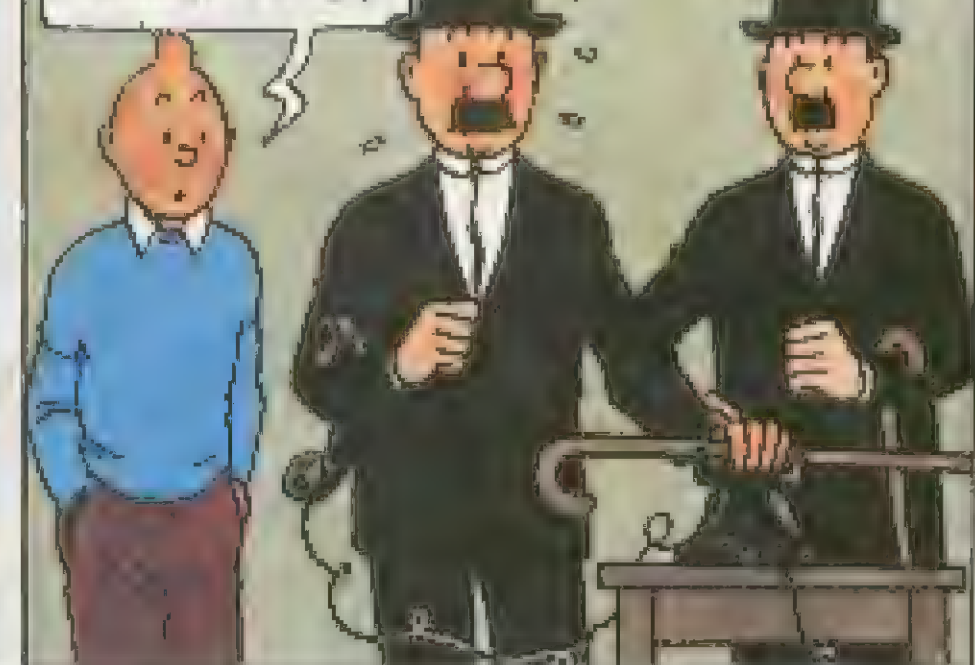


... which sent the unfortunate victims into a sort of coma... The substance? We have absolutely no idea... Yes, we're pressing on with our tests... I'll let you know how things are going. Goodbye.



I can't believe it! Professor Bath-tub, found asleep in the reeds!

Number three!



We must warn the other members of the expedition at once! And we must get police protection for them.

Why?... You don't think that they... that we... that it...?

Of course! There's no reason why this should stop. Everyone who took part in the expedition is in danger. Let's see... Sanders-Hardiman, Clarkson, Reedbuck: that's three... Who were the others? ... Oh, yes! Mark Falconer. Ring up Mark Falconer.

Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?

It's always the same with the telephone: whenever you need it, it's guaranteed to be out of order!

There's no reply?

I hate to interfere, but if I were you I'd try using that.

Is that Mark Falconer?

Yes, Falconer speaking...

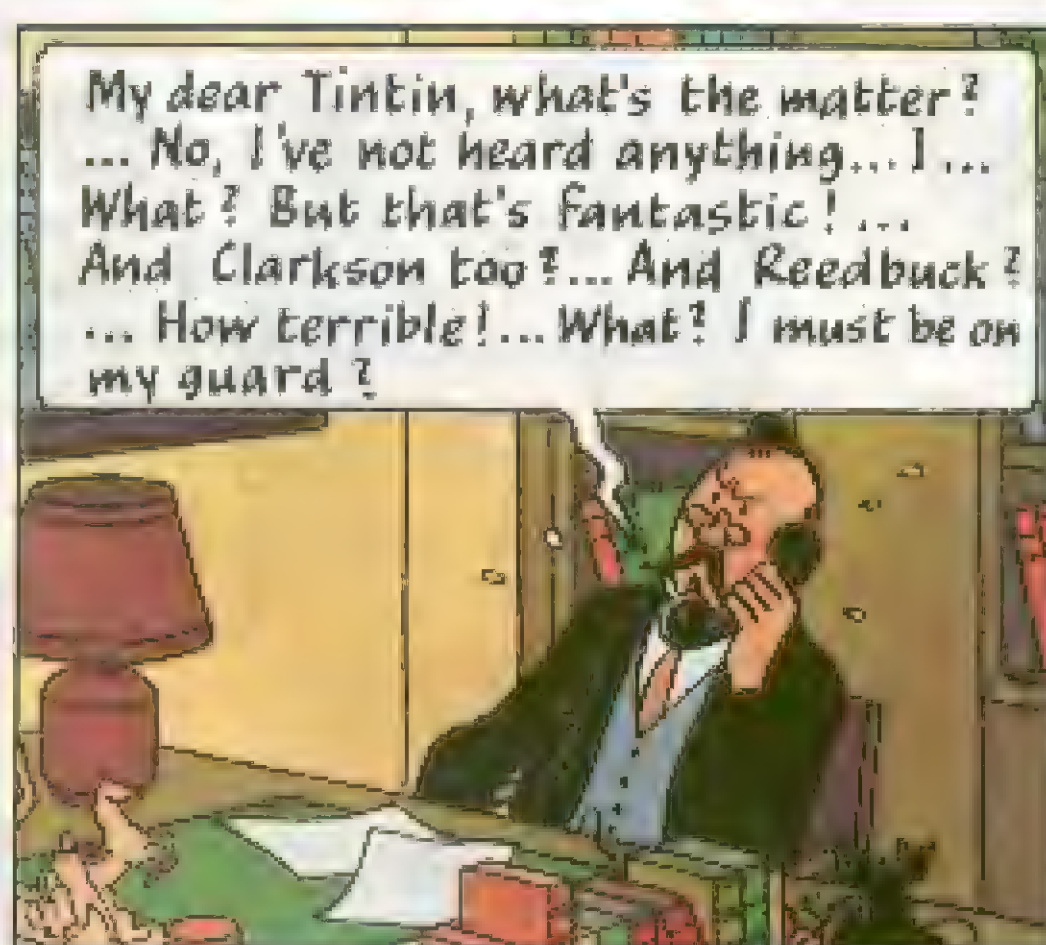
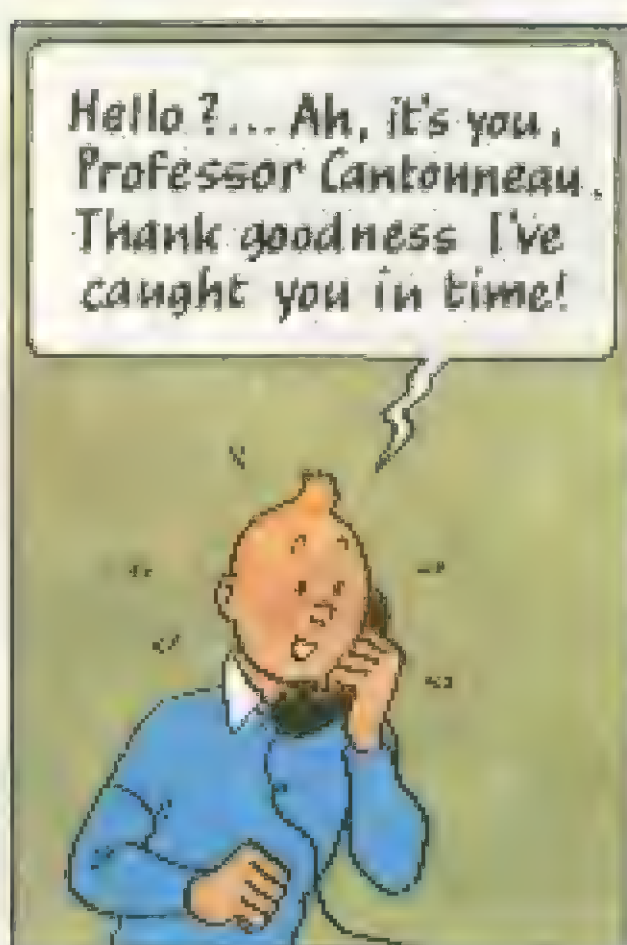
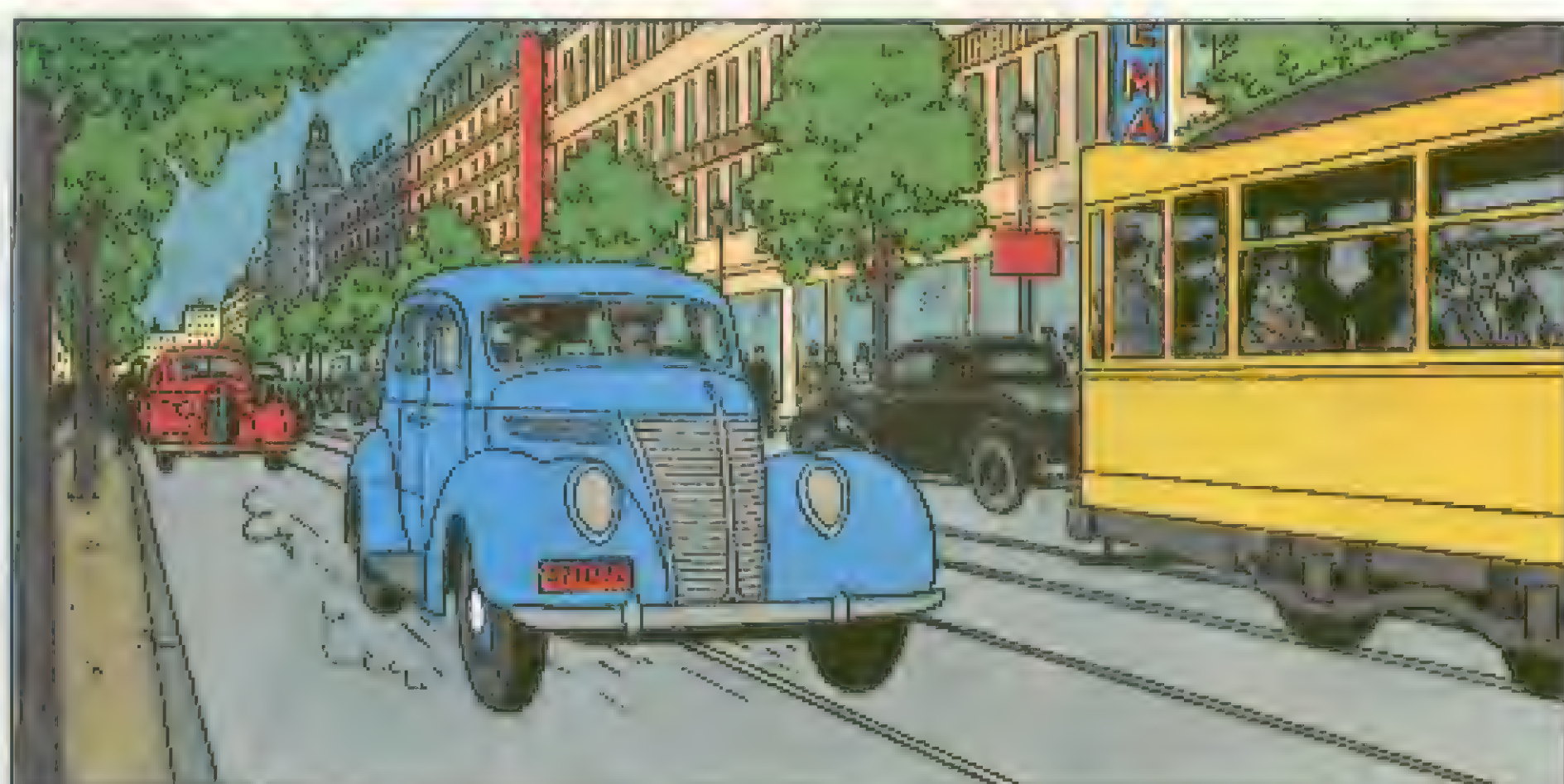
Yes... yes... yes, I was just reading the paper... What? Professor Reedbuck too?... And... no... What's that? Crystal fragments! ... By Jupiter, so he was telling the truth!

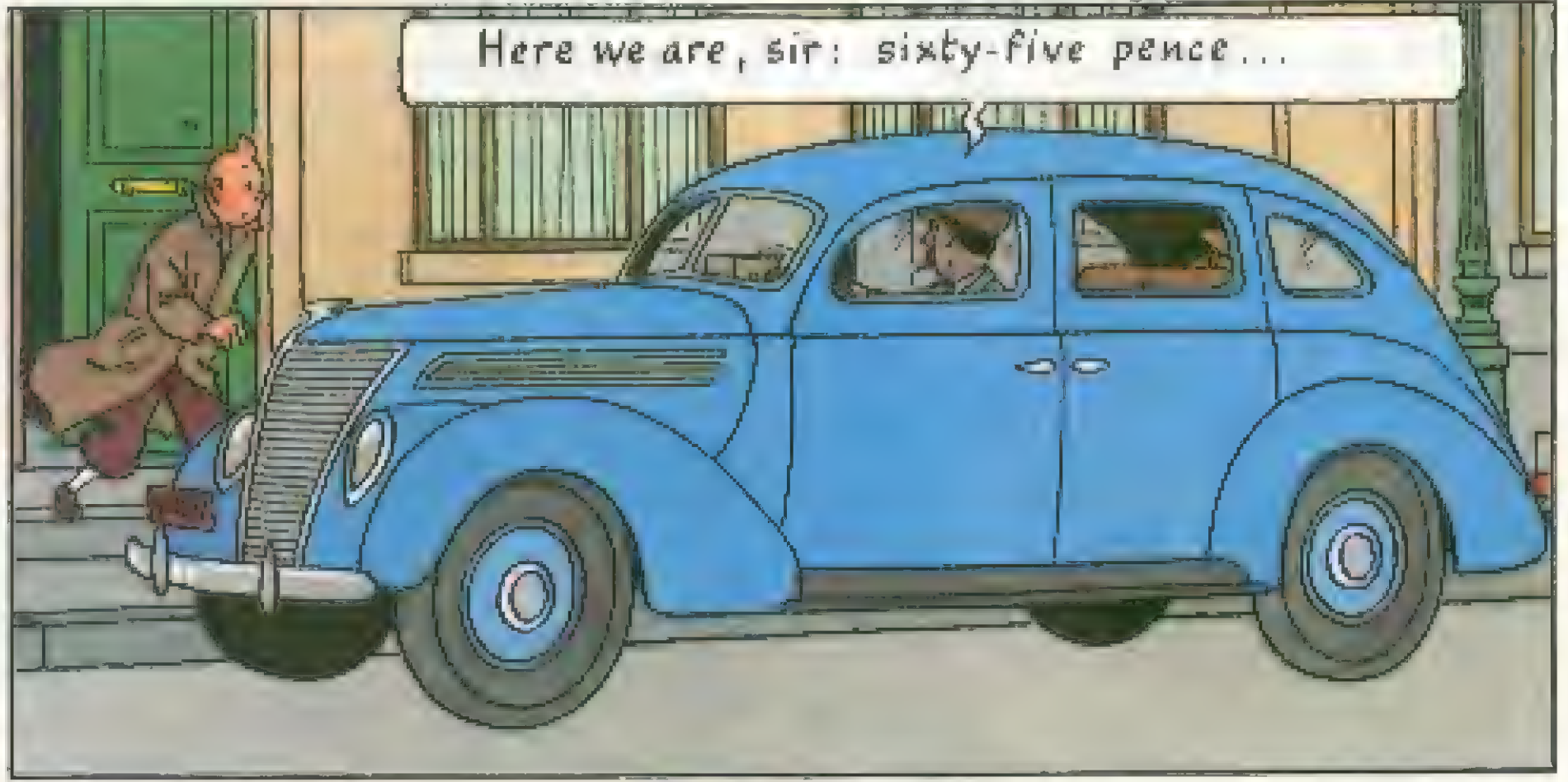
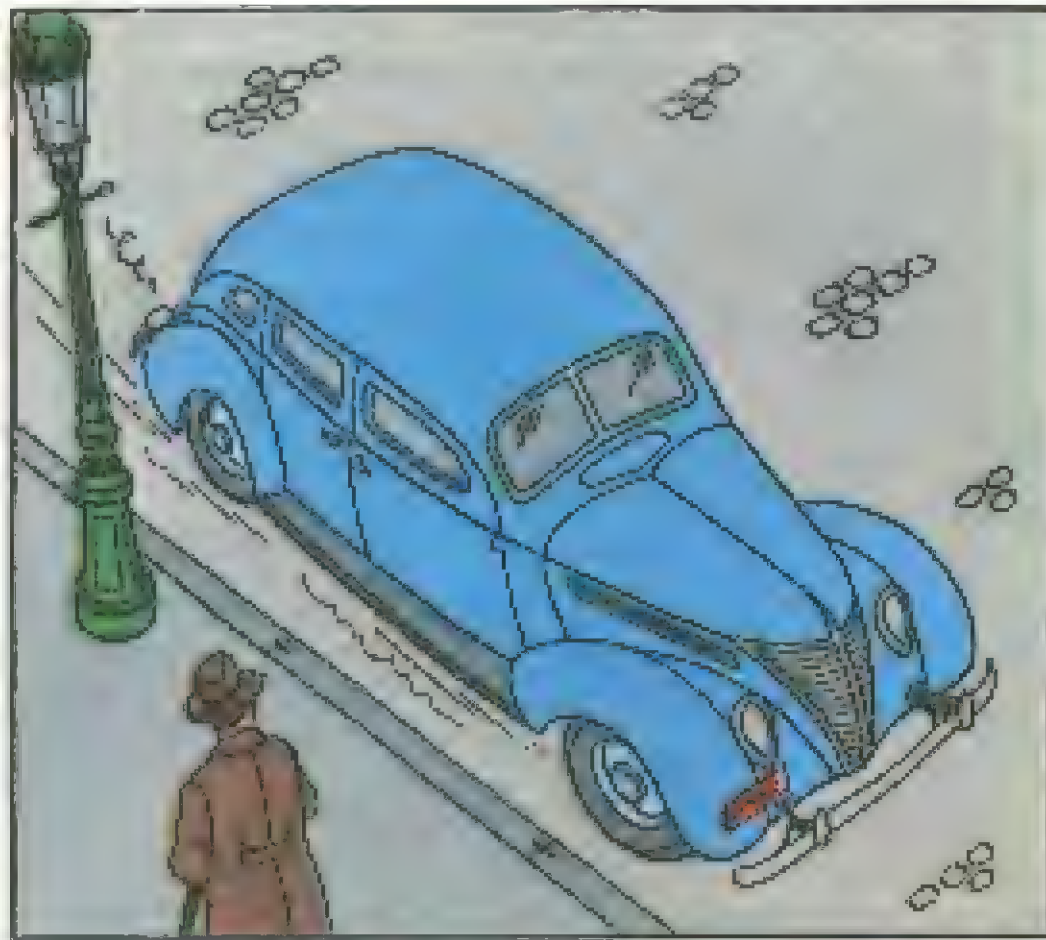
Who?... An old Indian, who got drunk on coca one night. He told me... No, I can't explain over the telephone... No, I'll come along and see you... Where?... Good!

I'll pick up a taxi and be with you right away. Meanwhile, warn Cantonneau, Midge and Tarragon. Tell them to stay indoors. And above all to keep away from the windows... Yes, windows... Me? Don't worry, I shall be on my guard... Goodbye for now. I'll be with you soon.

He's coming here. He seemed to know all about it... He said we should warn the other explorers, telling them not to go out, and to keep away from the windows.

Good, I'll warn Professor Cantonneau...





SALES

The Plot Thickens. Mark Falcon collapses in T...

MYSTERY OF THE CRYSTAL BALLS

The Police are new victims. The Police are intensive enquiries into the attack on members of the expedition. The aim of this expedition is to find the lost city of the Incas.

AN INCA TUT-ANKH-AMEN?

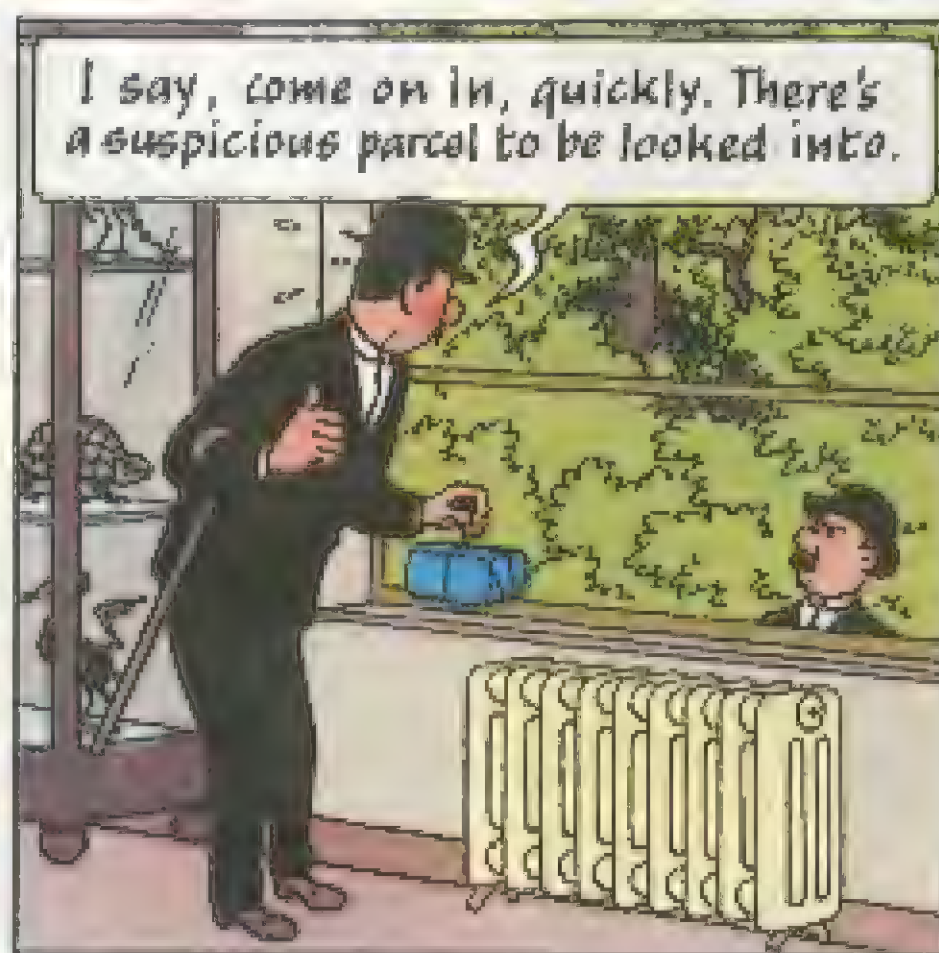
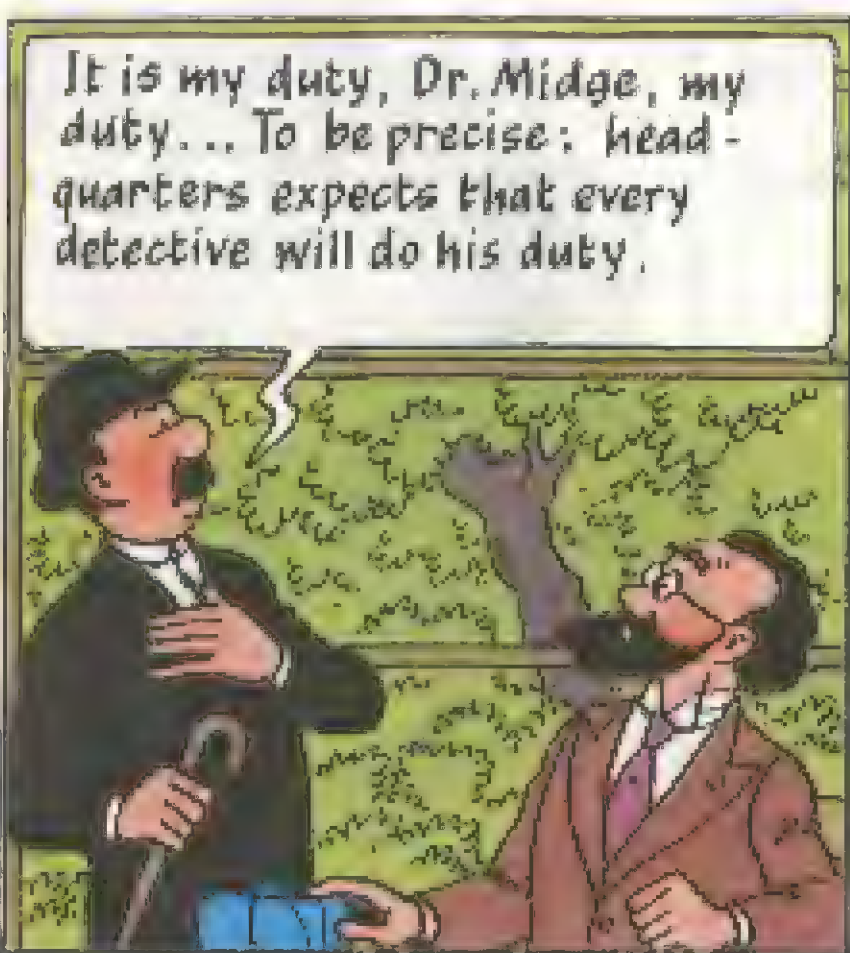
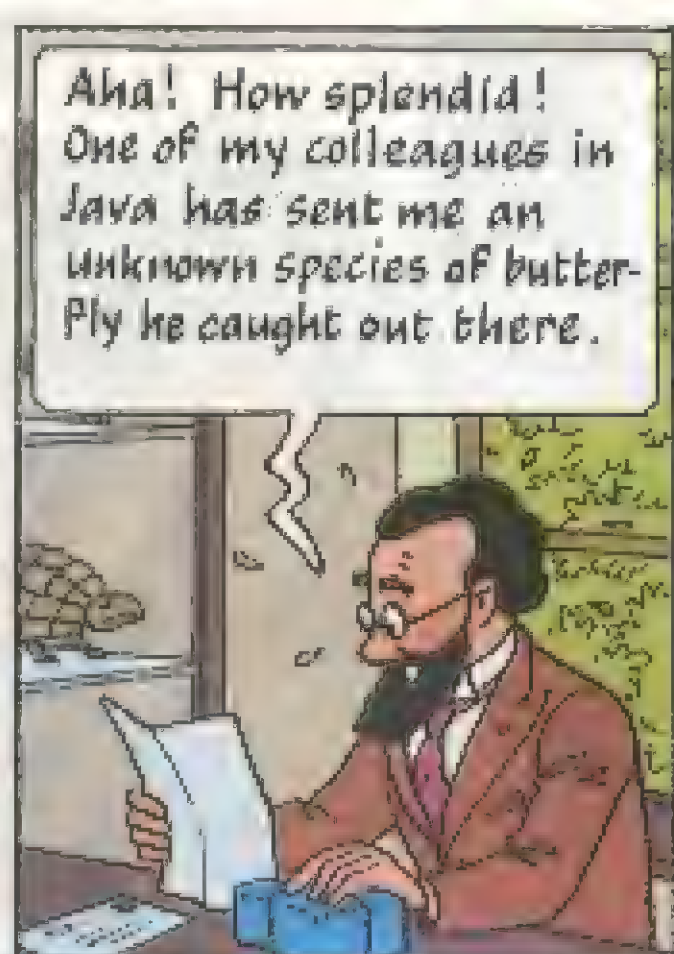
Professor Cantonneau, Mr. Mark Falconer, Professor Sanders-Hurdiman, Mr. Peter Clarkson...

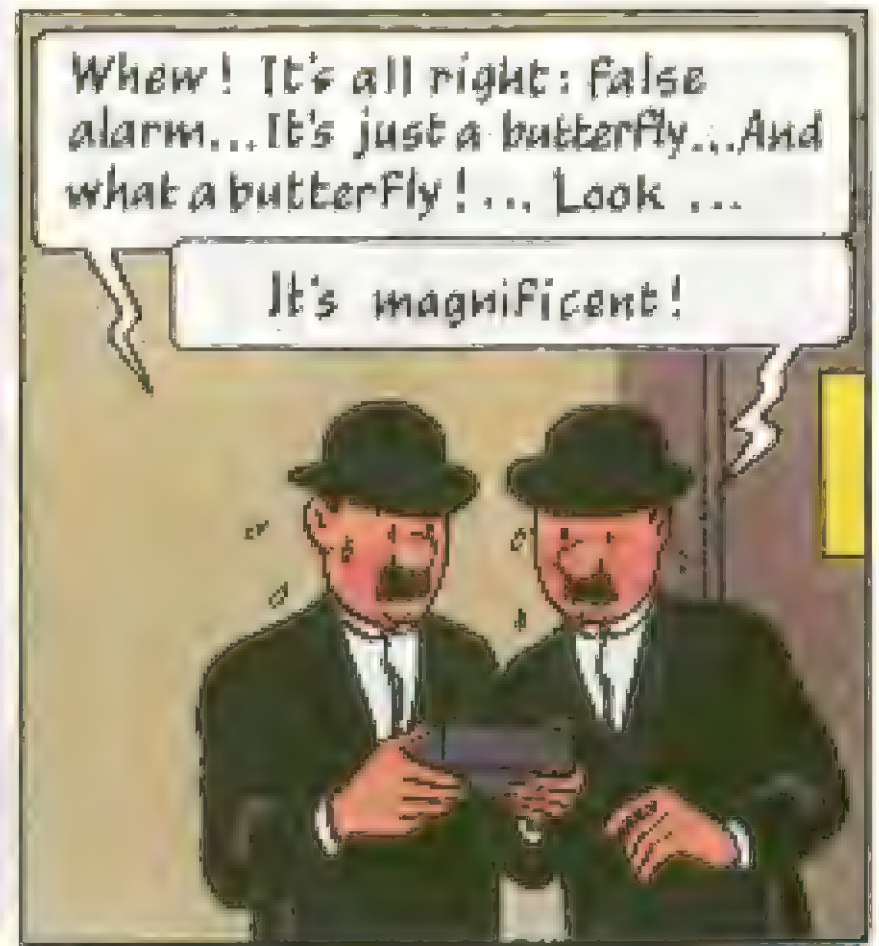
THE VENGEANCE OF RASCAR CAPAC

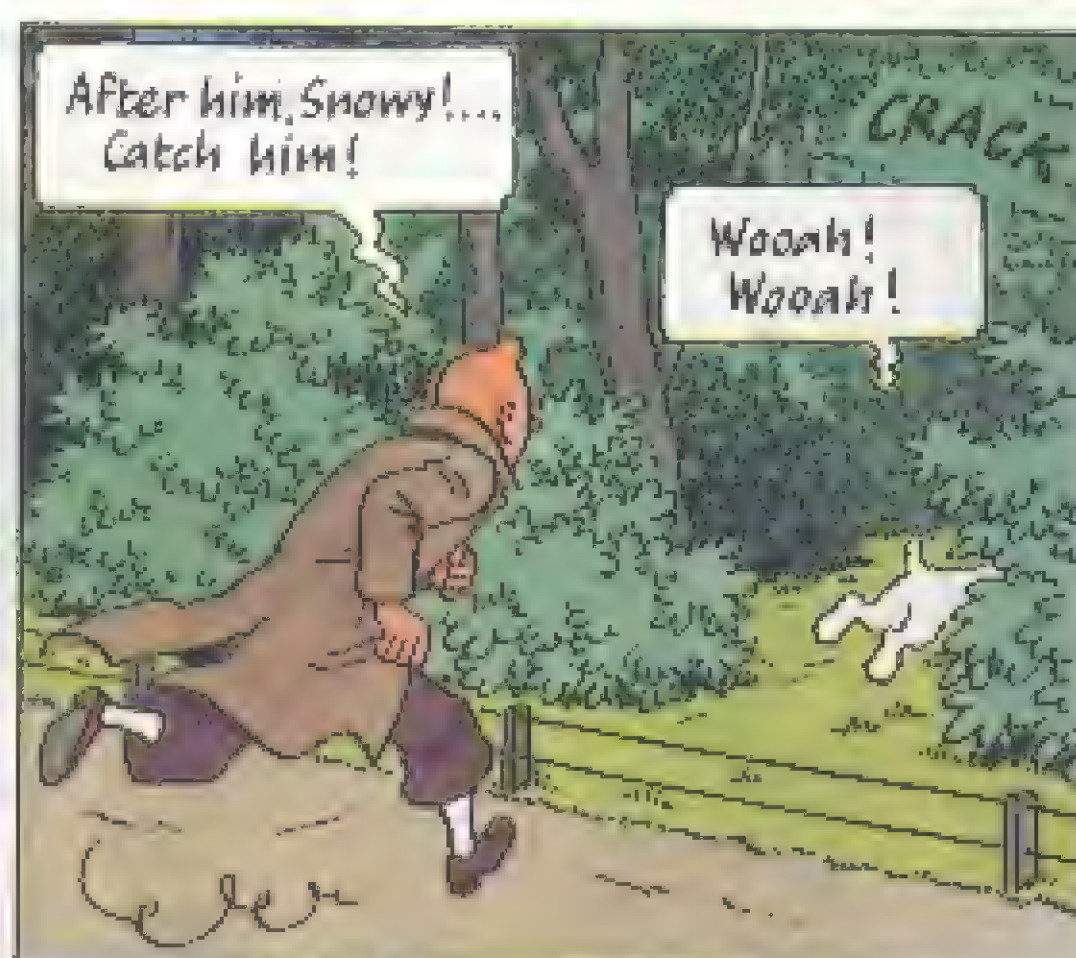
A tragic story lies behind the South American...

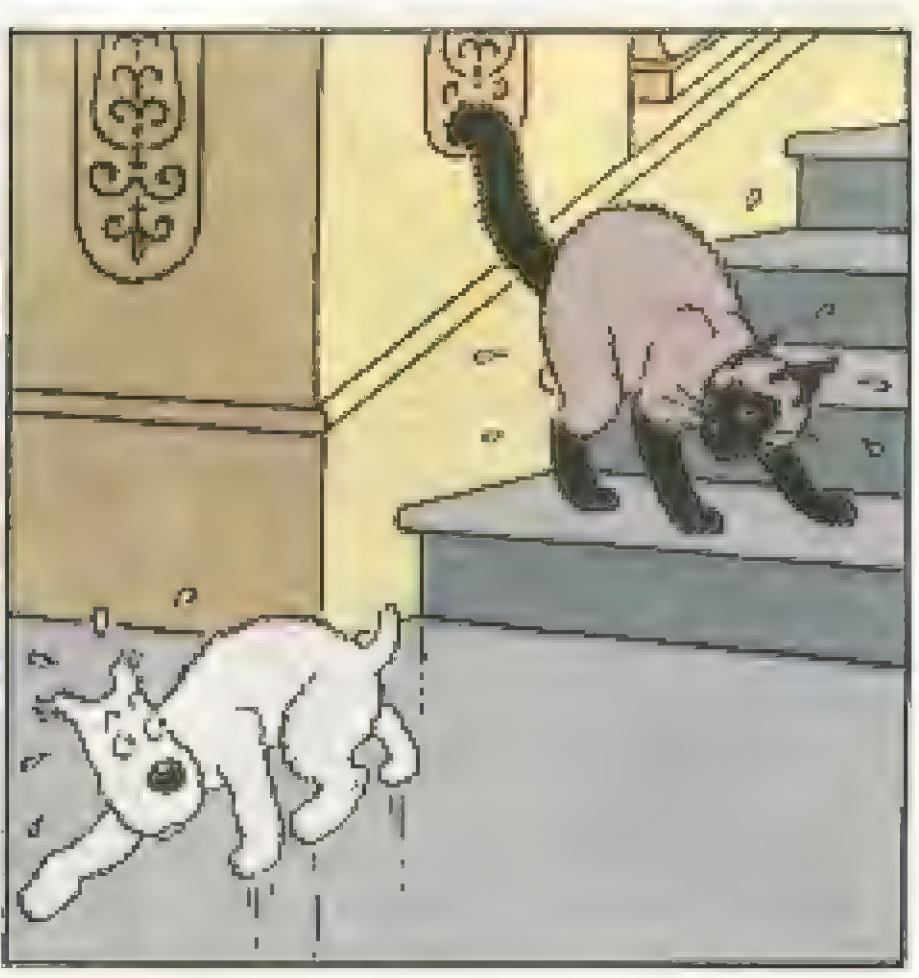
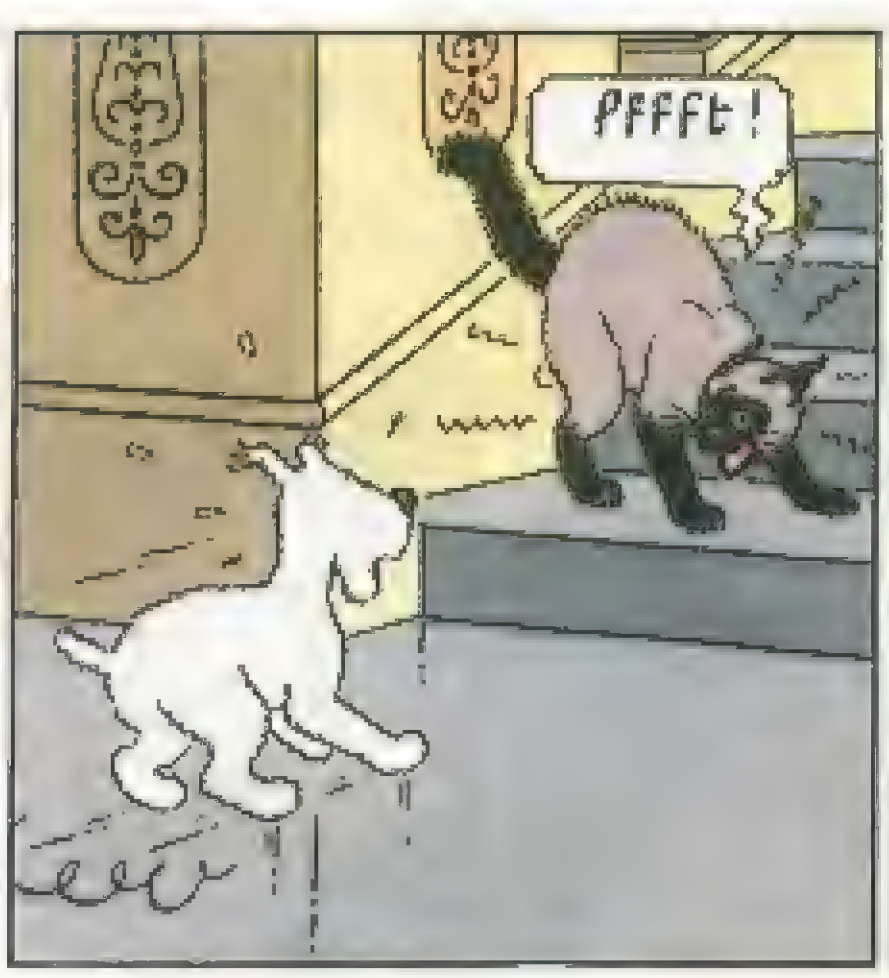
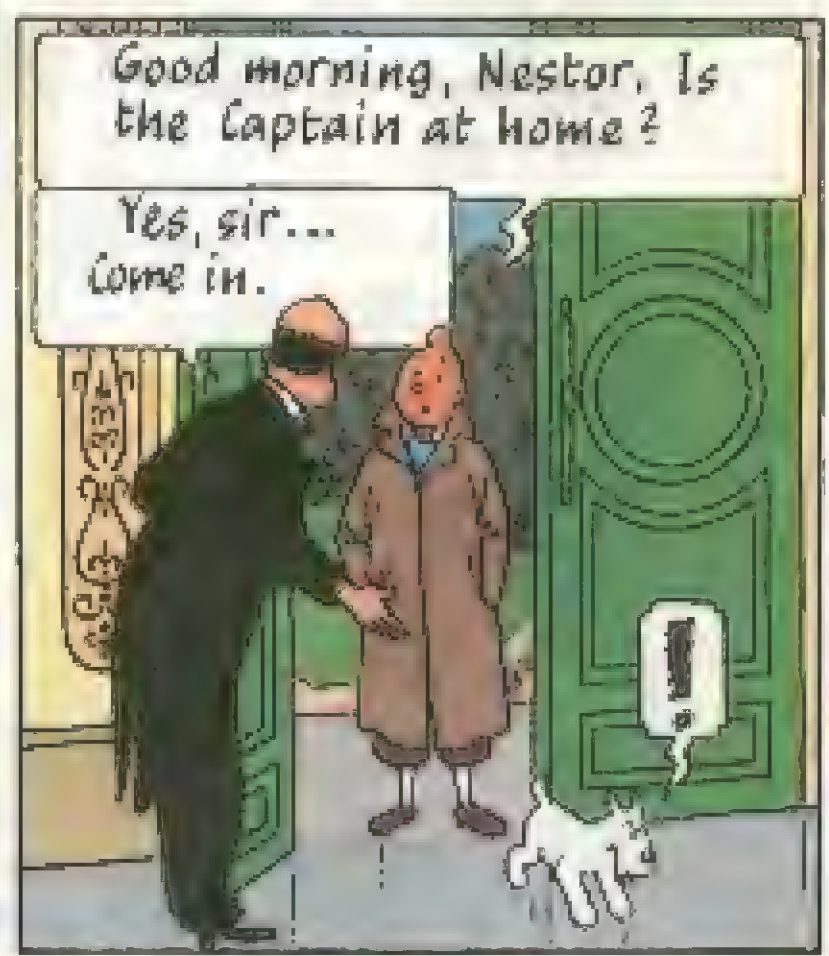
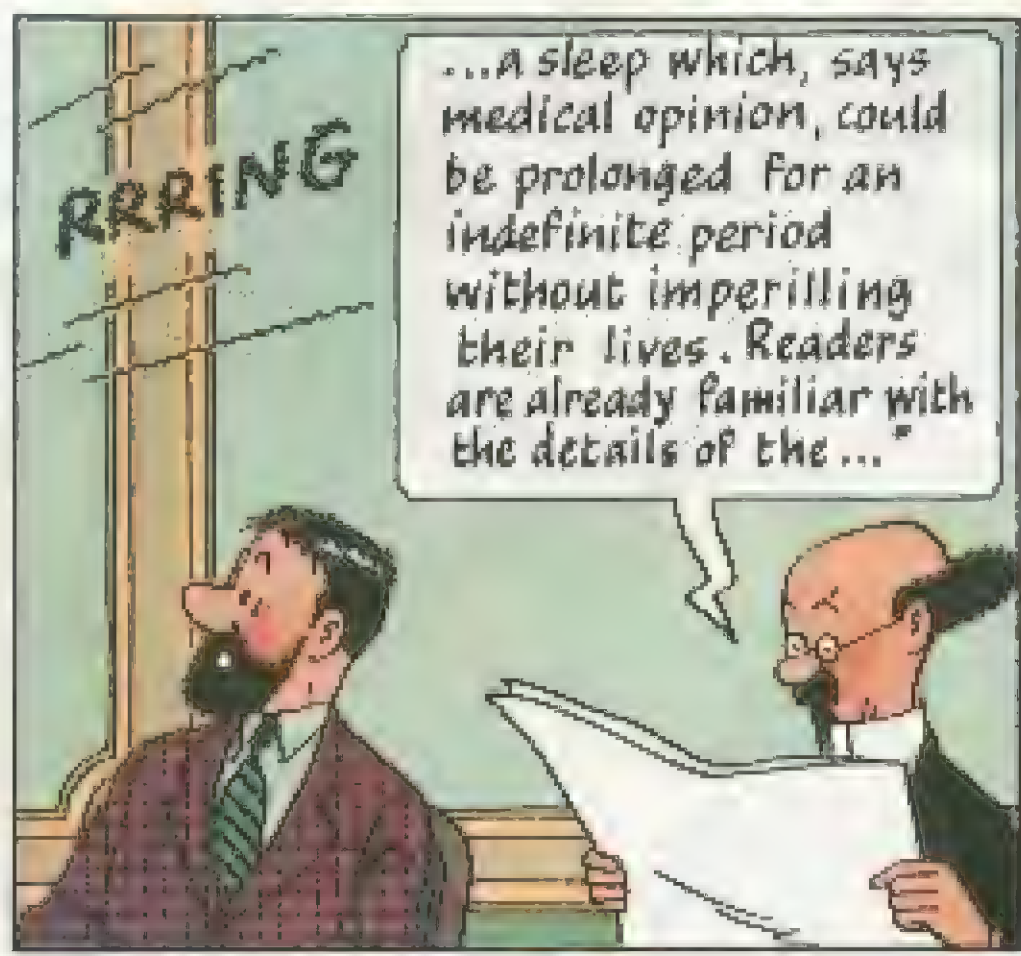
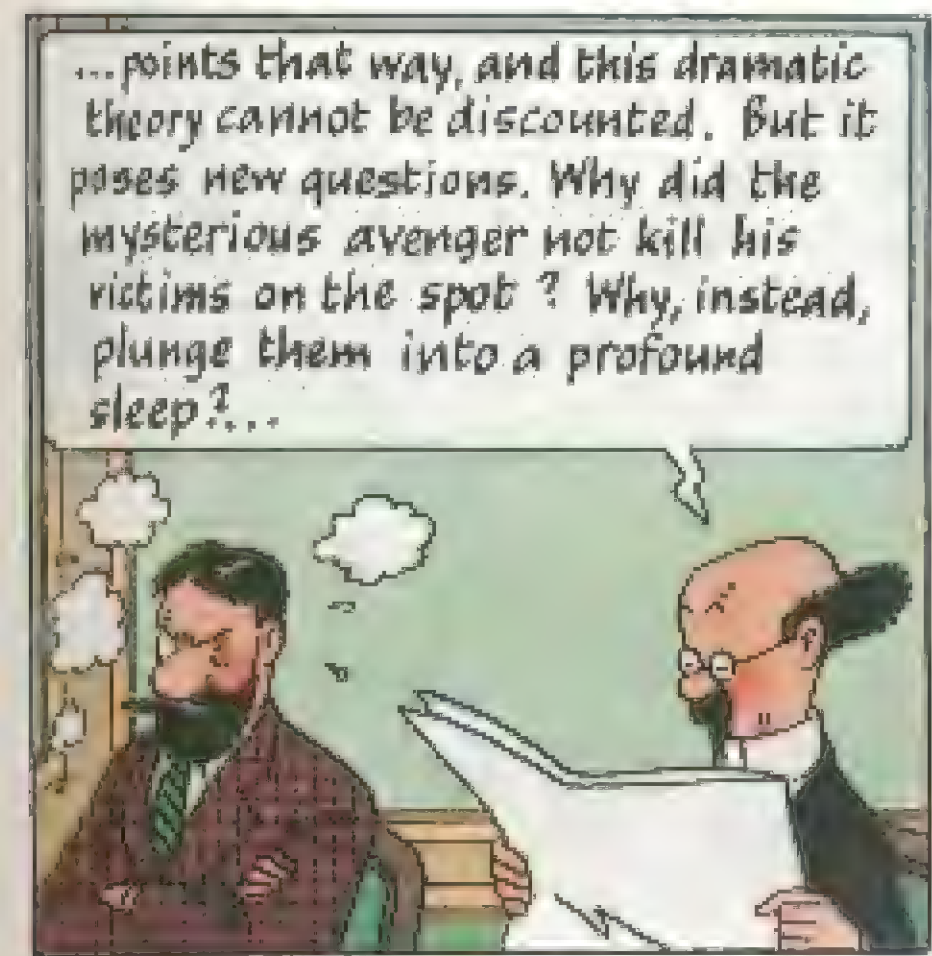
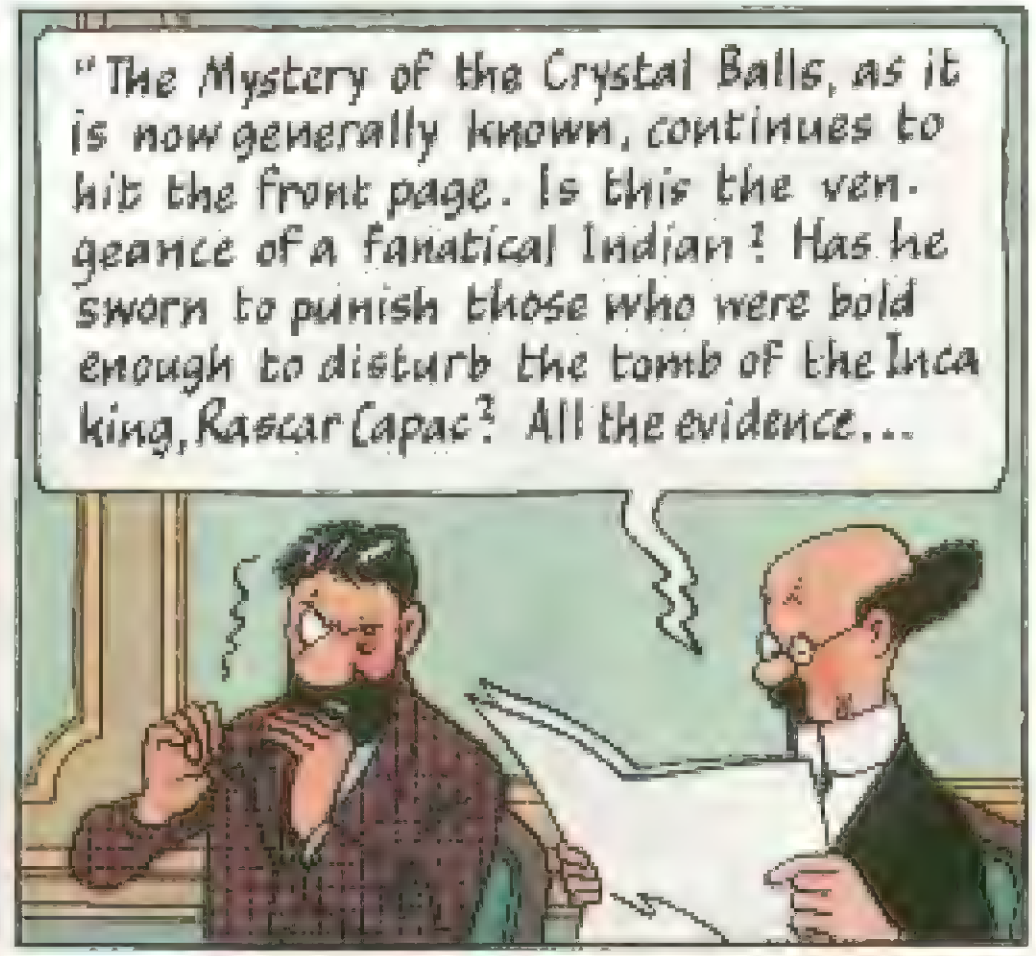
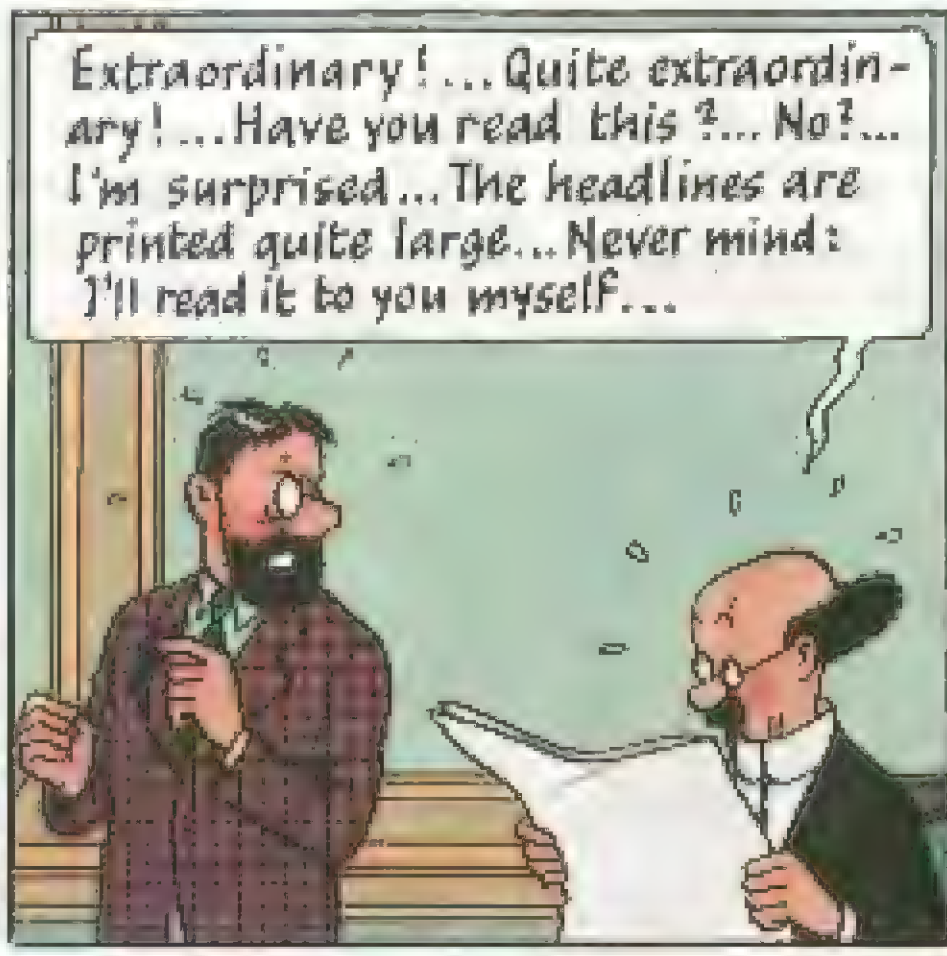
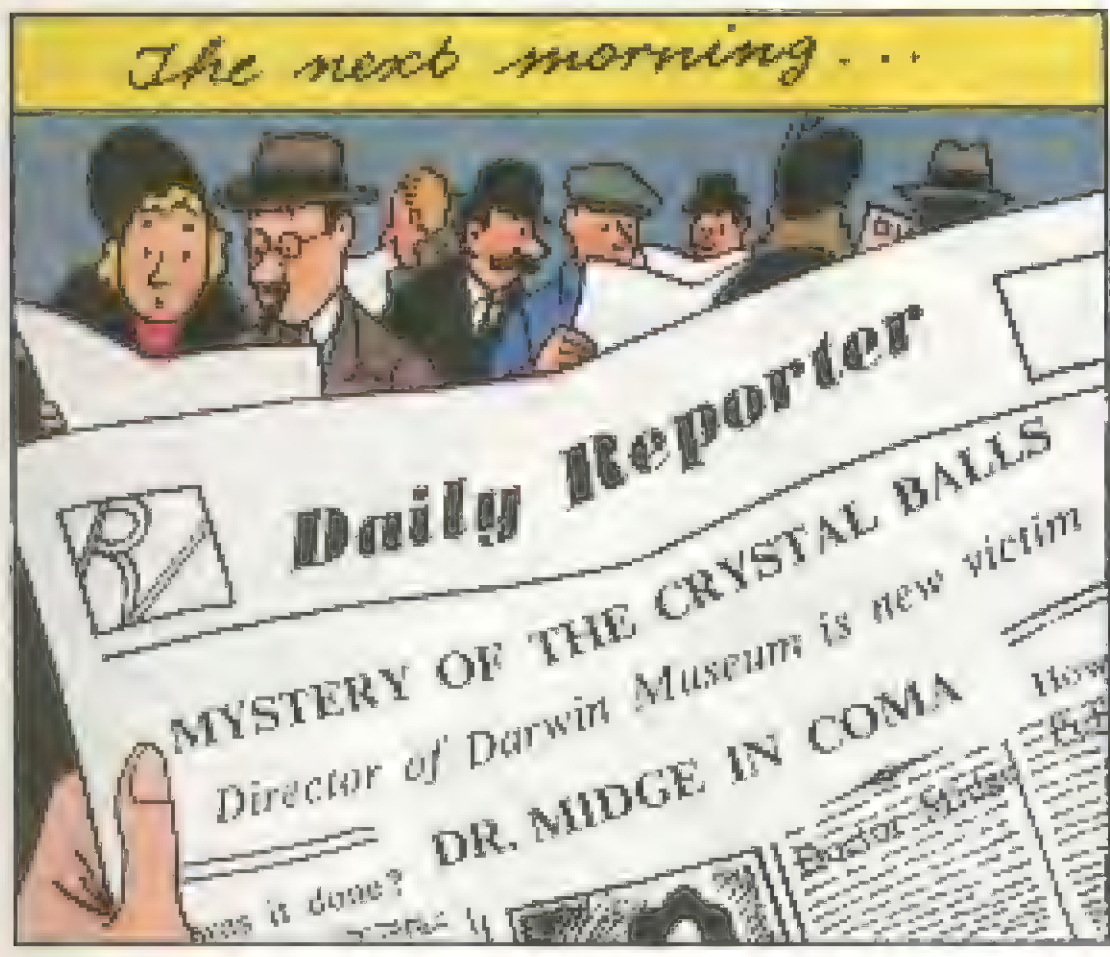
ARE THERE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS?

... of the seven explorers who took part in the expedition, only Doctor Midge and Professor Tarragon have escaped the fate of their colleagues. A day-and-night police watch is being kept on their homes, and on the office of Dr. Midge, Director of the Darwin Museum ...



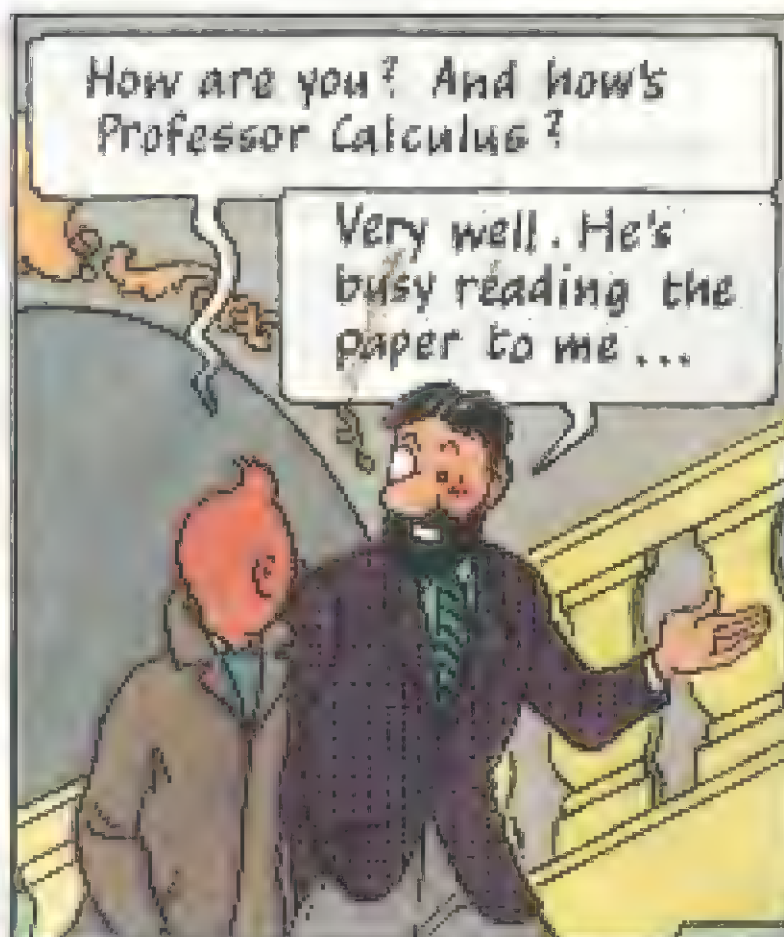








Tintin, my dear fellow!
... How very nice!

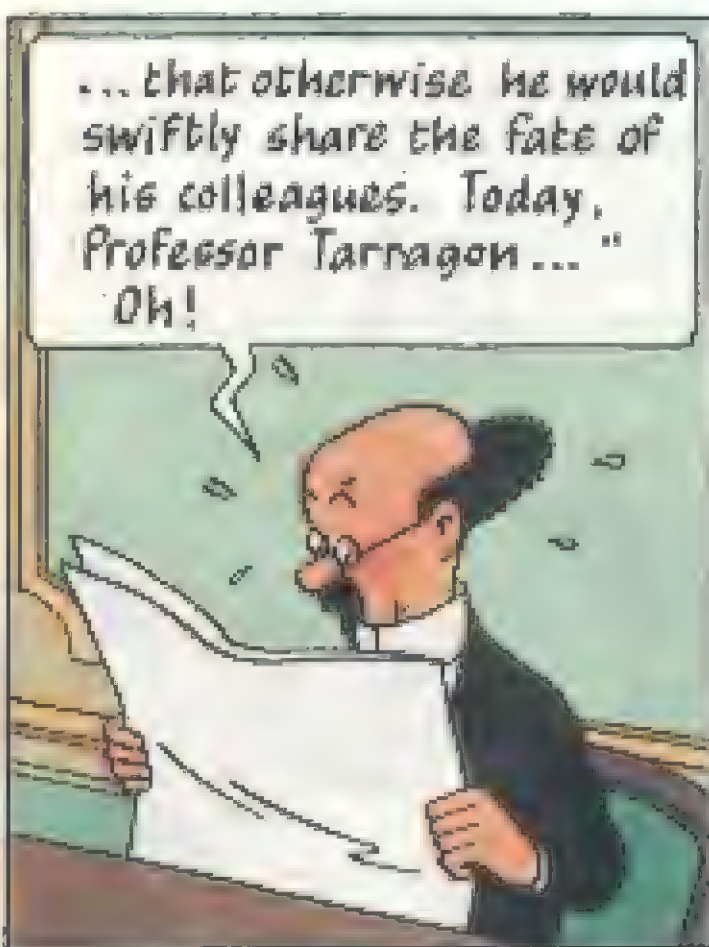


How are you? And how's
Professor Calculus?

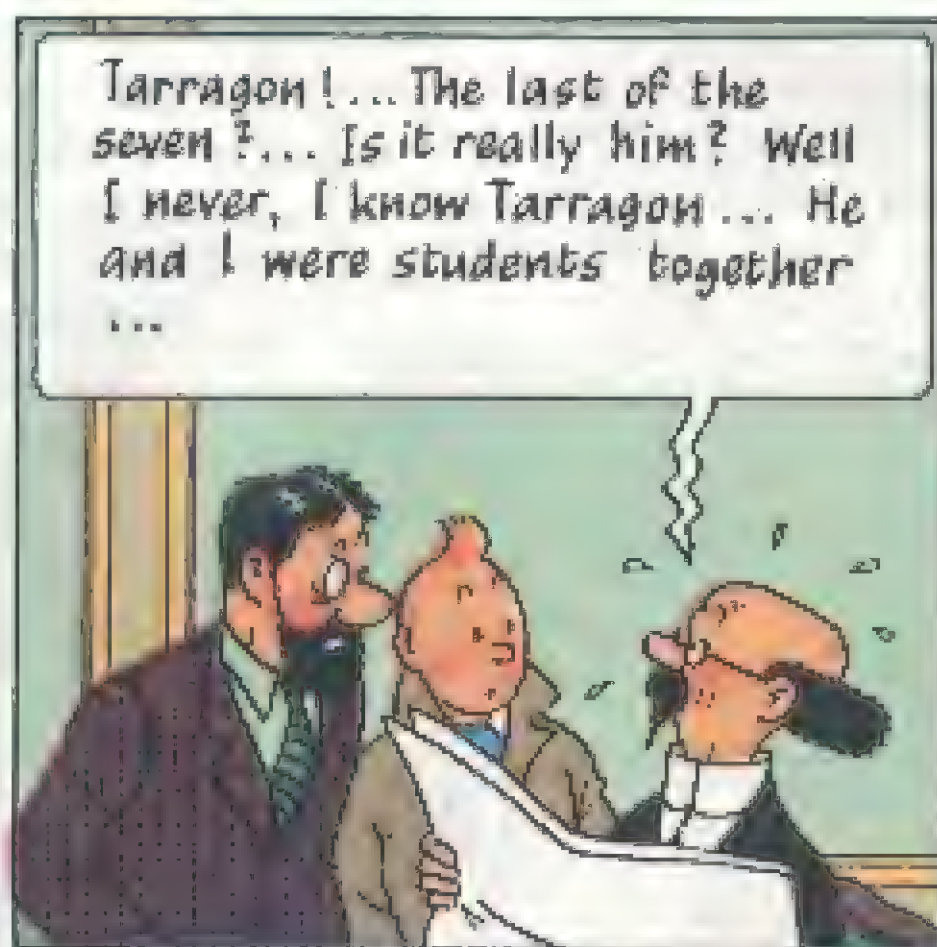
Very well. He's
busy reading the
paper to me...



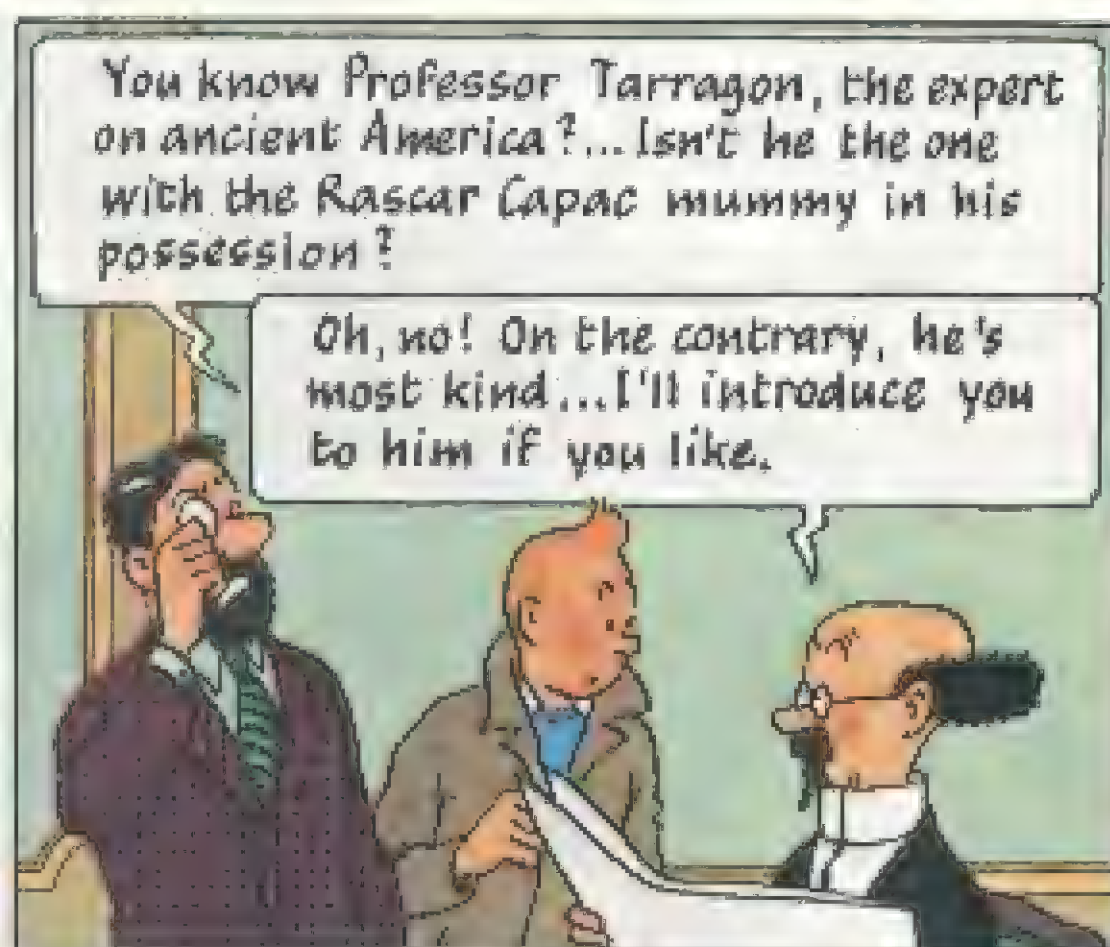
"... The police are taking full precautions to
ensure the safety of the last of the seven
members of the expedition. This move is
welcome. It is certain..."



... that otherwise he would
swiftly share the fate of
his colleagues. Today,
Professor Tarragon... "
Oh!



Tarragon! ... The last of the
seven? ... Is it really him? Well
I never, I know Tarragon ... He
and I were students together
...



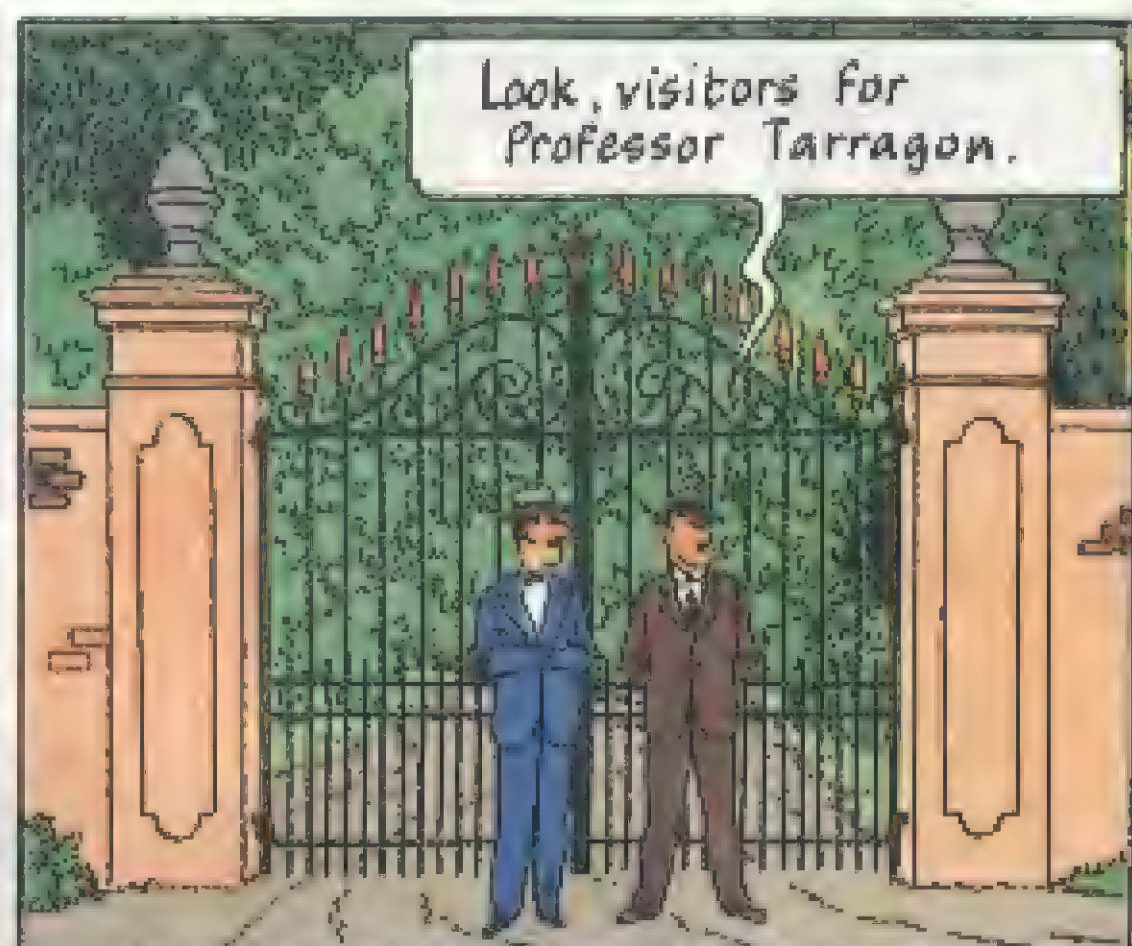
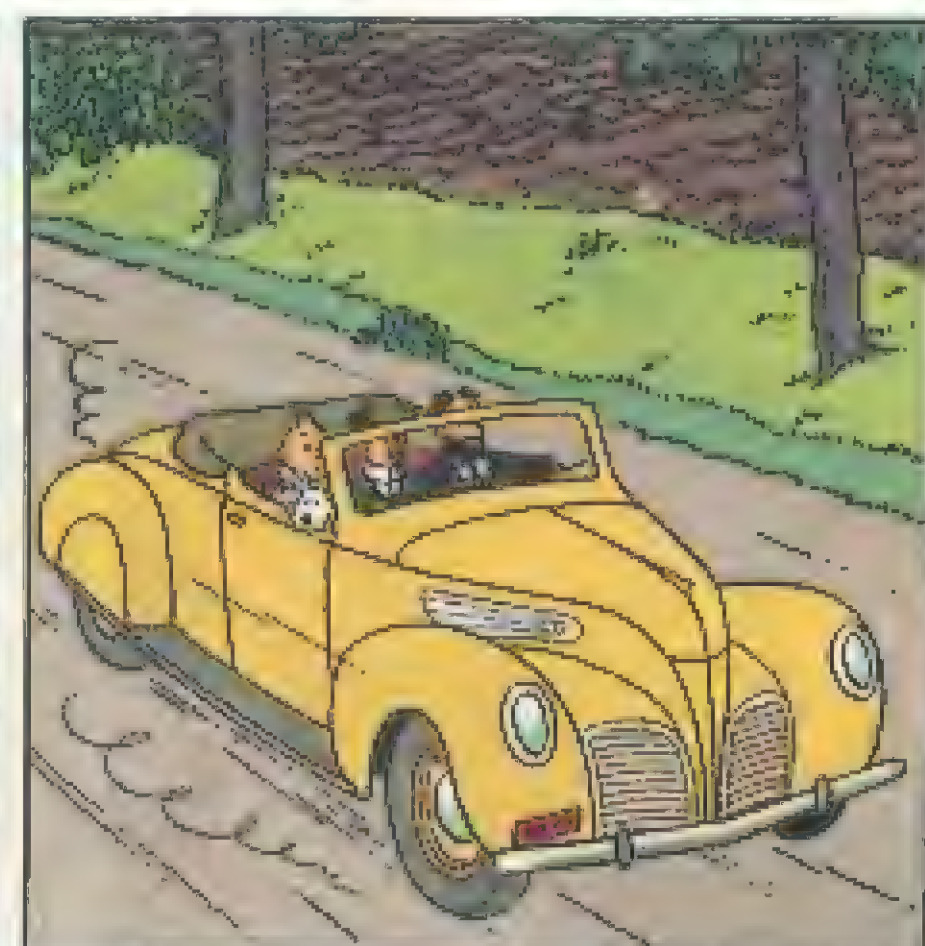
You know Professor Tarragon, the expert
on ancient America? ... Isn't he the one
with the Rascar Capac mummy in his
possession?

Oh, no! On the contrary, he's
most kind... I'll introduce you
to him if you like.



I'd enjoy meeting him.
Thank you.

You'd like to go
now? ... Certainly...
Come along...



Look, visitors for
Professor Tarragon.



We'd like to see
Professor Tarragon...

Have you a
pass?



Haddock, Tintin
and Calculus...
Right. Wait here,
and I'll see if you
can go in.

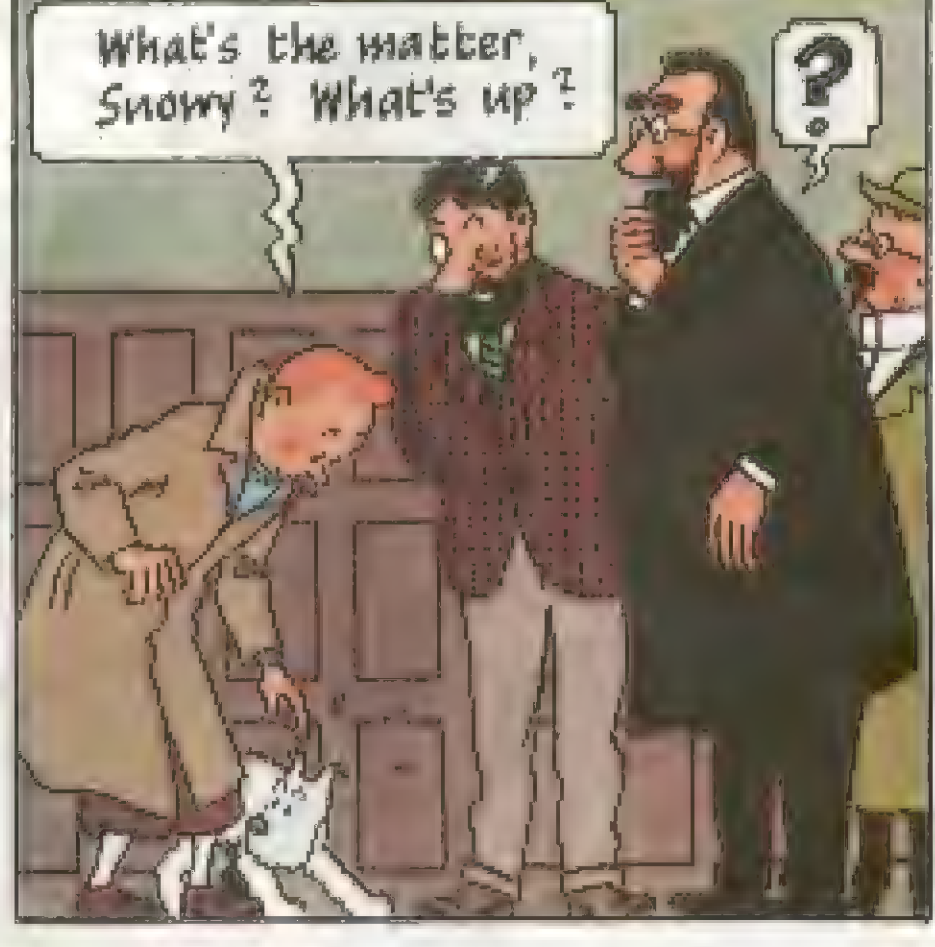


It's like trying to get into
a fortress!

We have our
orders...



O.K., these gentlemen
can come in.



HA - HA - HA - HA - HA !



Here's the culprit... Our friend Rascar Capac frightened your dog... Rascar Capac: he-who-unleashes-the-fire-of-heaven.



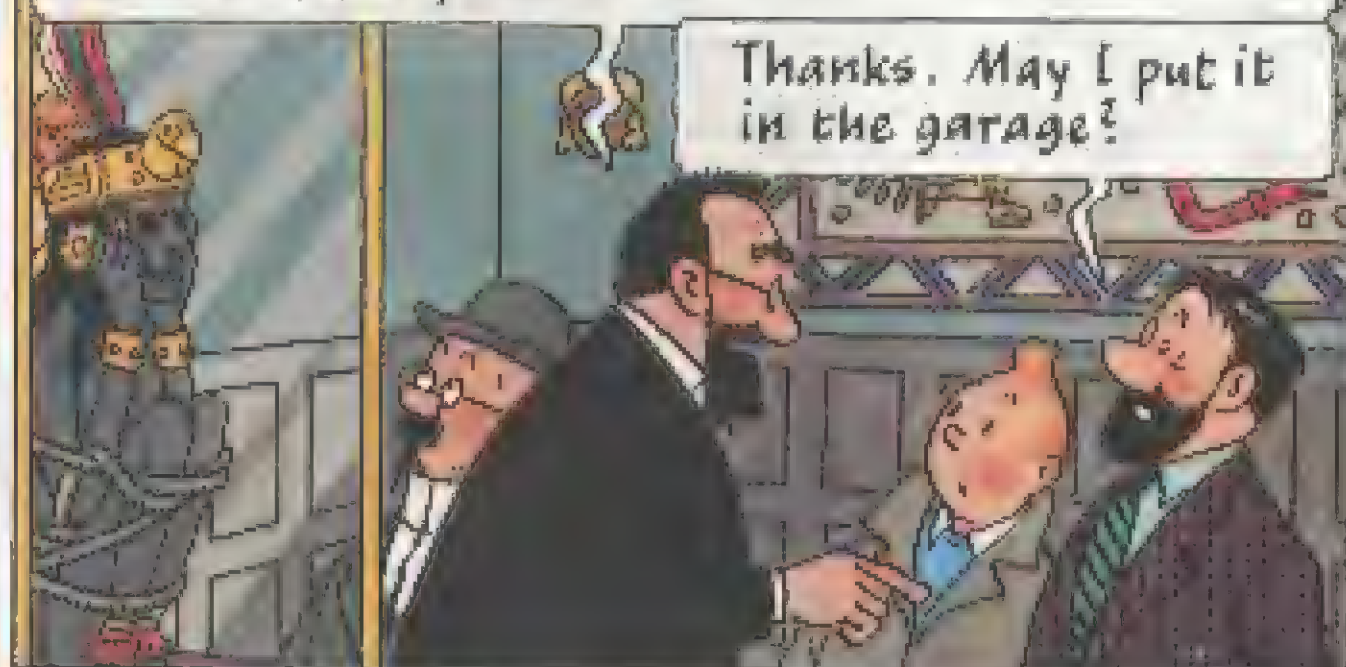
BOOM



What about that! We were just talking about Rascar Capac, he-who-unleashes-the-fire-of-heaven, and I think he's going to oblige: look...



You have an open car, I believe... If I were you, I'd put it under cover right away. These summer storms can be very violent... an absolute downpour...



Did you hear that? ... Sounded like a shot outside...



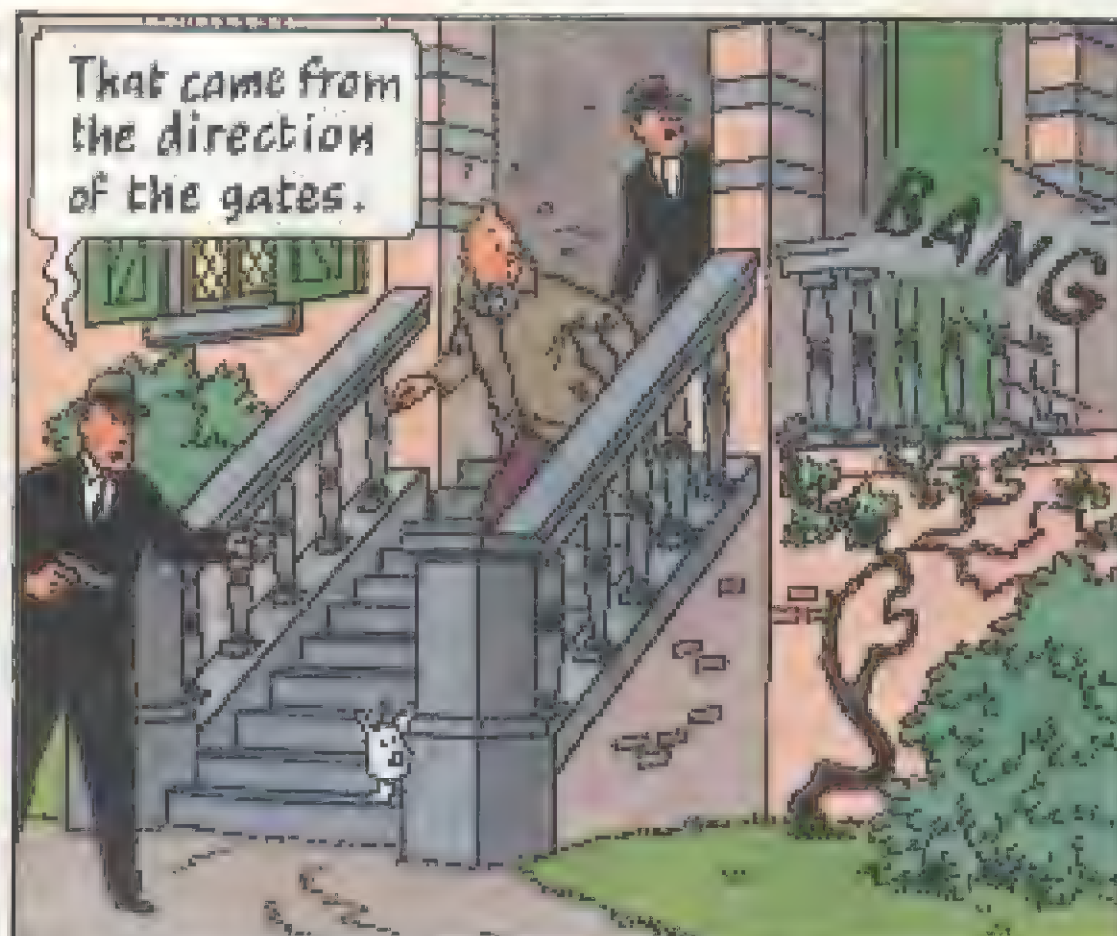
Over there... a man running... It's one of the detectives guarding the house...

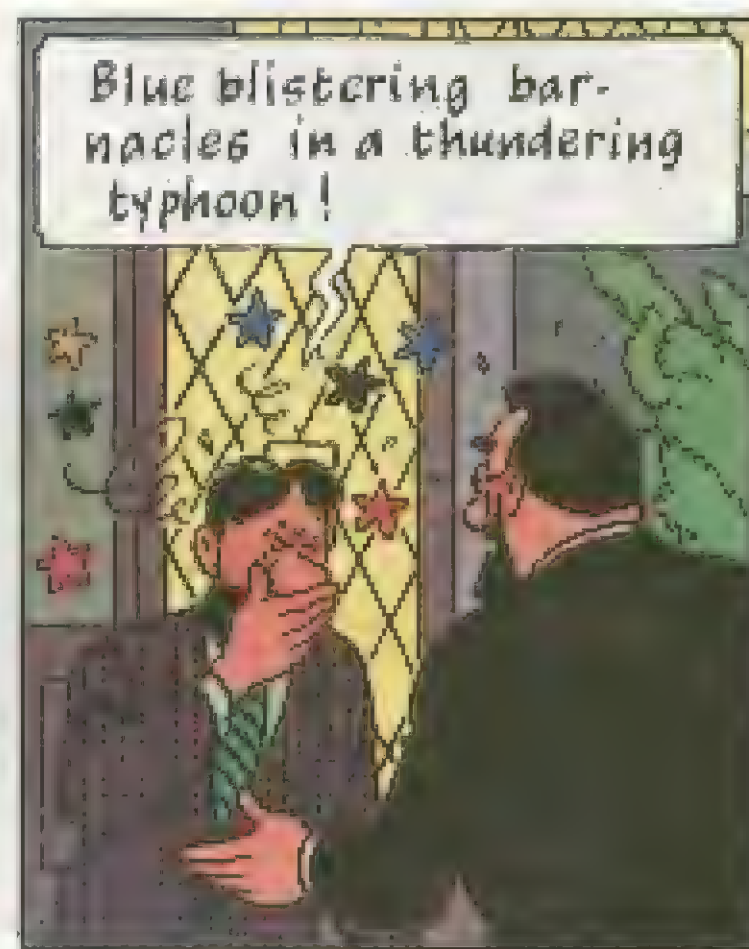
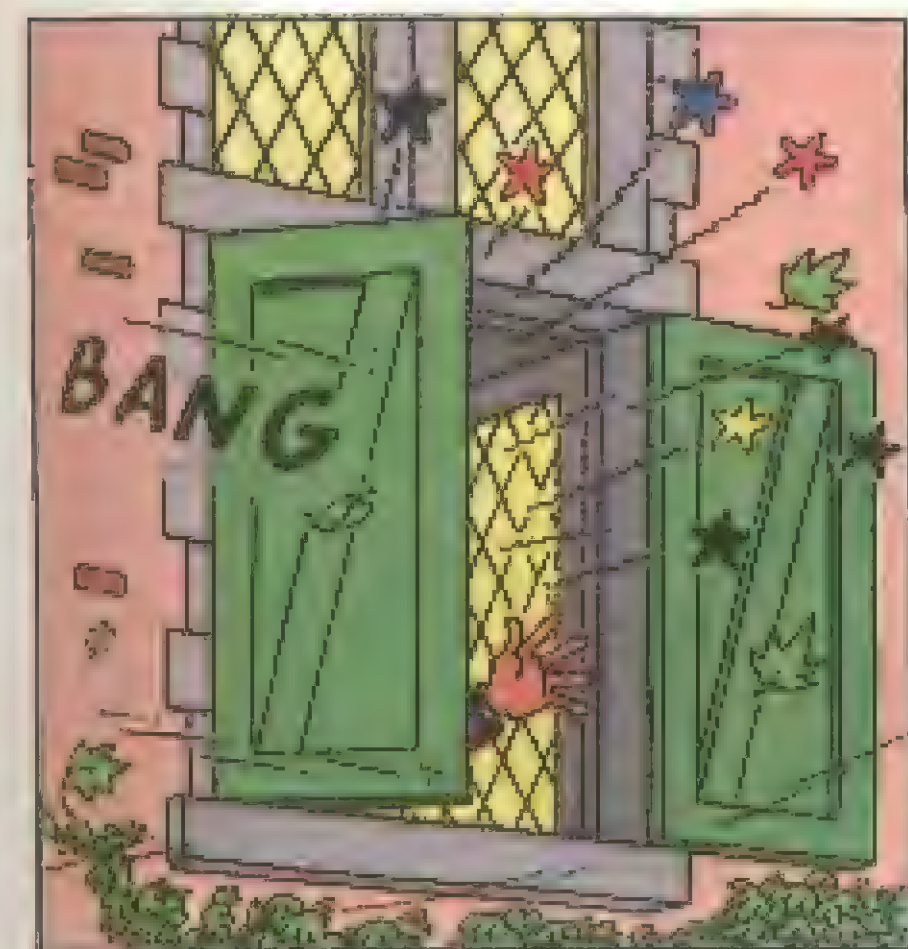
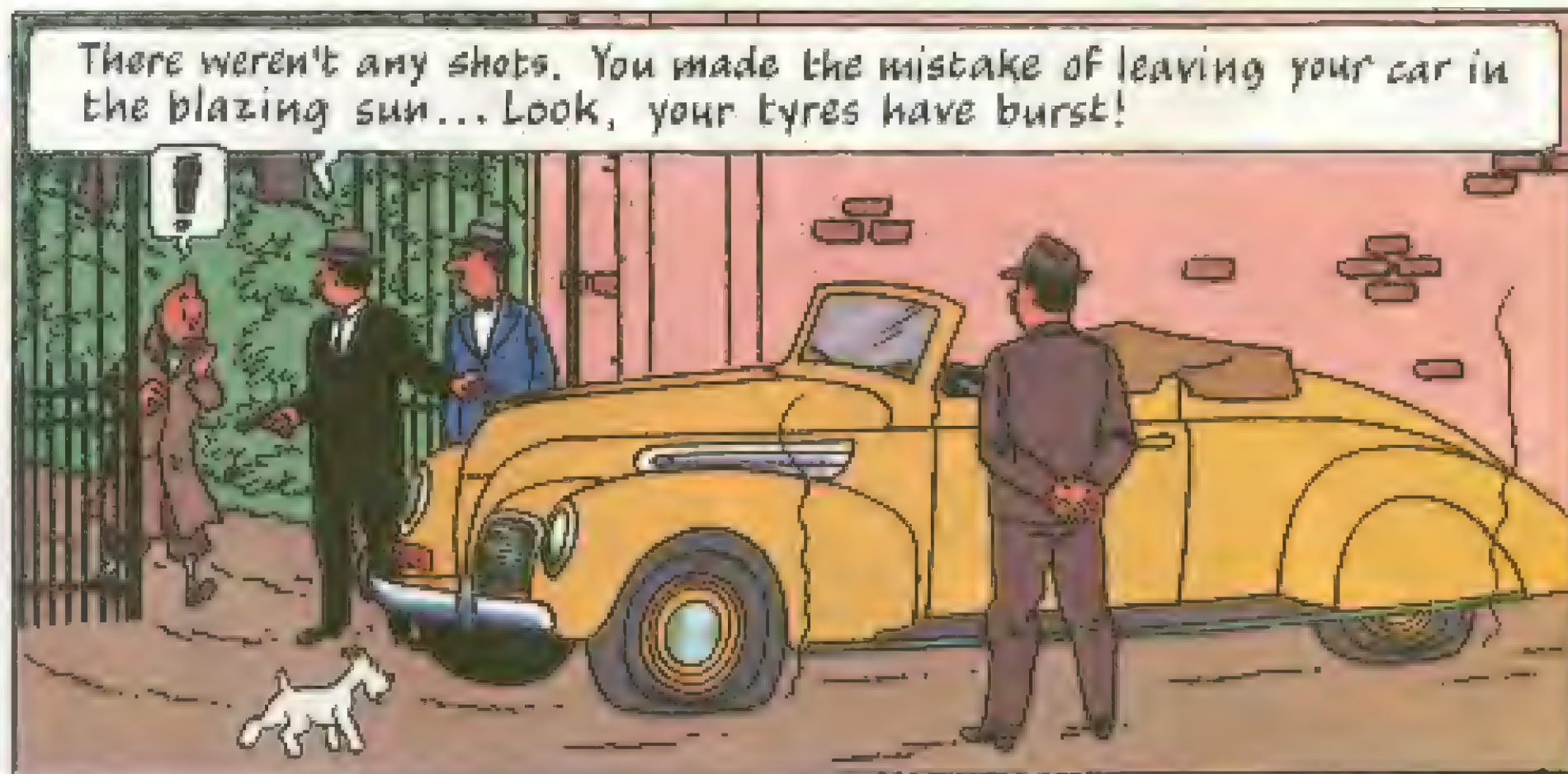


Quick, let's see what's happening...



That came from the direction of the gates.





Everything all right? ... Good, good ...
At any rate, the false alarm did
prove that the house is well
guarded.

Yes, it certainly seems
to be. But still, we
must be very care-
ful.

By the way, Professor, what do you
make of this whole business of the
crystal balls?

What do I make of it? ...
Not much ... But, as a matter
of fact, I've drafted a
paper ...

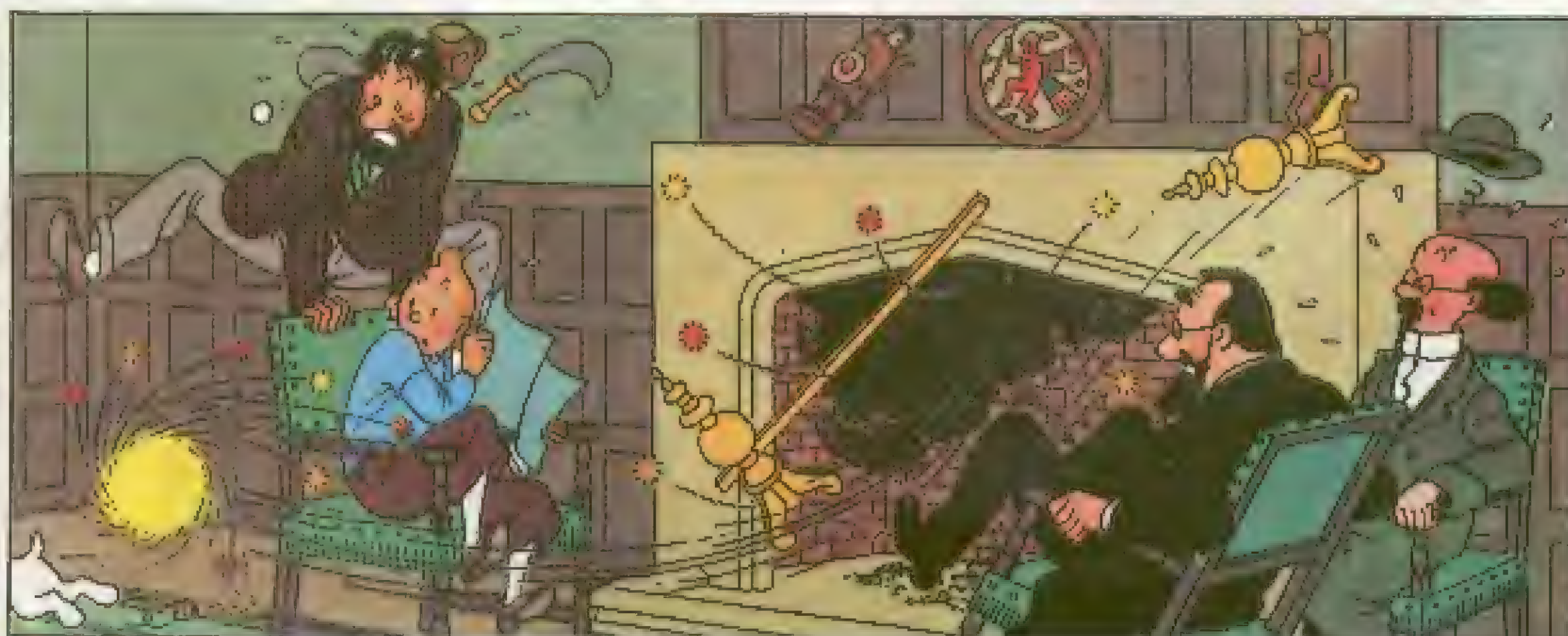
... on the occult practices
of ancient Peru. It seems
to have some bearing,
but I doubt if it will
solve our problem.

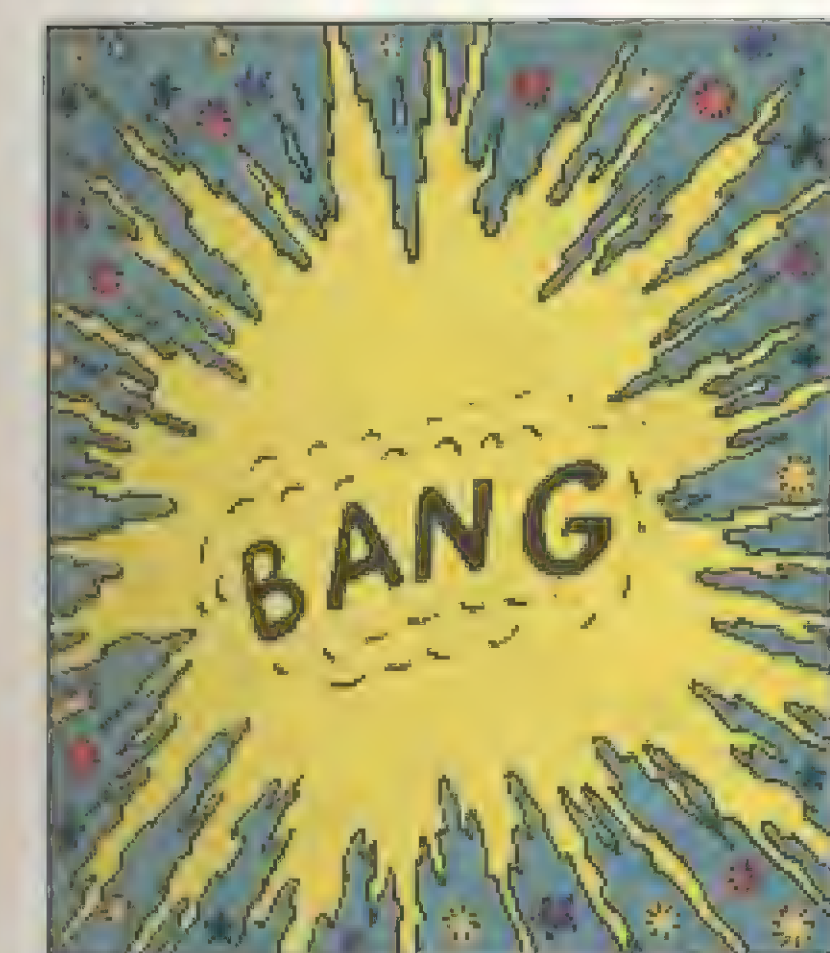
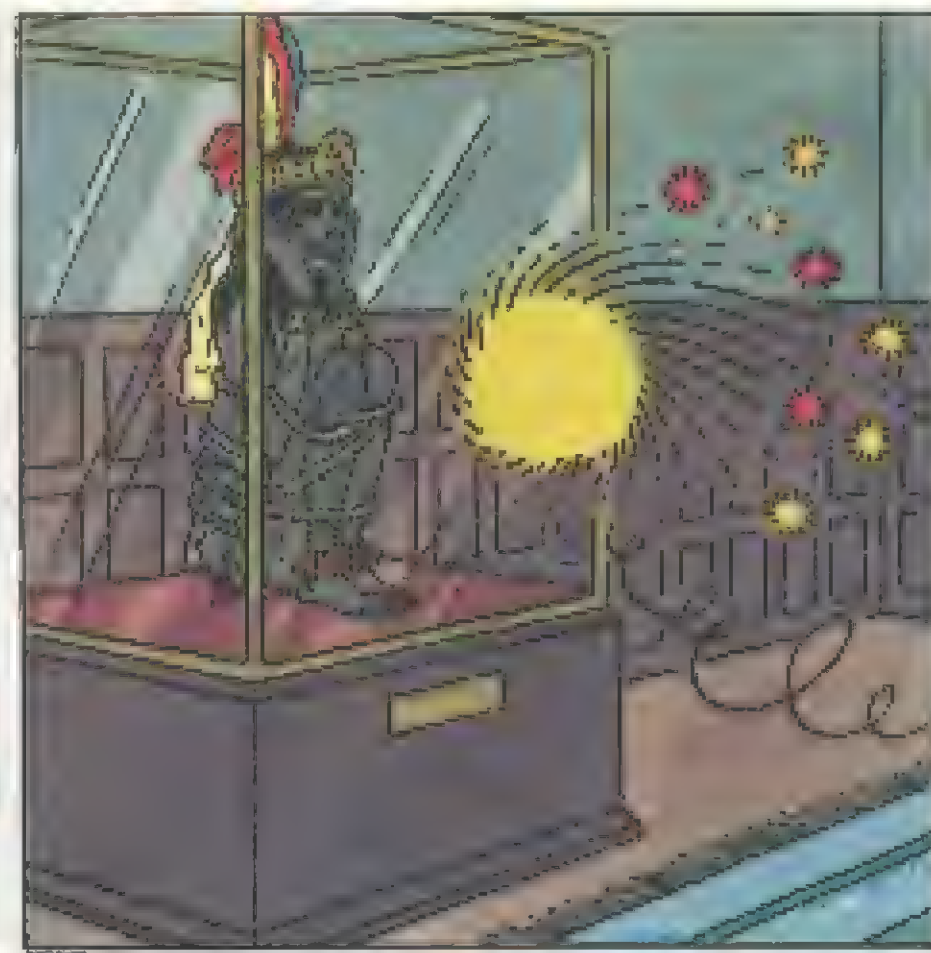
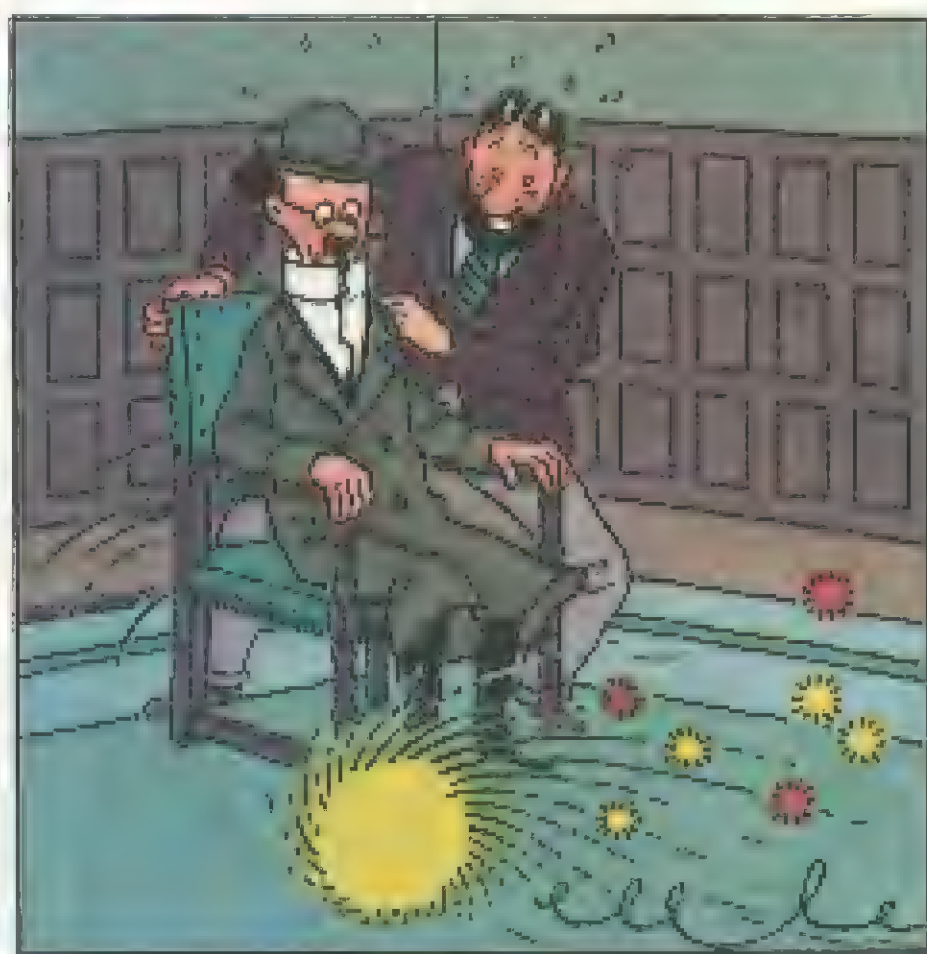
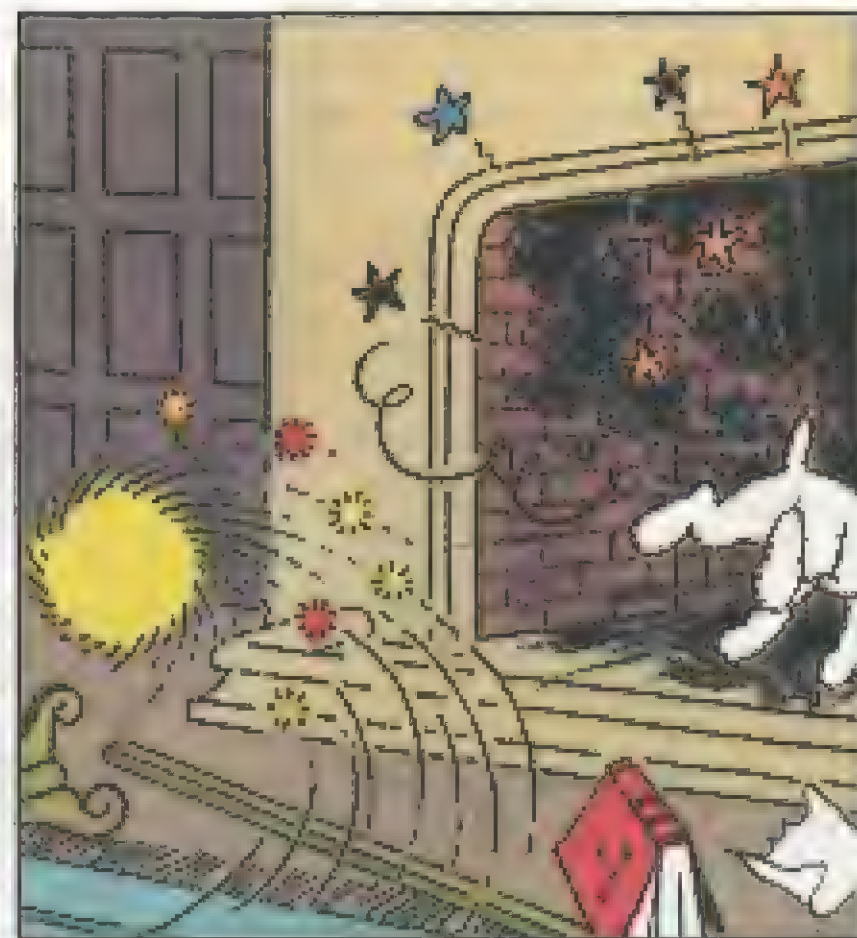
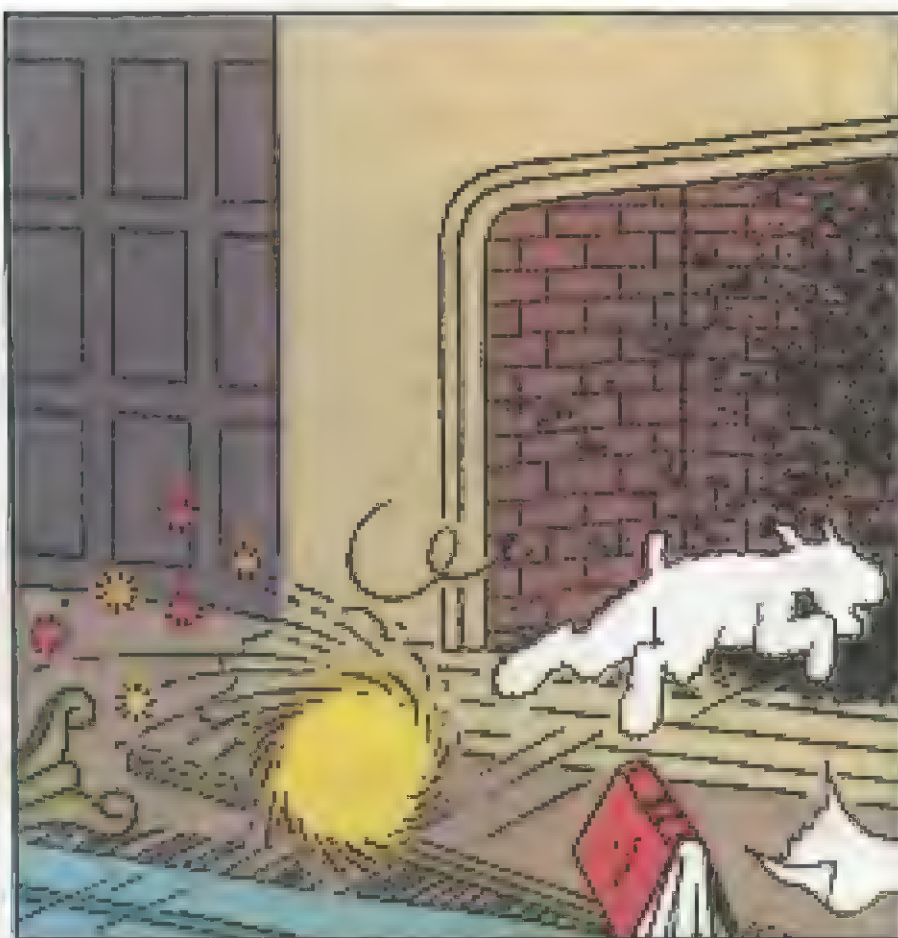
Look at this ... it's a translation
of part of the inscriptions
carved on the walls of Rascar
Capac's tomb ... You may like
to read it.

"After many moons will come seven strang-
ers with pale faces; they will profane the
sacred dwellings of he-who-unleashes-
the-fire-of-heaven. These vandals will
carry the body of the Inca to their own
far country. But the curse of the gods
will be as their shadow and pursue
them over land and sea ..."

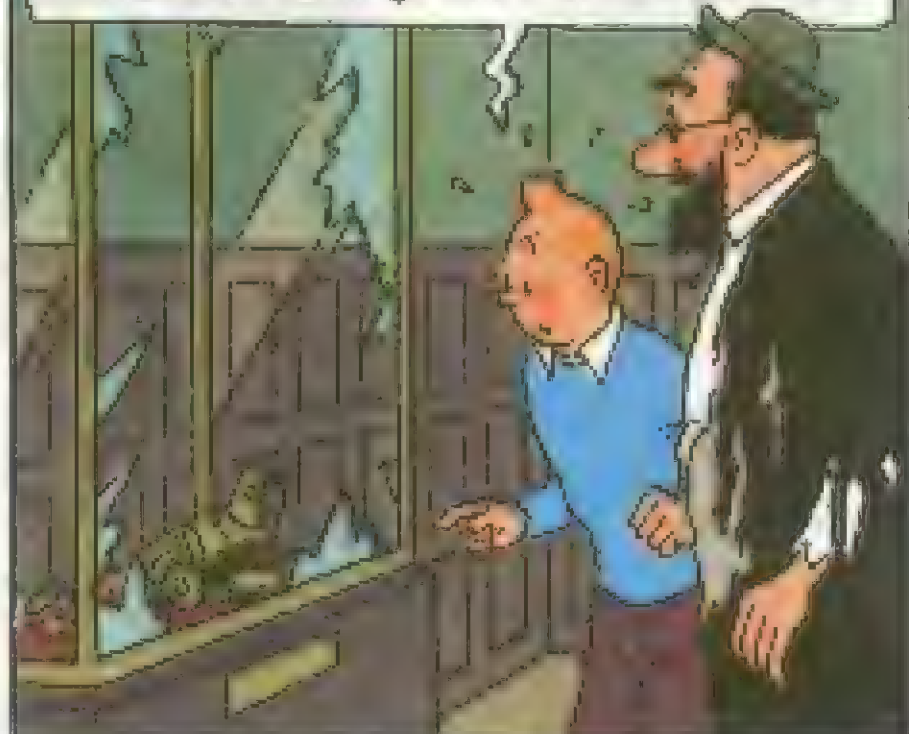
But ... but ... this is quite
extraordinary!

Isn't it? ... But
read the next
bit ...





Rascar Capac's disappeared! ...
Vaporized! ... Vanished into thin air!
... There's nothing left but the jewels!



But Professor Tarragon ...
what's the matter?



I ... it's nothing ...
Read the rest ... the
rest of my transla-
tion.

"There will come a day when Rascar
Capac will bring down upon himself the
cleansing fire. In one moment of flame
he will return to his true element; on
that day will punishment descend
upon the desecrators."



Excuse me, Hercules.

The prophecy is fulfilled... Rascar
Capac has gone... and I am struck
down by his curse... I feel it!
...

Me too! ... And it smells
very strong: sulphur,
isn't it?



Don't give in! The house
is well guarded; you know
that. Where do you
sleep?

In the next room.
There are no
windows.

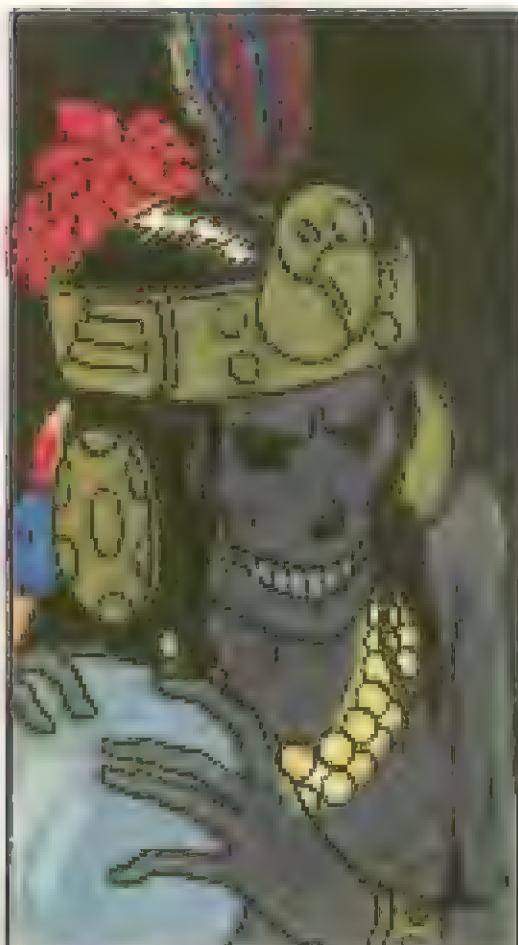


Good. And there are shutters in
here... What's more, we are upstairs.
To make doubly sure, we'll station two
policemen outside these windows... You
see, there's absolutely no danger.

You're right ... I'm being
absurd ... Let me show
you to your rooms, then
I'll bid you good-night.



Some hours later...





Whew! What a relief... It was only a dream... The gale blew the window open!



Still, it was a horrible nightmare!



HELP!... HELP!



That's the Captain's voice!



What's happened, Captain?... I thought I heard you shouting.



Yes, I... I had a fright-ful nightmare!... Rascar Lapac came into my room... He had a huge crystal ball in his hand... he hurled it down on the floor...

Incredible!... The same dream as mine!



OOH OOH

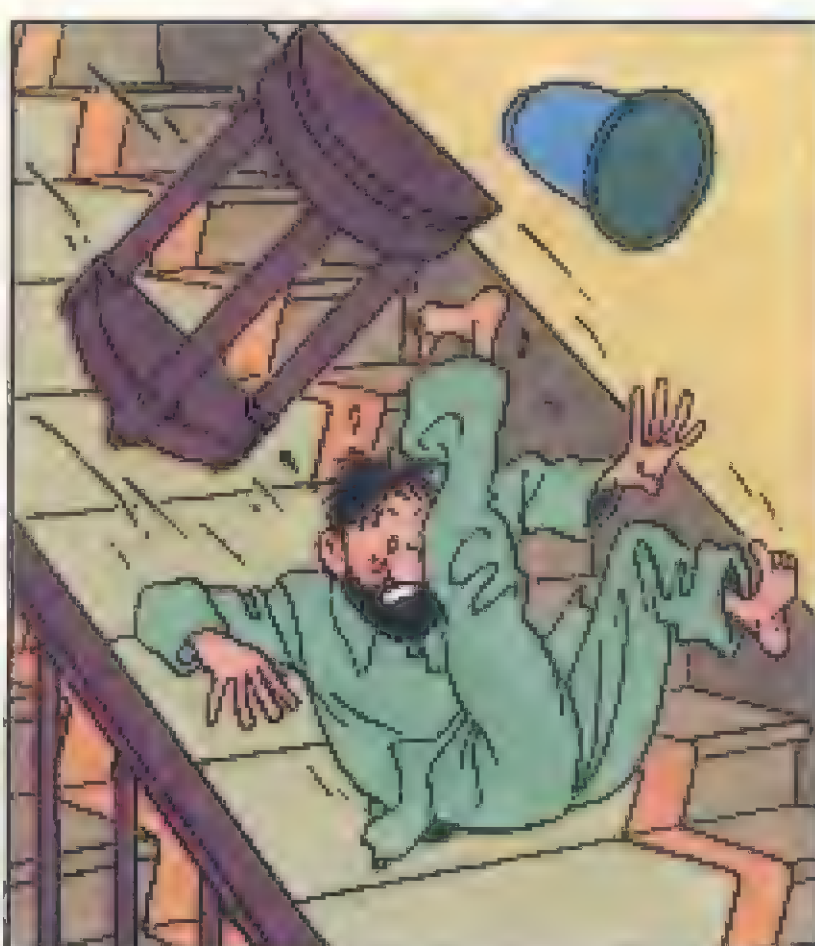
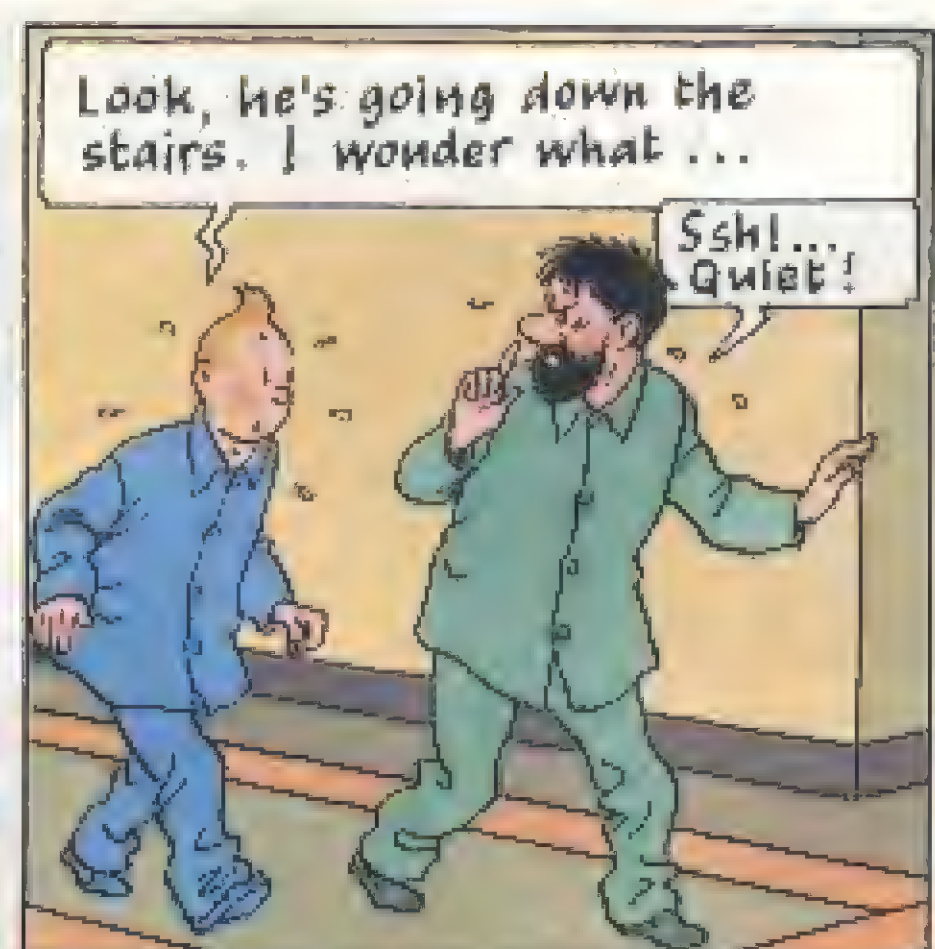
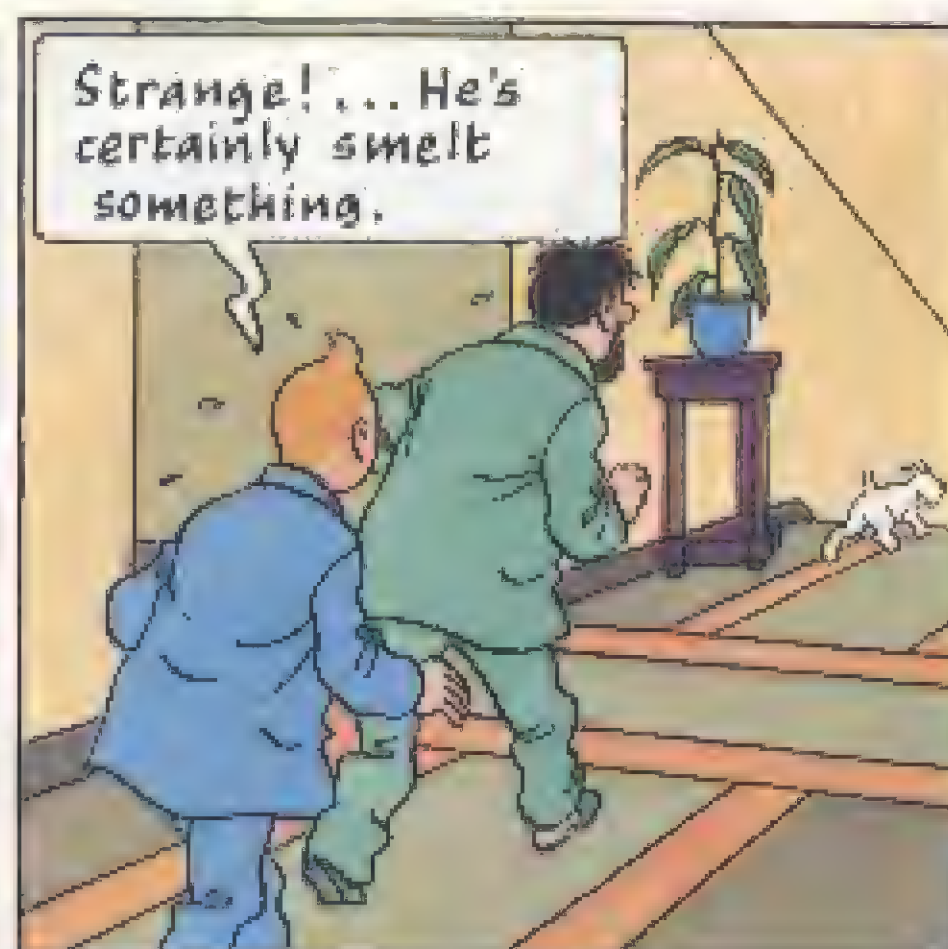
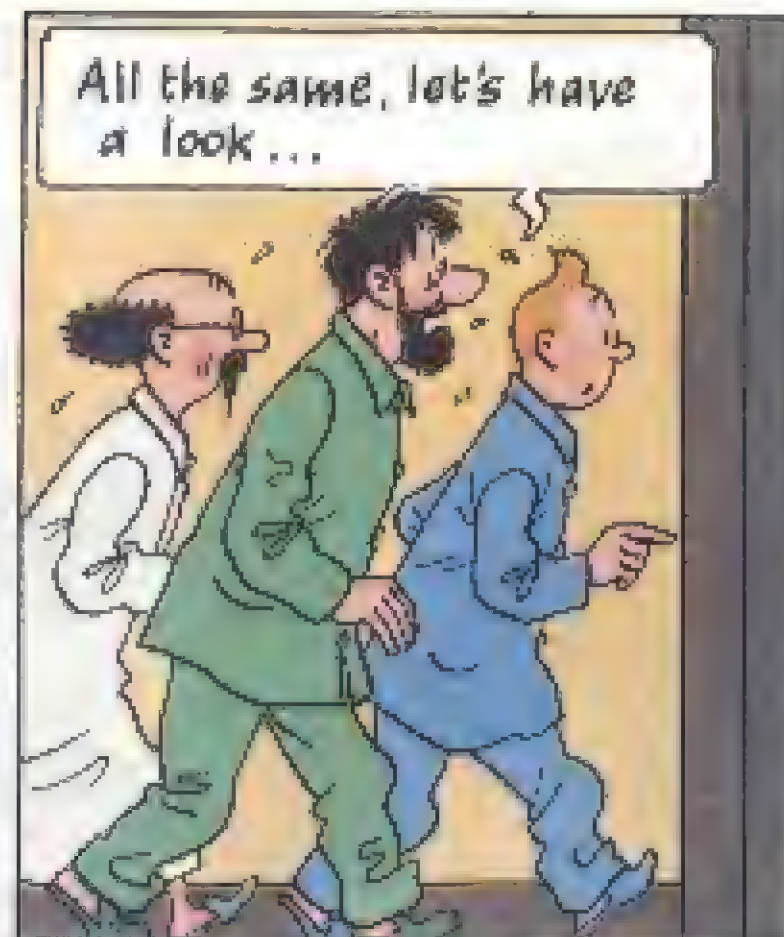


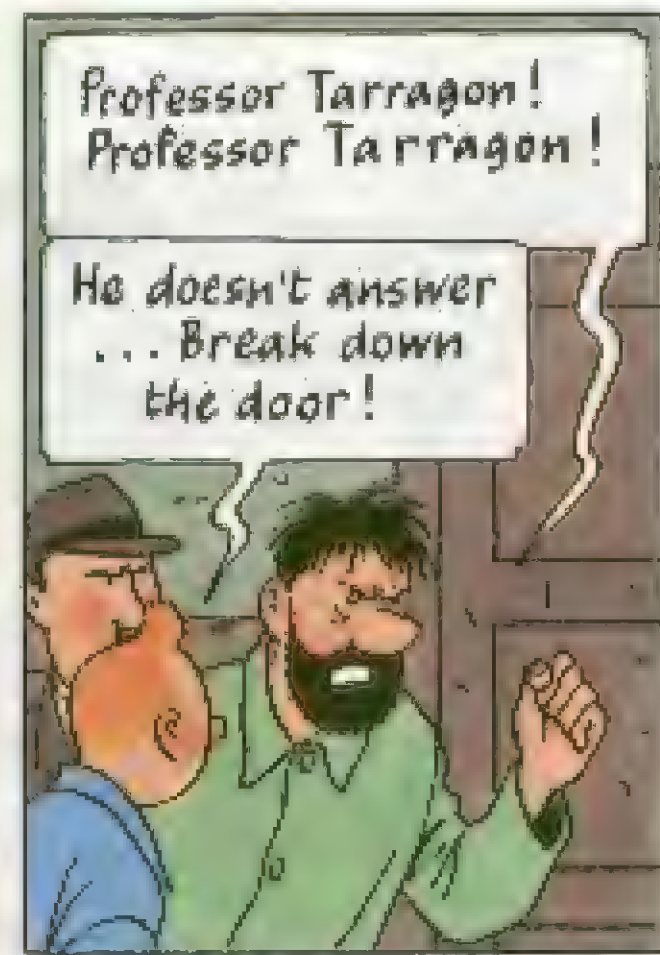
Now what is it?



Look out!... He's there!... He's after me!... He's coming!...







But it's impossible...
every single exit is
guarded...



Professor Tarragon!
Professor Tarragon!



There's nothing we can do... The
crystal ball has done its work... and
claimed the last of the seven.



Quick, the window! ... The intruder
must have gone that way!



But no... the window and
the shutter are closed tight
... it's incredible!



Has anyone gone
past you?



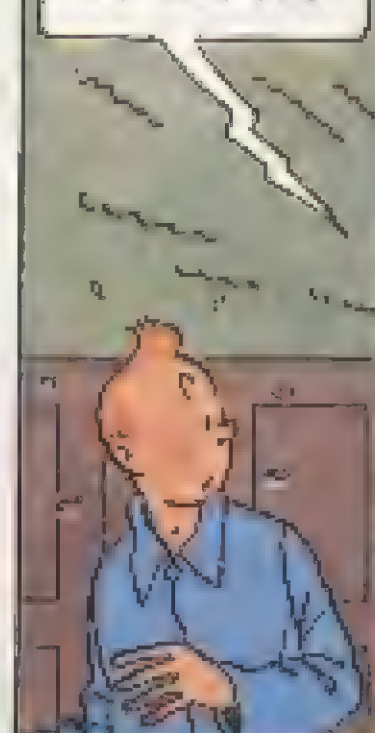
This absolutely beats
me... How did the
fellow make his
getaway?



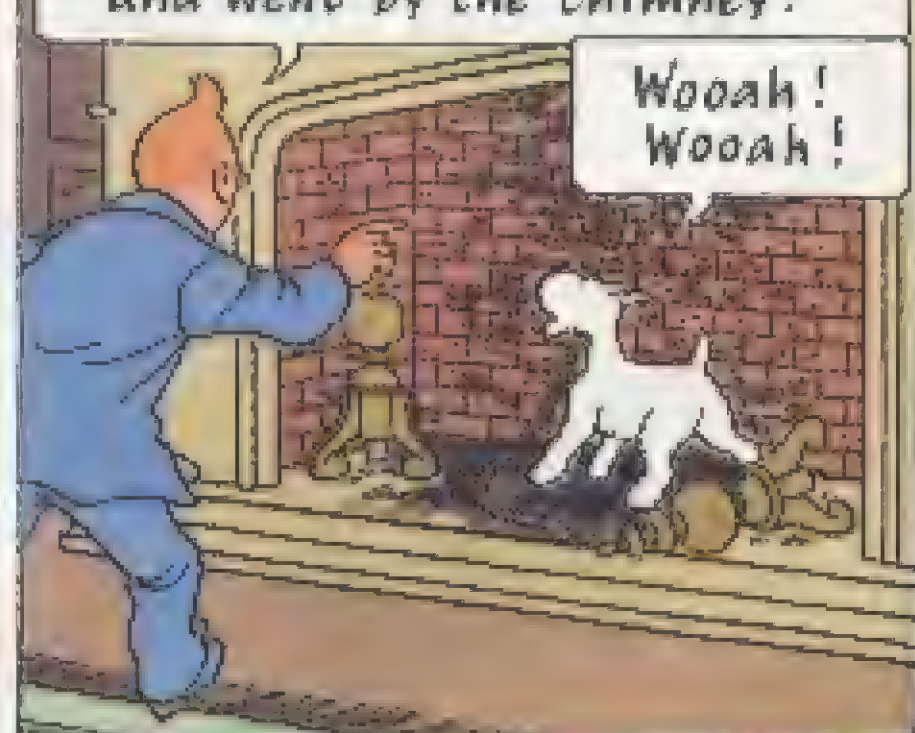
Oh! Look over there!
Rascar Capac's jewels
have disappeared!



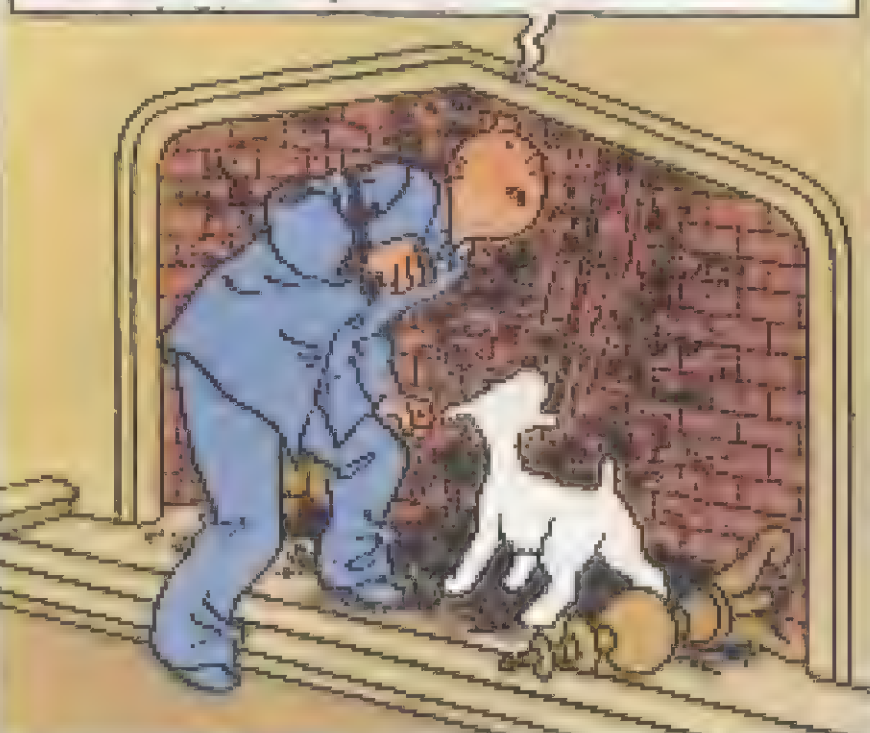
WOOAH!
WOOAH!

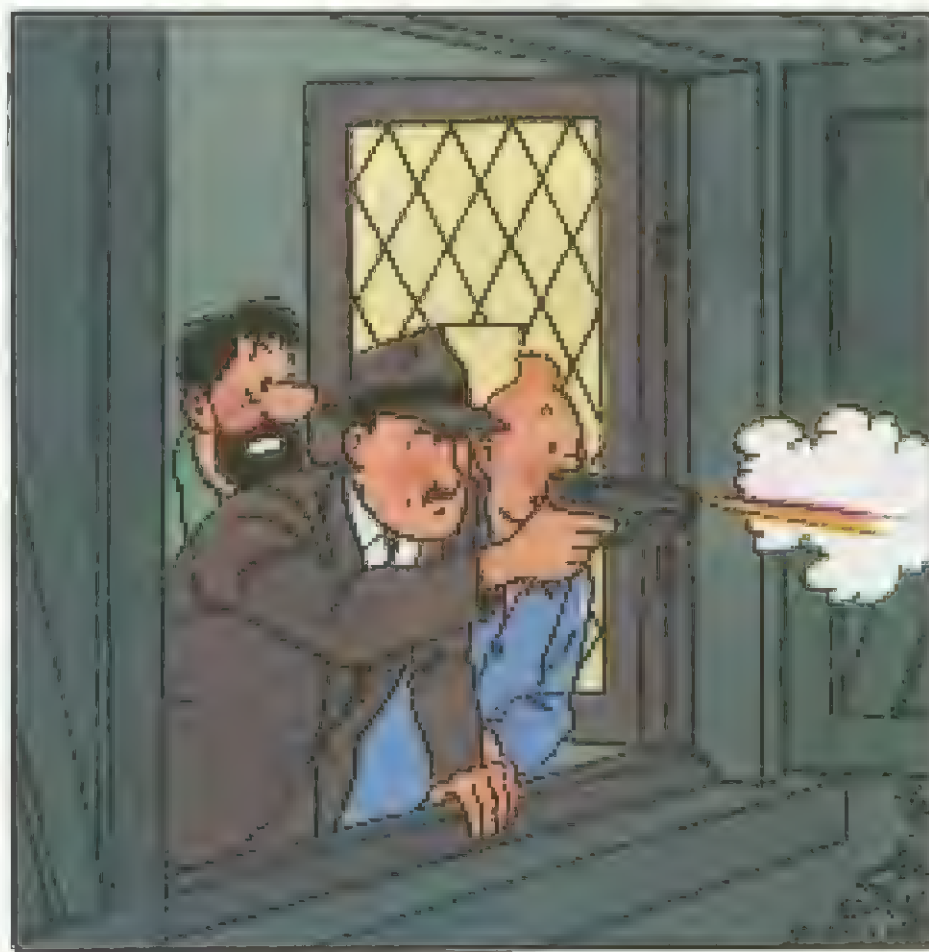


There! That's how it was
done... the attacker came
and went by the chimney!



Well, if he went up here, there's
still time - he can't have got
clean away...







That was Professor Tarragon's voice!

Blistering barnacles! They're murdering him!... Come on, hurry!



Help!



AAAH!



Mercy!... Mercy!



They're coming back!... I can see them! They're going to smother me!



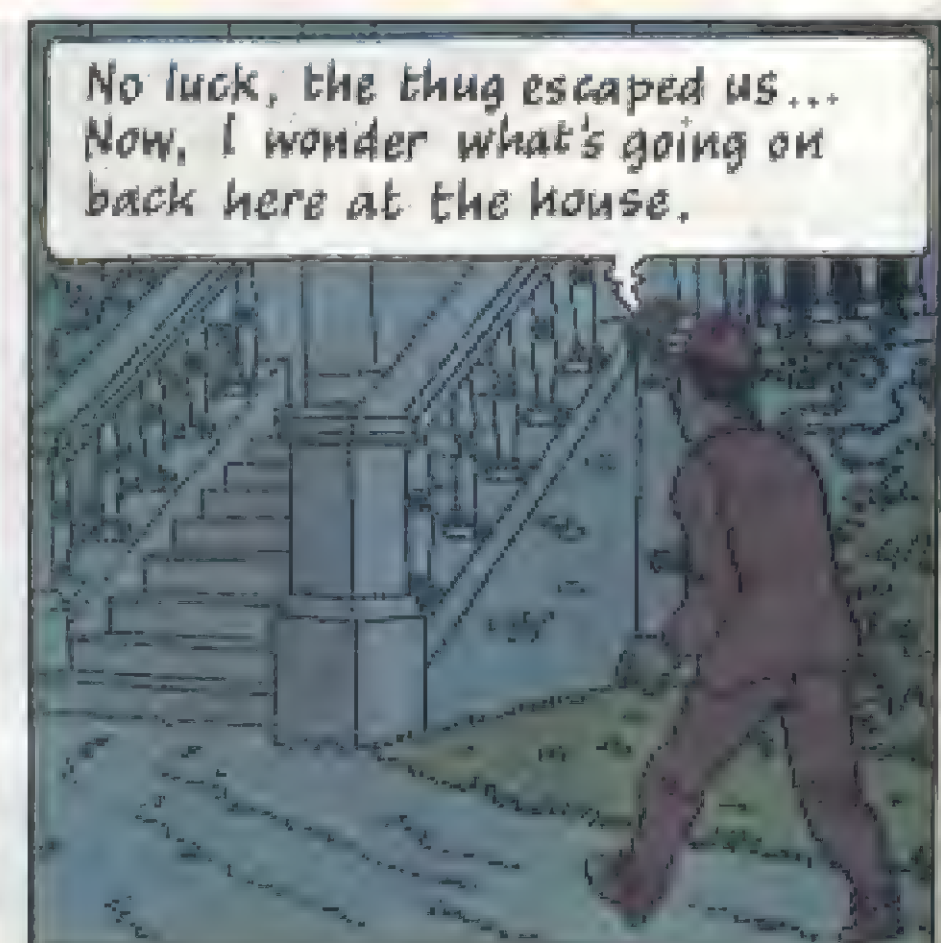
Keep away, you devils! They'll tear me to pieces!



It's all right, Professor Tarragon, it's all right... There's no one here... only your friends.



But now what?... Look, he's fallen back into a coma.



No luck, the thug escaped us... Now, I wonder what's going on back here at the house.



He screamed and shouted: he seemed to be suffering horribly... Then suddenly he calmed down... I think it would be an idea to call in a doctor.



The next morning...

Hmm... yes... It's certainly a clear case of acute coma... Look, his muscles are absolutely relaxed, his limbs completely inert...



YEOW!

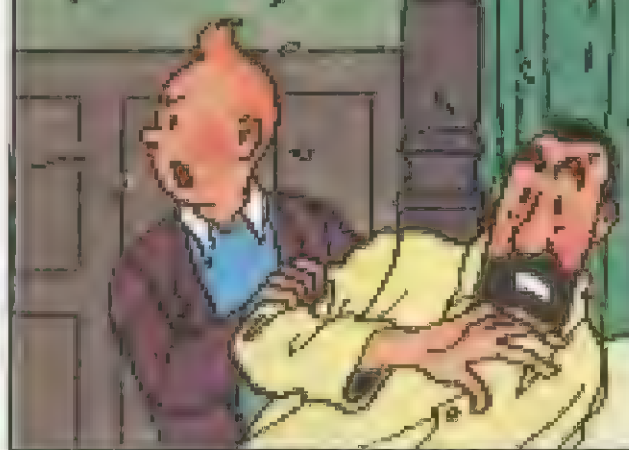
They're coming back!... They'll start again - tormenting me!... Help, help!



They're coming!... Get away, you torturers!... Help me!... Help!

RAT
TAT
TAT

Who is it?



Oh, it's you?... Good morning... Is Hercules there?

Yes, he's there, in bed, ill. The doctor is here... He sounds in a bad state.



Going round the estate?... Good, I'll join him.



Where is he?



I can't see him.



Still, that's easy, I'll find him with my pendulum.



Hello, what's happening?



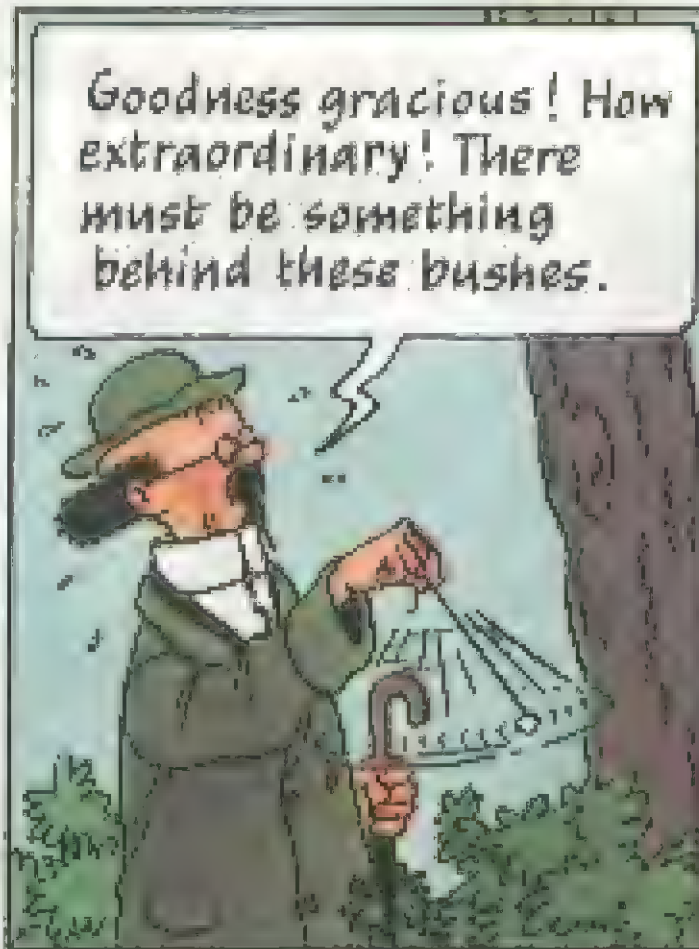
Peculiar, very peculiar! I wonder...



Hat, umbrella, spectacles, pendulum; that's the lot: on we go!...

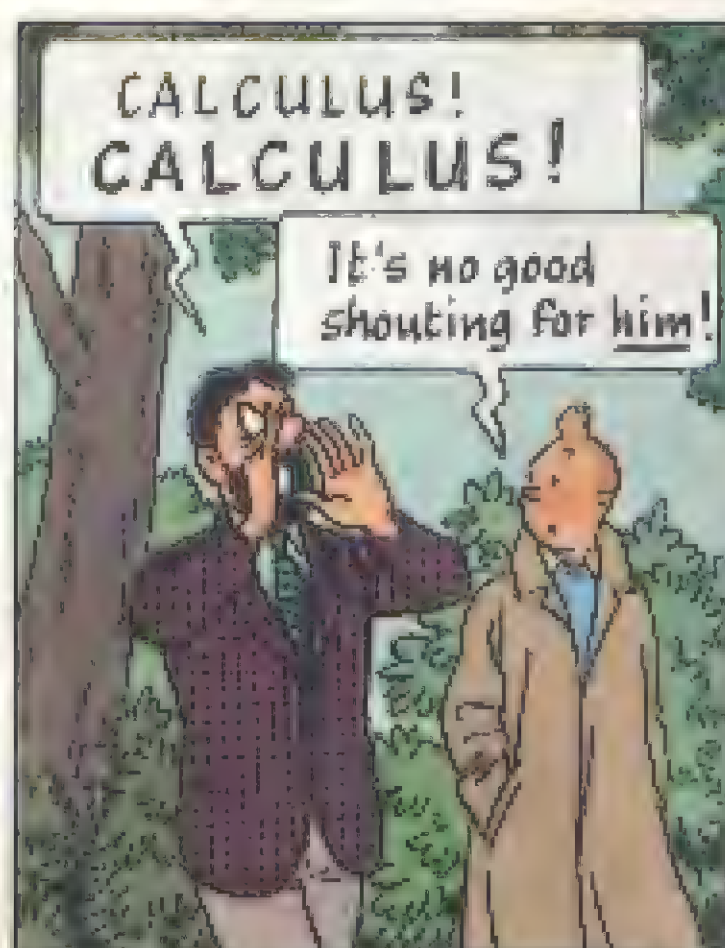
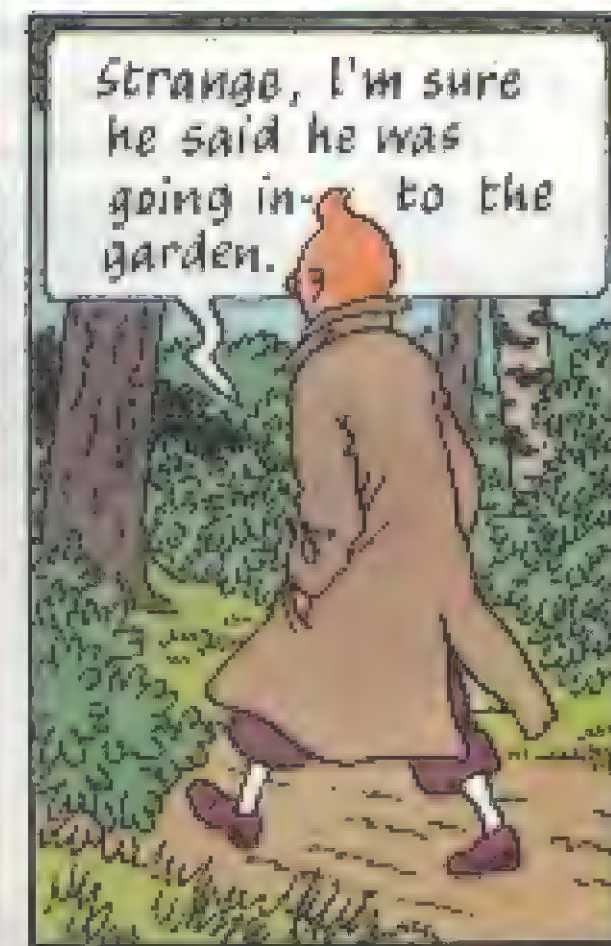


Goodness gracious! How extraordinary! There must be something behind these bushes.



?



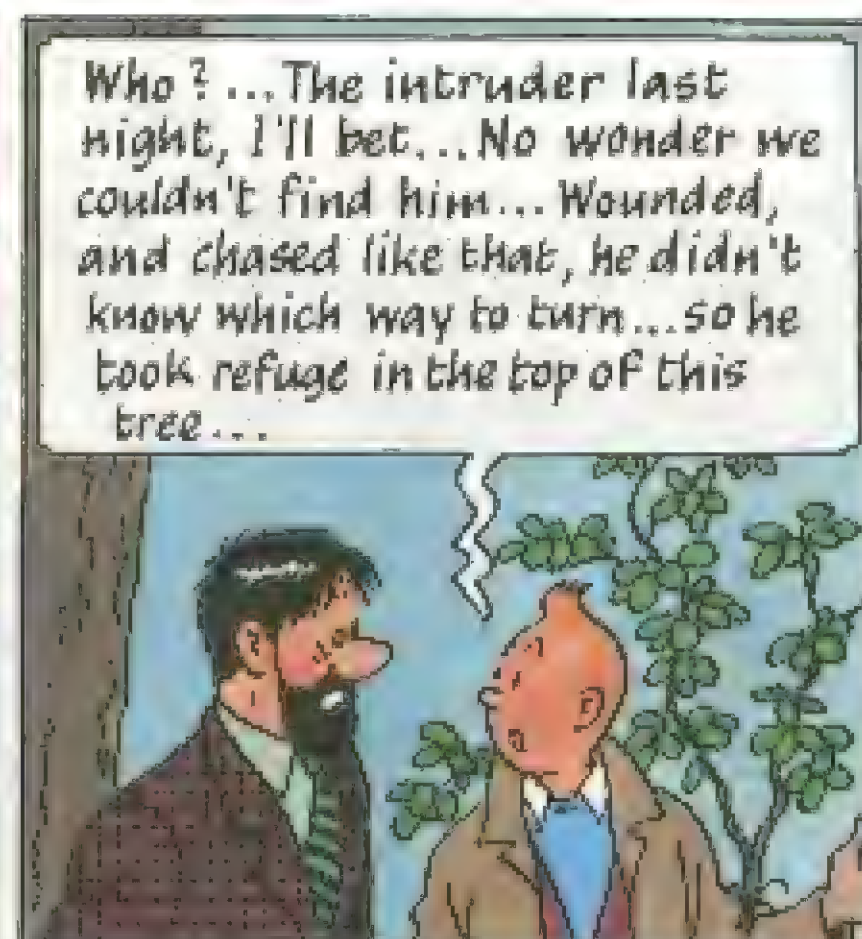




Captain!... Captain!
Look up there!



Bloodstains! The im-
print of a hand!...What
does that mean? Who
could have...

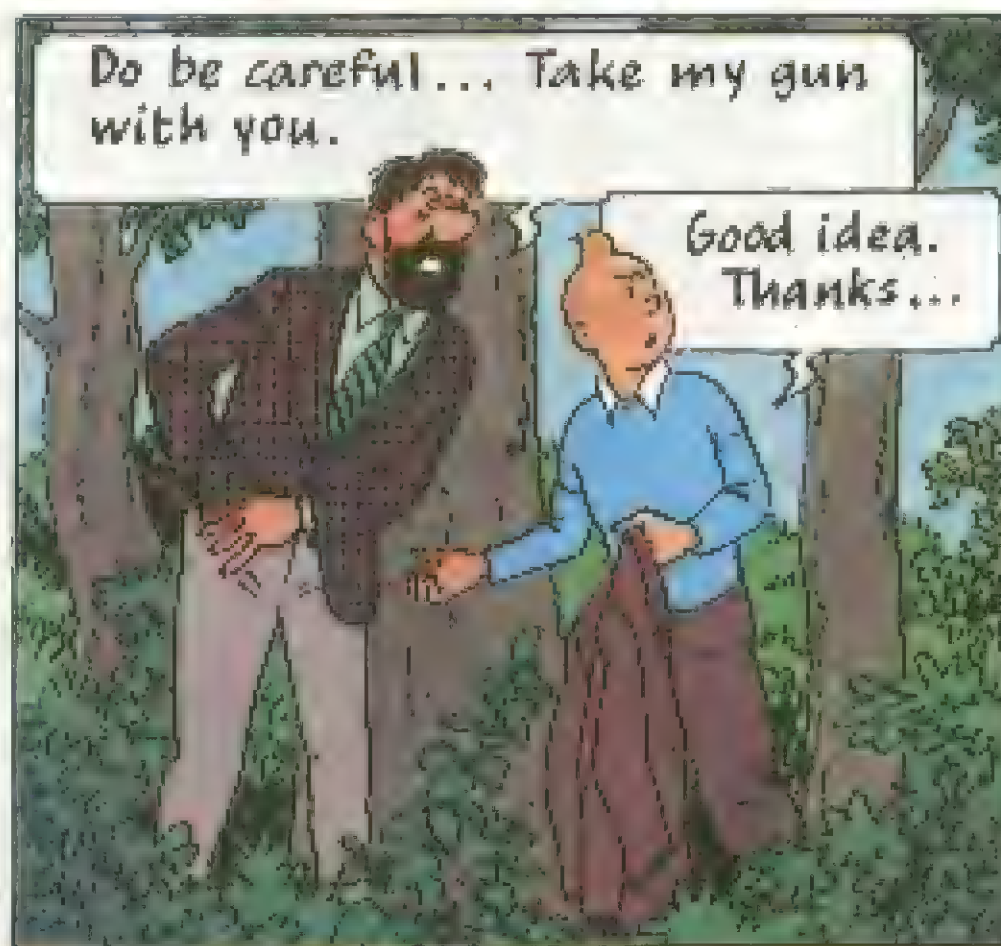


Who? ...The intruder last
night, I'll bet... No wonder we
couldn't find him... Wounded,
and chased like that, he didn't
know which way to turn... so he
took refuge in the top of this
tree...



But... he could still be
up there...

You're right... I'm going
to see for my-
self...



Do be careful... Take my gun
with you.

Good idea.
Thanks...



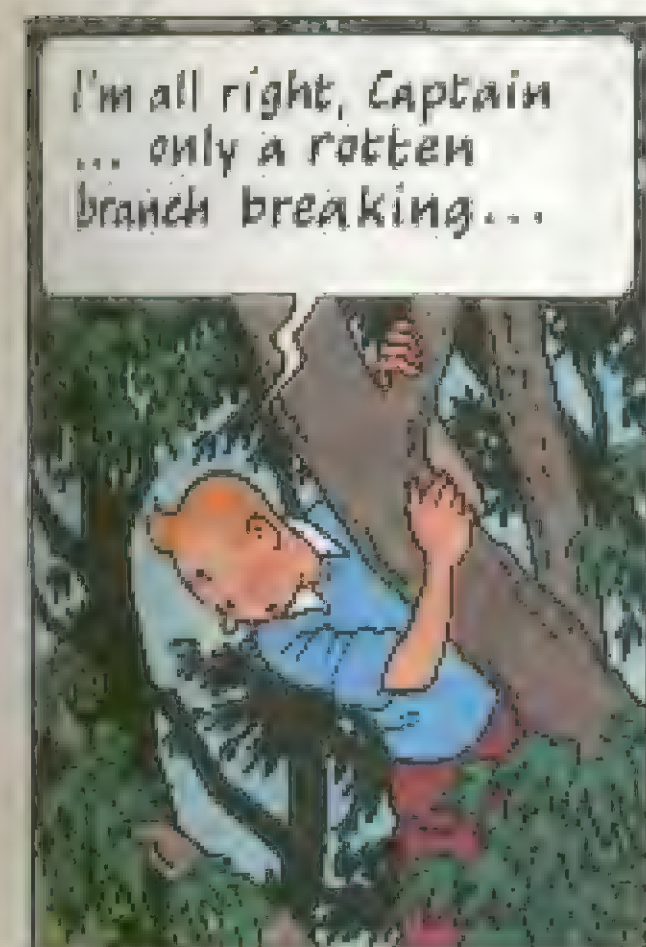
Any luck?



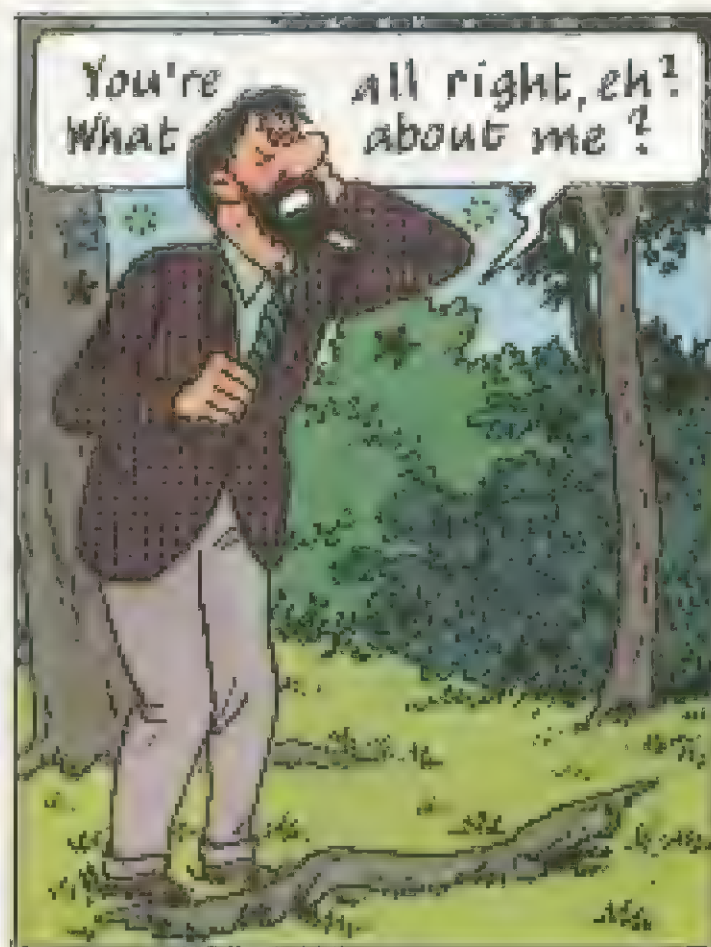
No, I still can't
see anything...



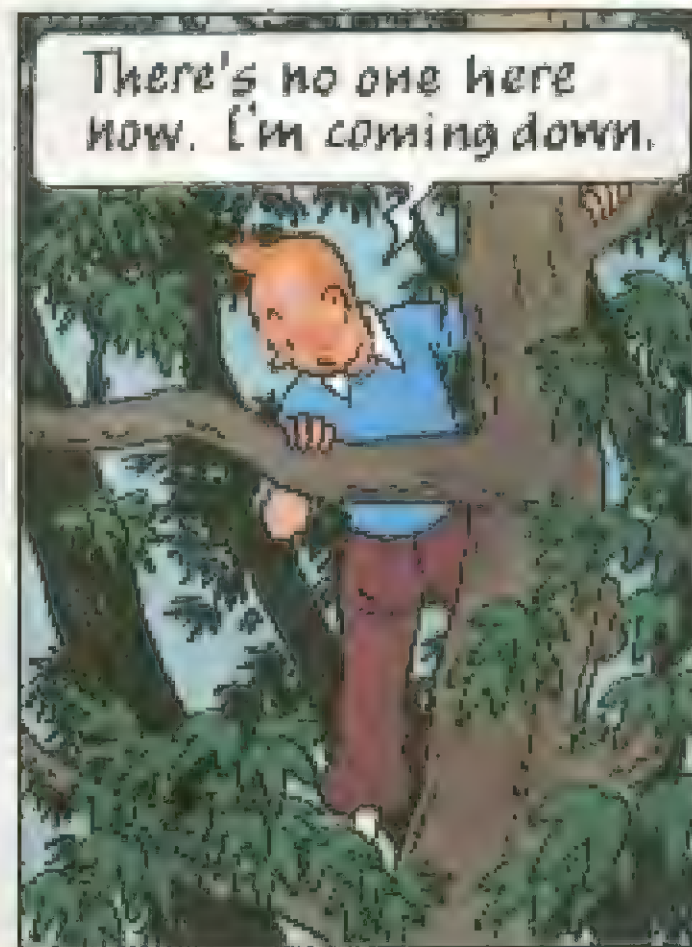
CRACK



I'm all right, Captain
... only a rotten
branch breaking...



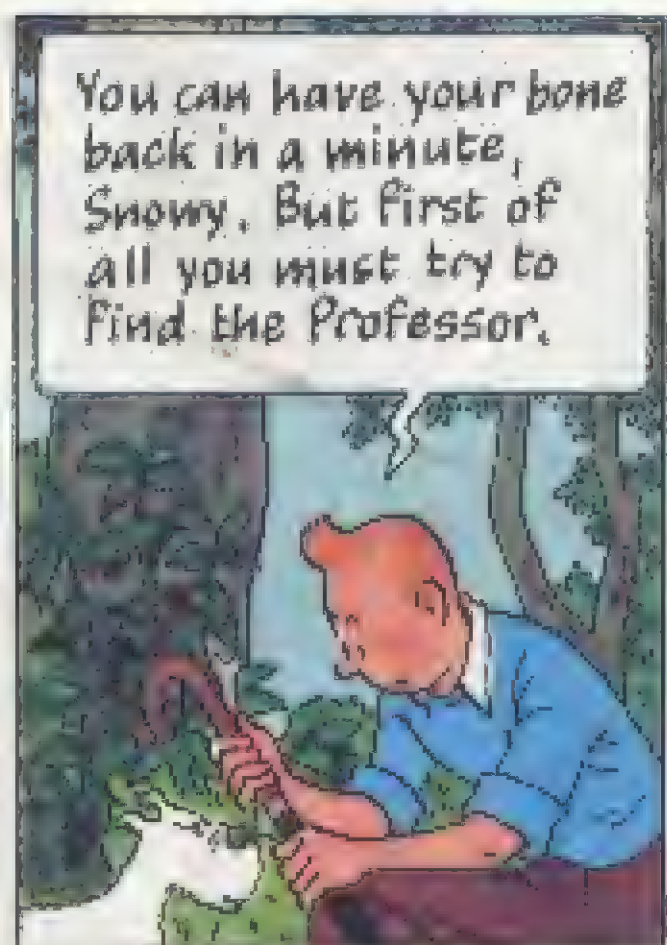
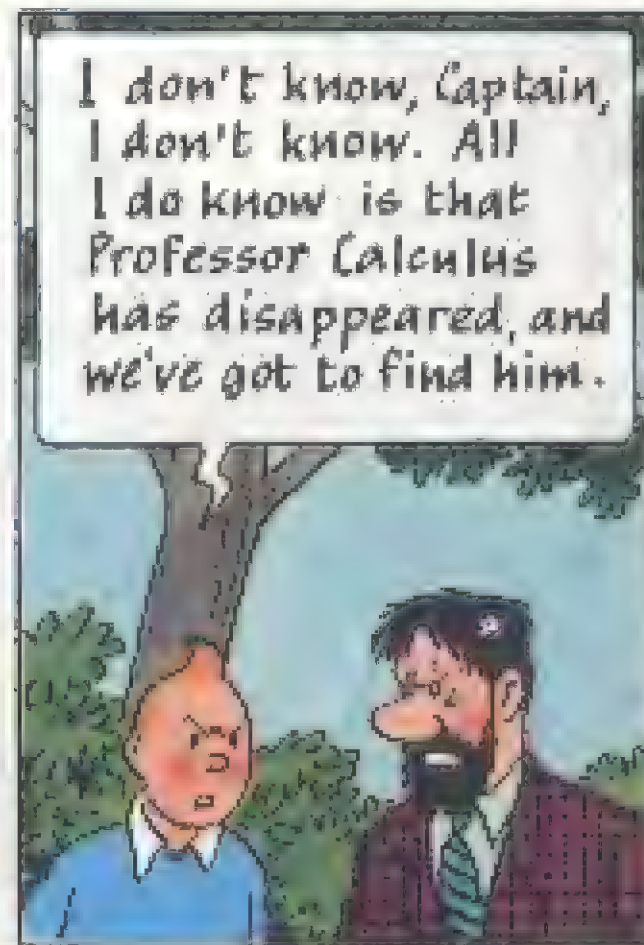
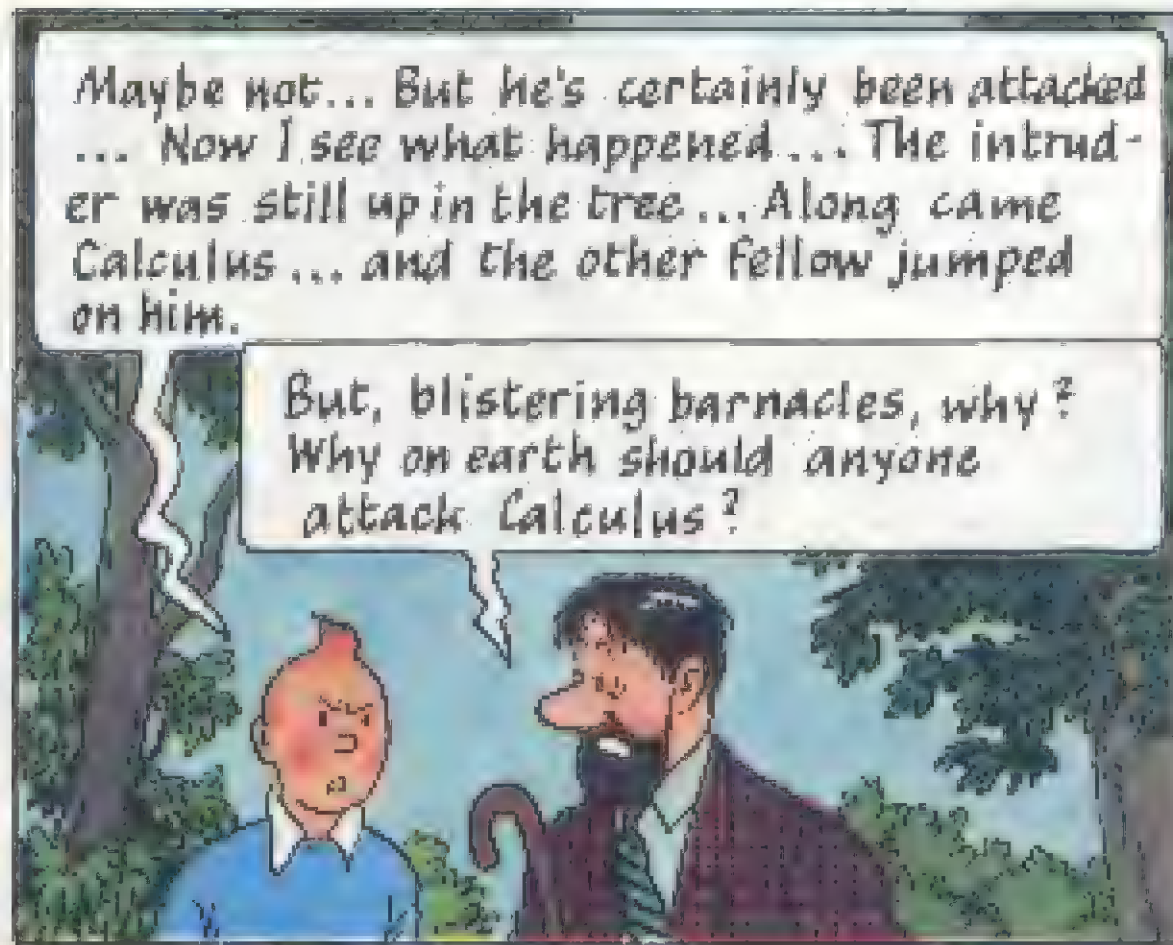
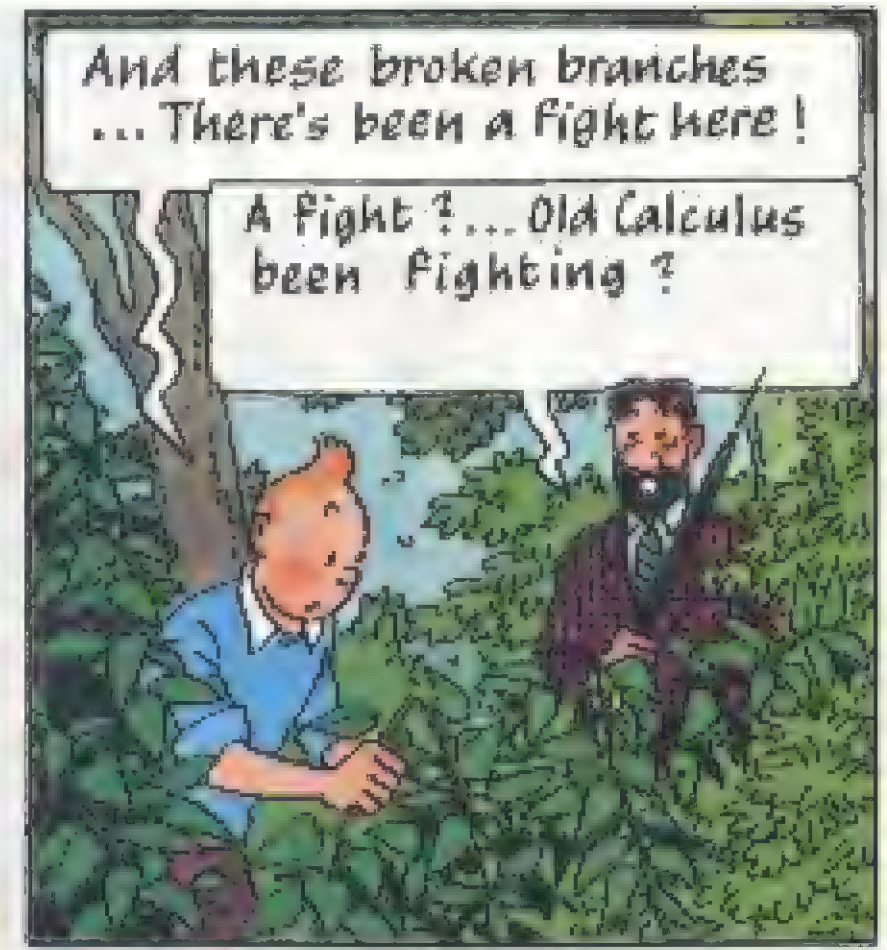
You're all right, eh?
What about me?

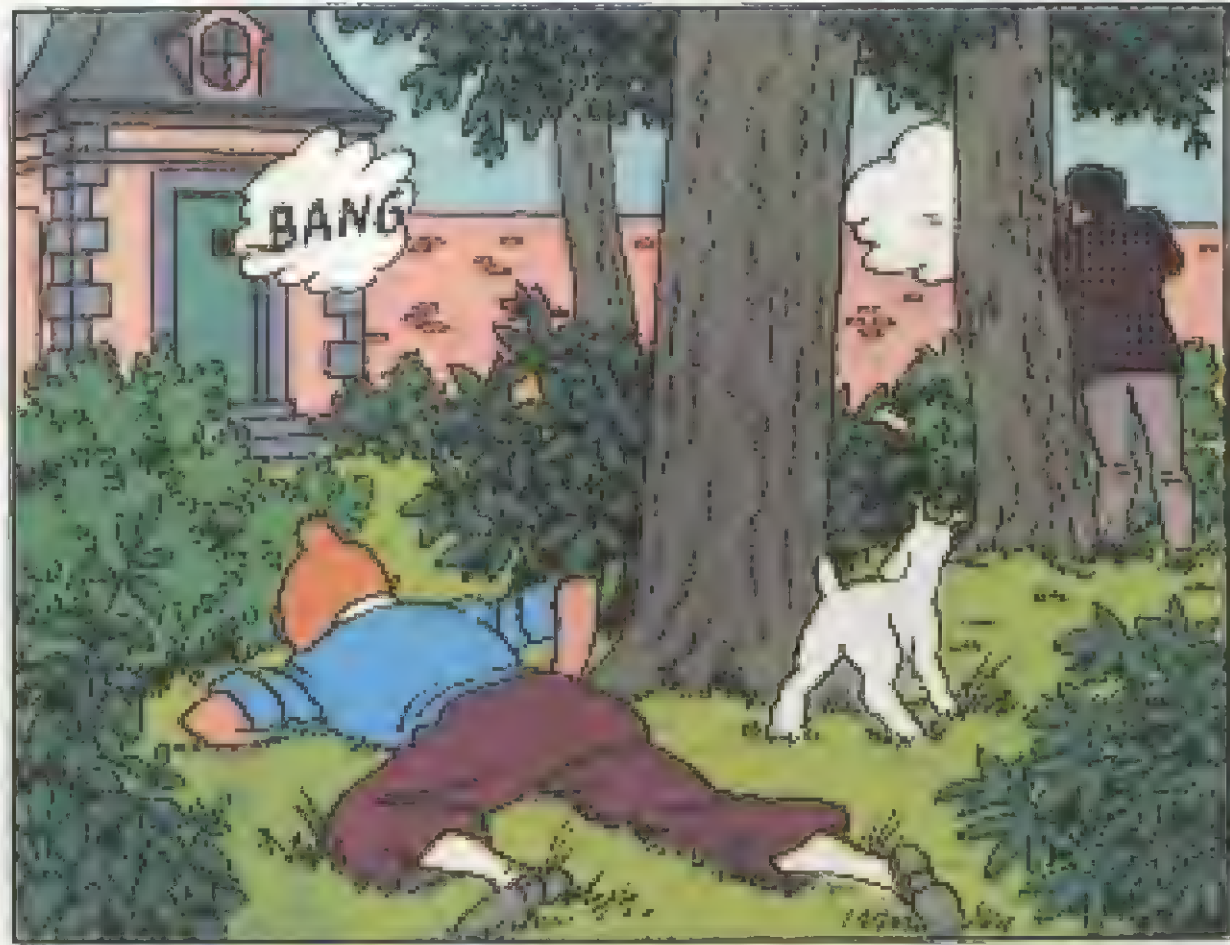


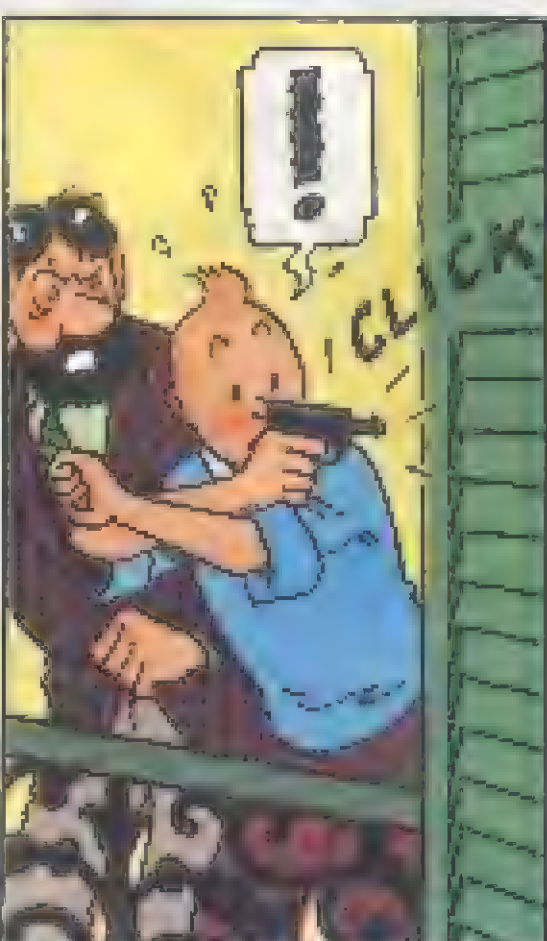
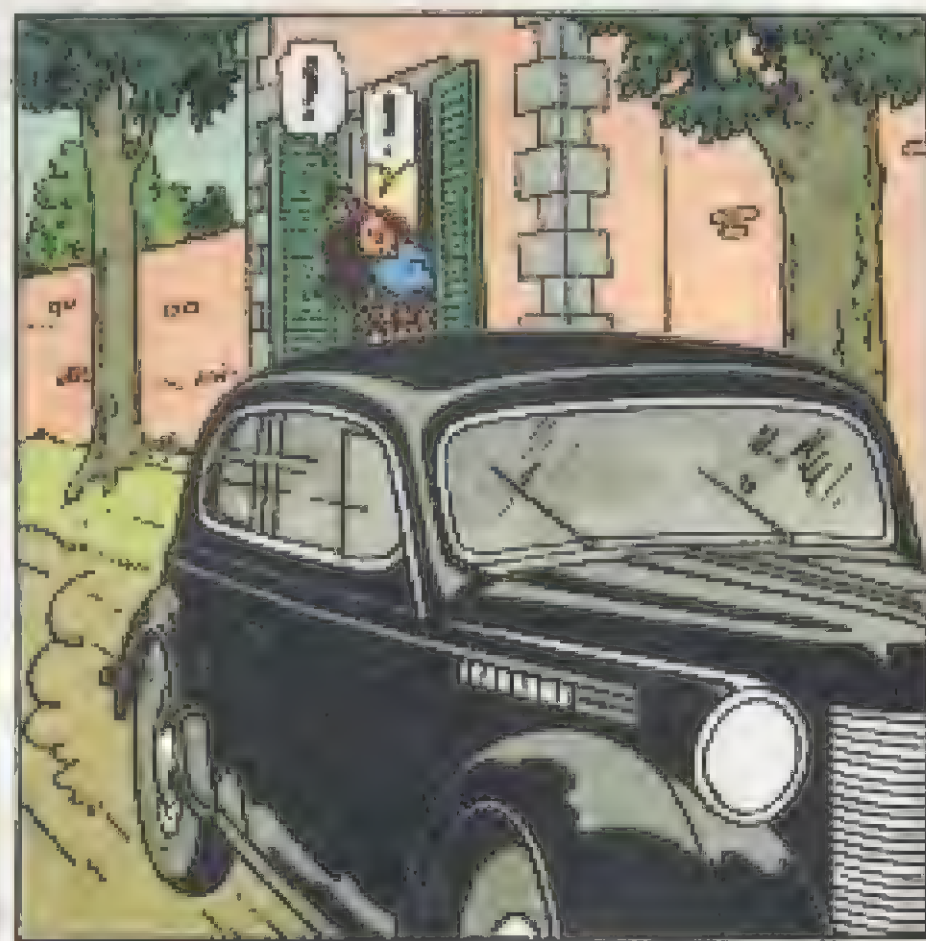
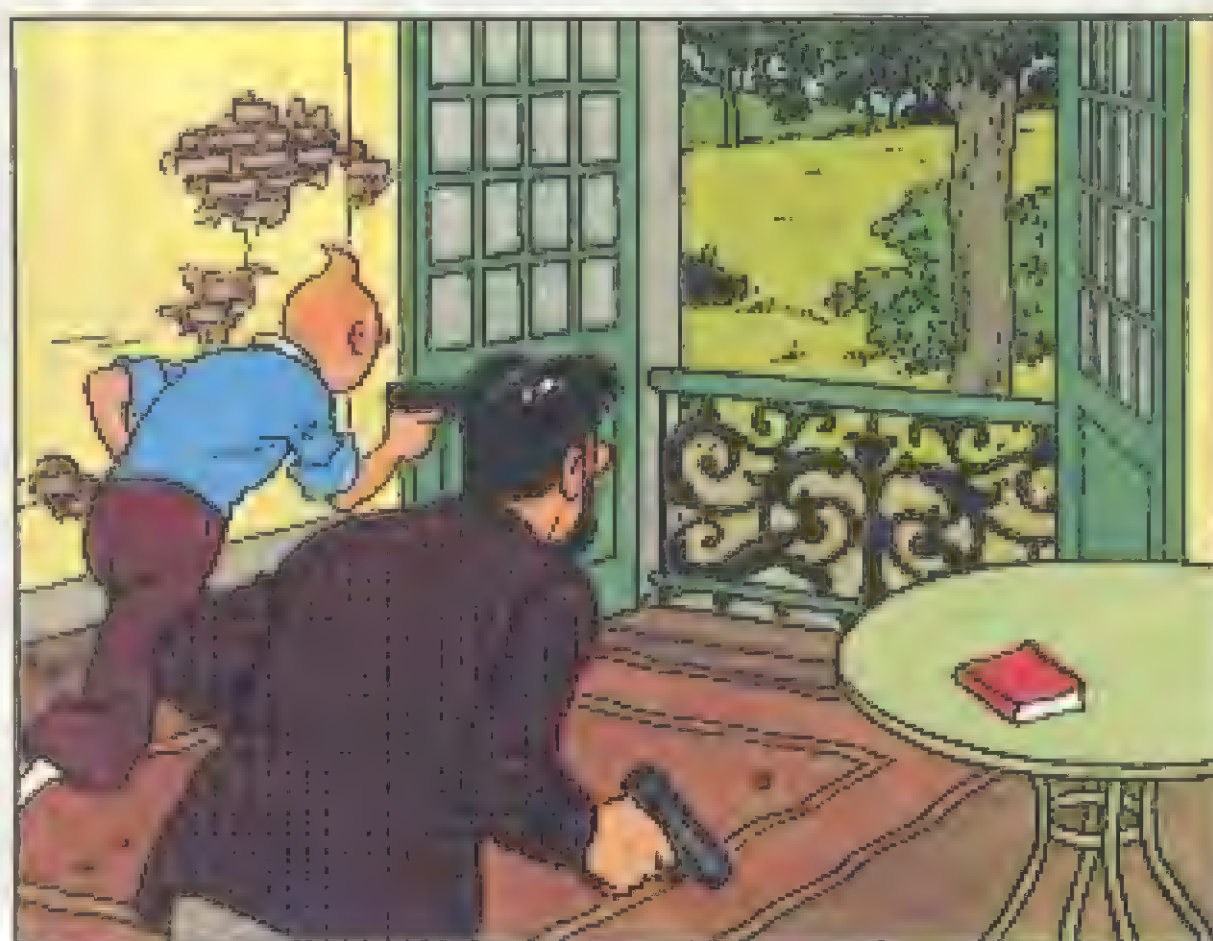
There's no one here
now. I'm coming down.



Captain!... Over
there, to your right,
look!... More to the
right... more... There,
you've got it!







Tribe of savages! ...
Vampires! ... Monsters!

Here, Captain ... I've
got the car number...
We're not beaten yet...
Come on, quickly!
...

The inspector will
pass the number
on to his headquart-
ers at once ...

The rats!

Hello, Headquarters? This
is Chambers... Yes... One
of Professor Tarragon's
friends has been kidnapped
... Professor Cuthbert Cal-
culus... Yes, in a car... I'll
give you its number and a
description ...

An Opel.

Headquarters to all stations.
Calling all cars. Arrest
occupants of black saloon
car, model Opel Olympia,
registration number 317413,
proceeding from Harlesford
in a south-westerly
direction.

The brutes! ... Kidnapping Calculus!
... And why, may I ask? ... What
possible reason can they have
for kidnapping poor Cuthbert?

RRRING
RRRING

Hello? ... Yes...
Chambers speak-
ing... Oh, yes sir
... Right... right...
you'll keep in
touch? ... Good!

Well, that's that ... There
are police check-points
on all the roads in this
area ... They won't
escape us ... Never
fear...

Diabolo! ... The police!

PAAAAARD

The swine!

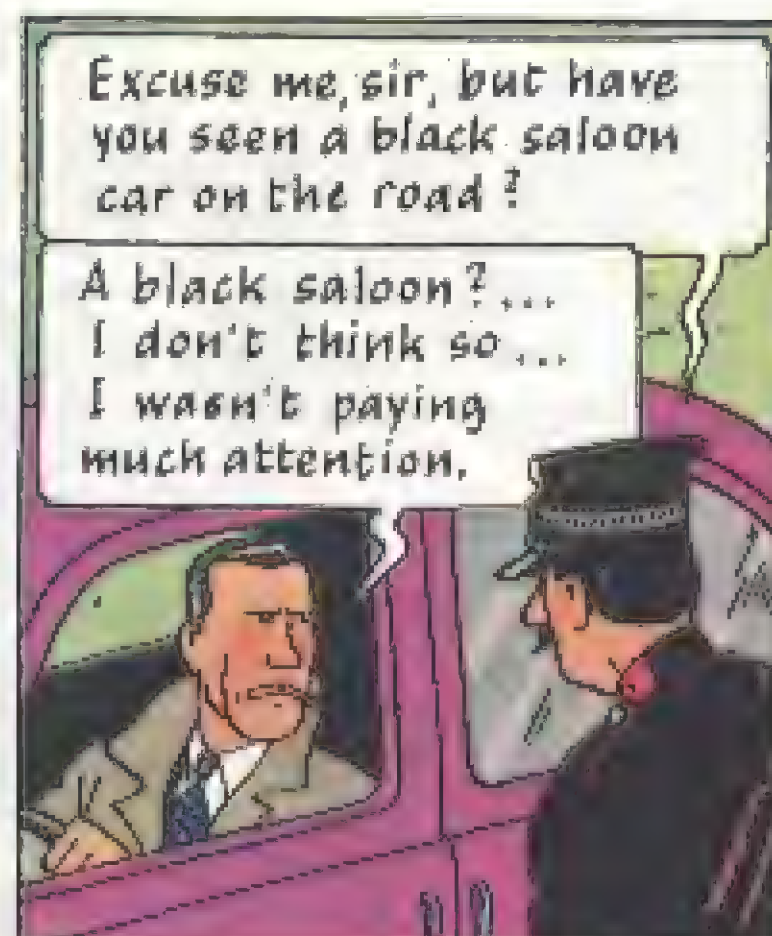
Yes... Police patrol at
Wallinghead reporting
... The car has just
passed here at high
speed, proceeding in a
south-westerly direction
... You've got a road-block
in position? ... Good...

Look, there's a car coming...



Excuse me, sir, but have you seen a black saloon car on the road?

A black saloon?... I don't think so... I wasn't paying much attention.



Here comes another...



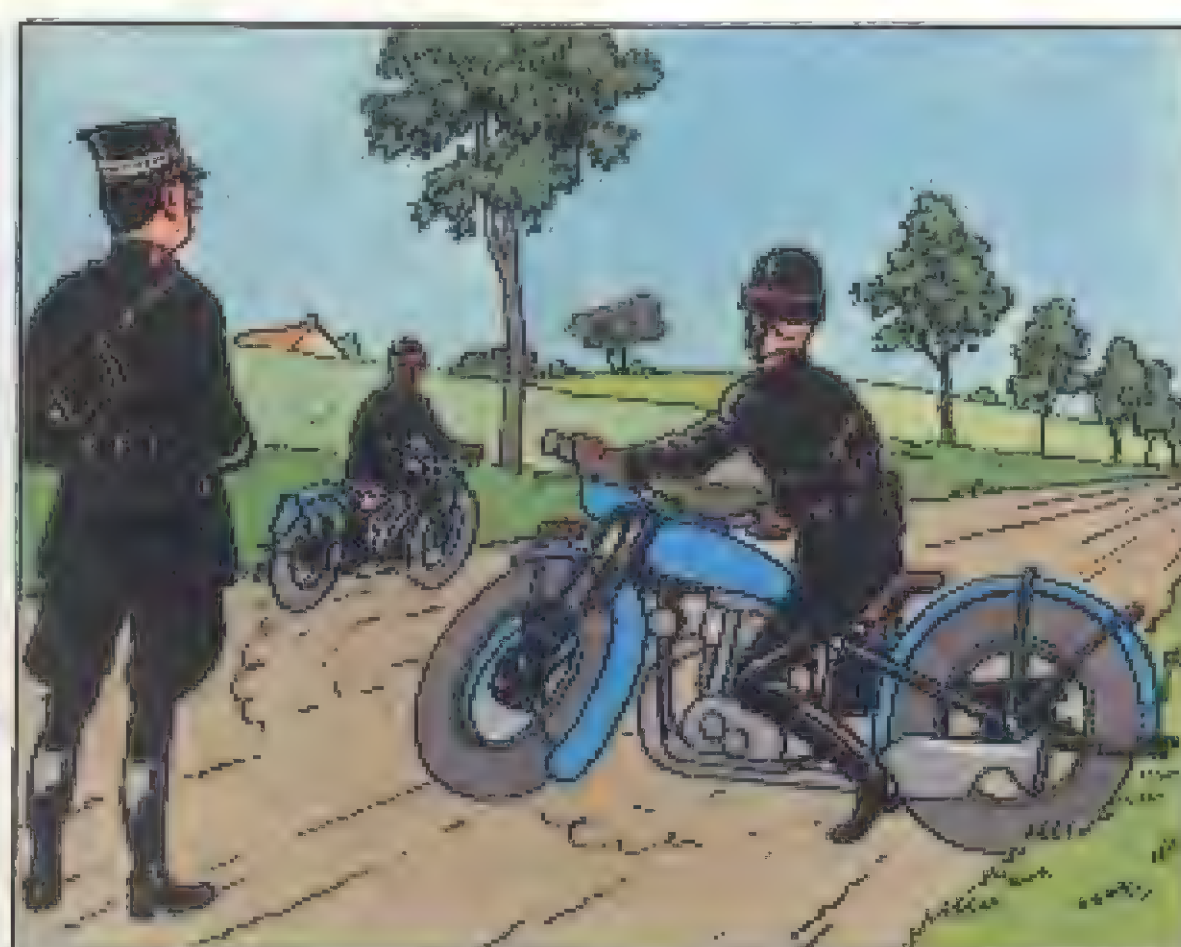
A black Opel saloon?... No... no... I don't recall seeing one...

Carry on, sir.

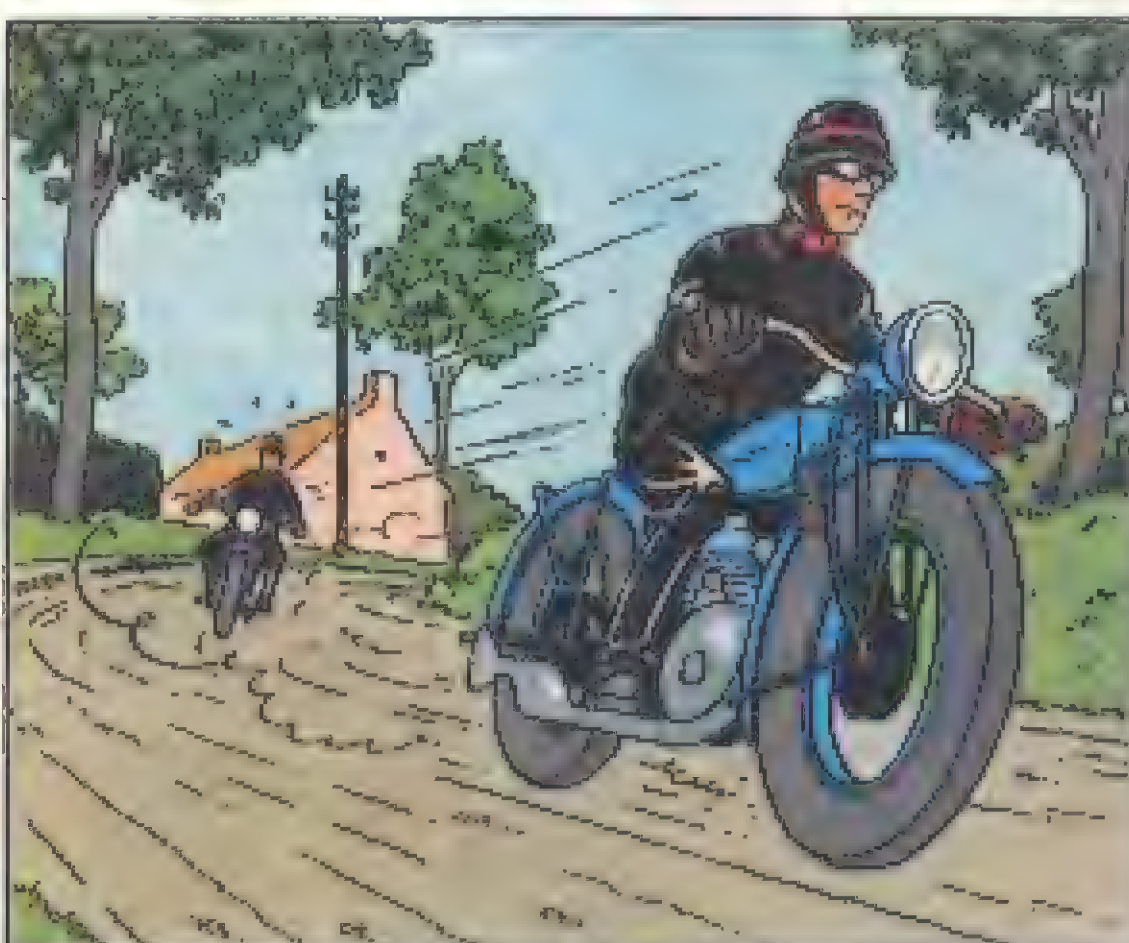
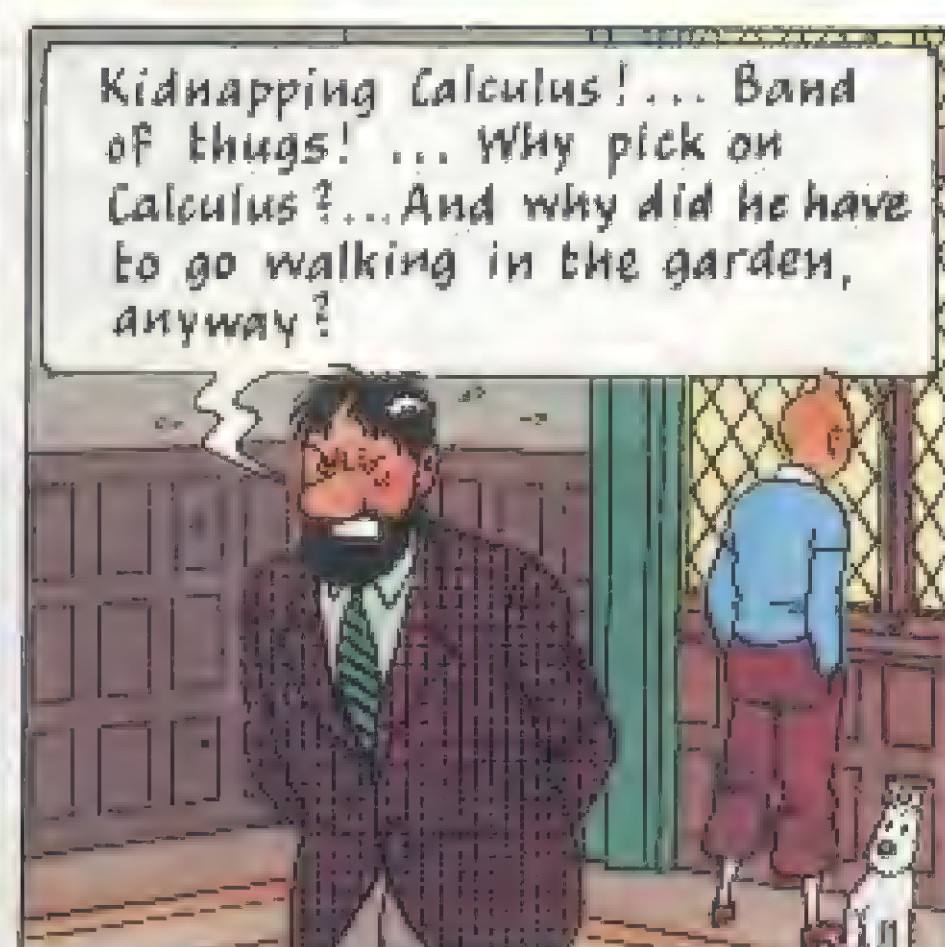


Odd!... Where can they have gone?

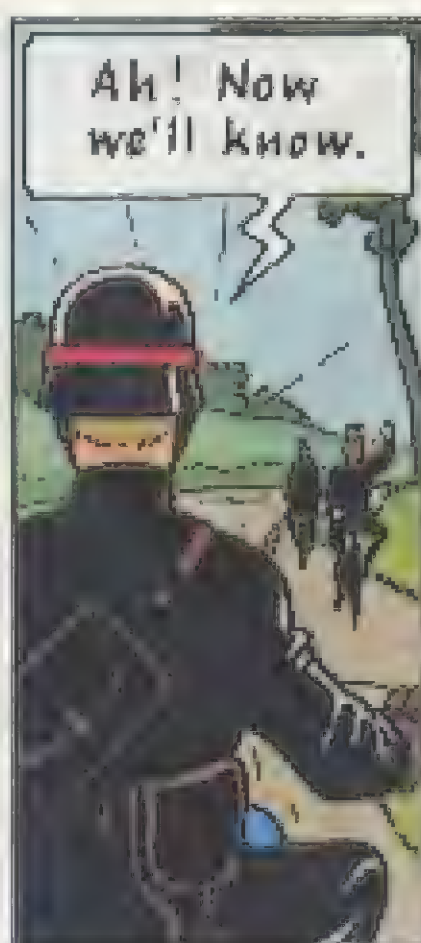
We'll soon find out!... We'll make a reconnaissance.



Kidnapping Calculus!... Band of thugs!... Why pick on Calculus?... And why did he have to go walking in the garden, anyway?



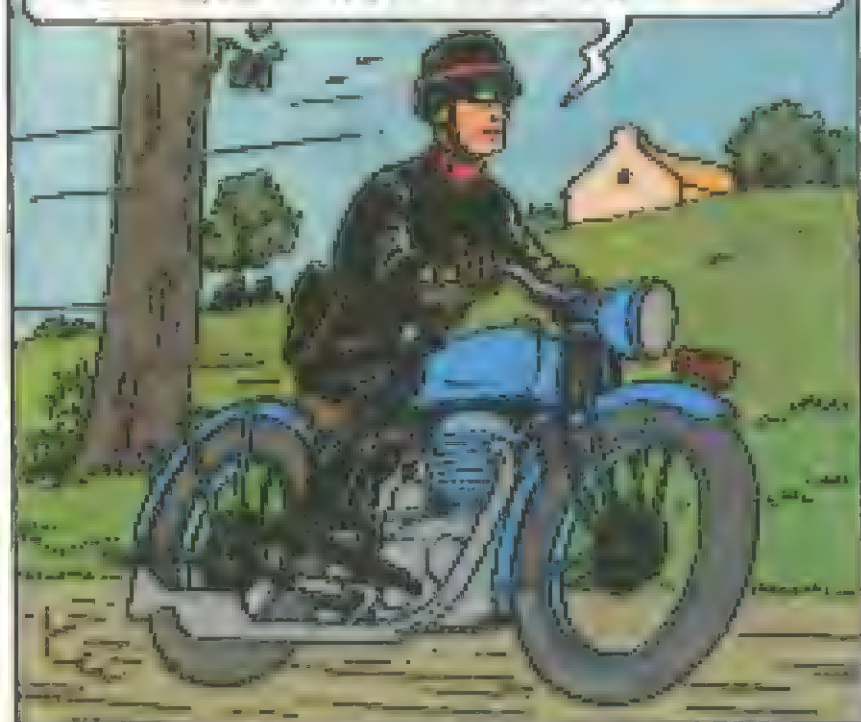
Ah! Now we'll know.



What? You haven't seen them!... But it's ages since they went past us!... They almost ran us down!



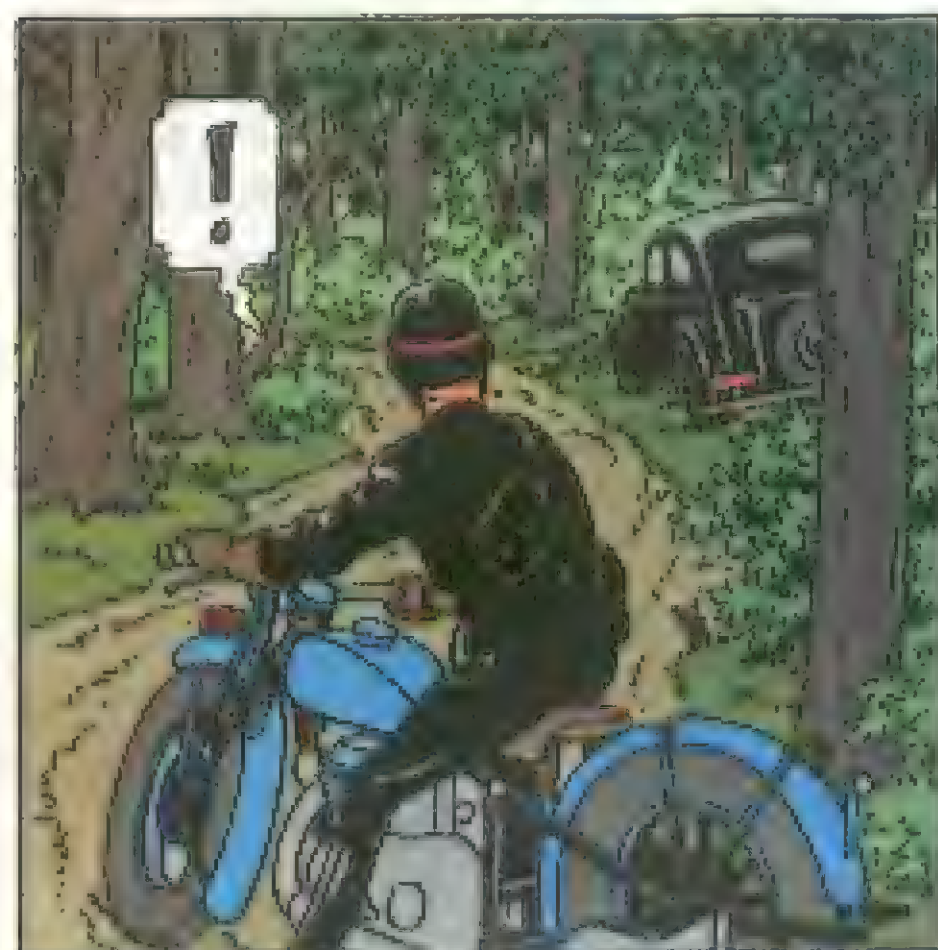
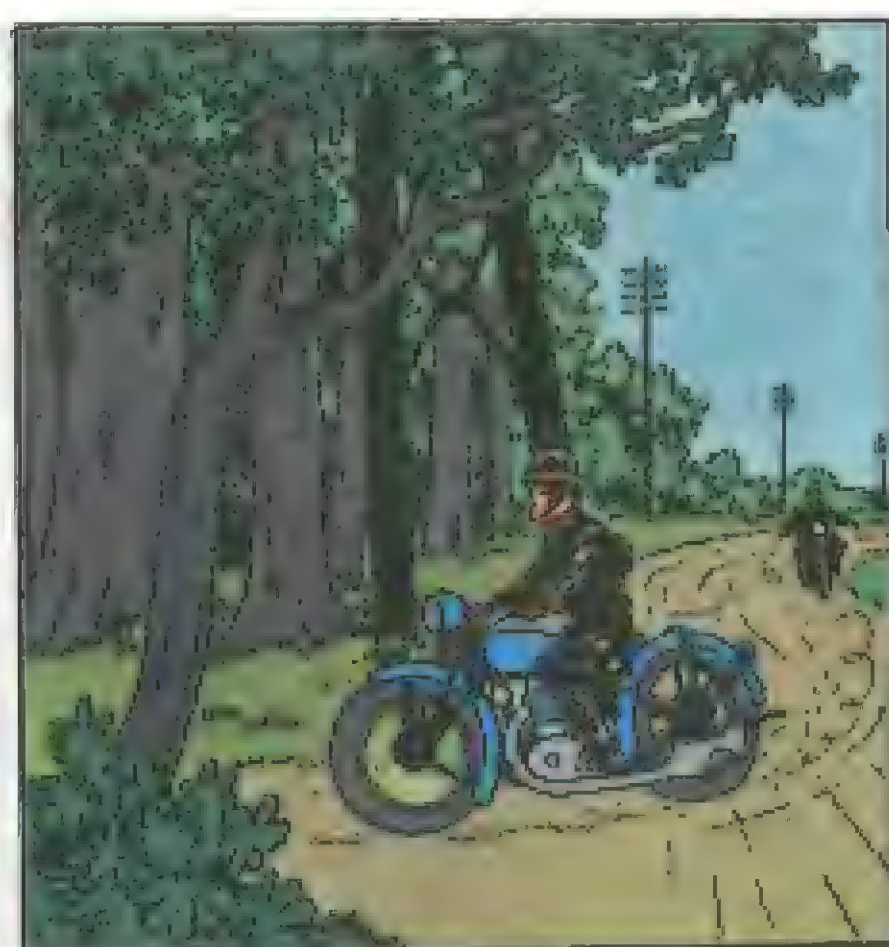
It beats me! ... Which way did they go? ... Ah, a workman. I'll have a word with him.



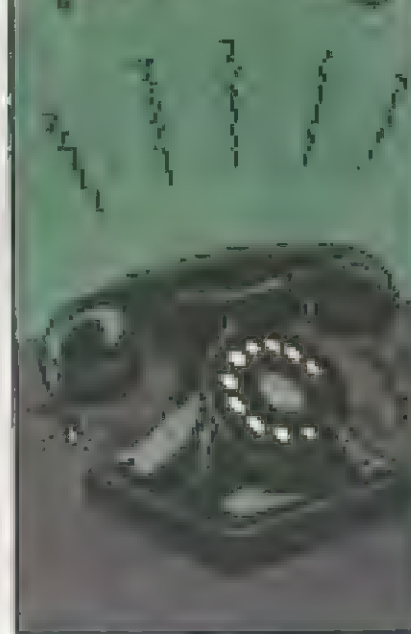
A black car? ... I don't know if it's the one you're looking for, but a car turned down there about three-quarters of an hour ago ... to the right, into the wood.



Good. Thanks.



RRRING
RRRING



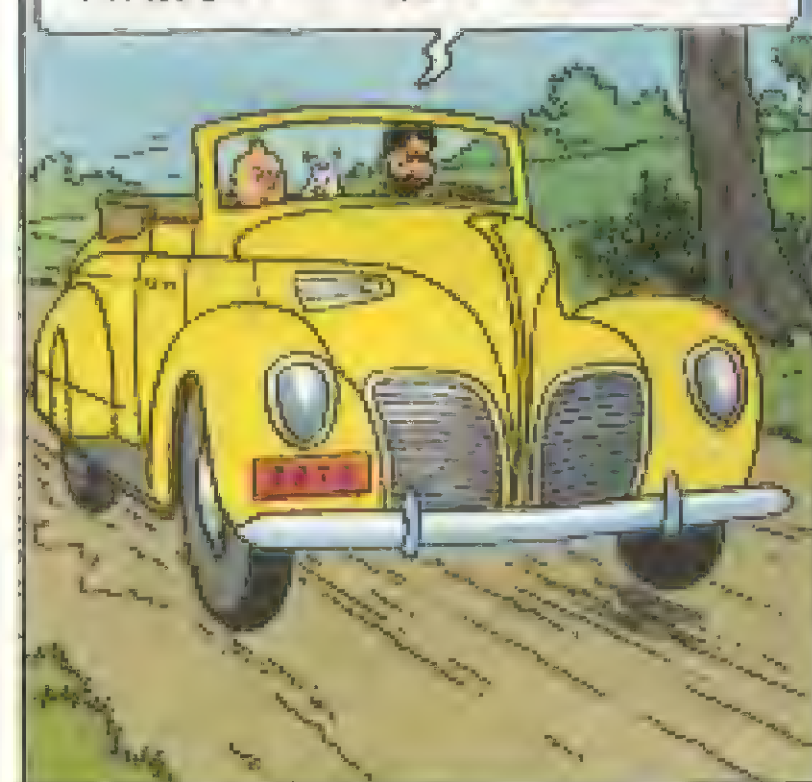
Hello, yes...yes... Well?... You've found it? That's splen... What?... Empty!



Quick, Captain, we'll hop in the car... We might learn something over there...



Nest of rattlesnakes! ... Pirates! ... Bashi-bazouks!



You found it here? Abandoned, like this?

Yes. But the occupants won't get far. The whole area is cordoned off, and we're beating the wood... The man they've kidnapped - is he a friend of yours?



It's Calculus, you poor loon! ... Calculus! ... The salt of the earth... with a heart of gold! He's been kidnapped by those devils! ... Why? I ask you... Thundering typhoons, d'you know why?

Me?... No.



Well, Sherlock Holmes ... Have you found anything?

Could be...



I say, officer, you were at one of the road-blocks weren't you? So you should have seen a large fawn-coloured car go by...

A large fawn car? Just let me think...



Good heavens, you're right! A fawn car did pass us... A saloon... I stopped it myself.

You didn't think of taking the number?



No... why should I? ... But wait a bit... The driver looked like a foreigner: Spanish, or South American, or something like that... Fattish, suntanned, black moustache and sideboards, horn-rimmed glasses...

And the others? ... There were some others, I suppose?



Yes, there was someone sitting beside him... Another foreigner, I'd say: dark hair, bony face, hooked nose, thin lips... I think there were two other men in the back, but I only caught a glimpse of them.



Good! ... Well, you can call off the beaters... It's a waste of time. The kidnappers are far away.

Oh, yes? How do you know that?



How do I know?... Look at these tracks... Here are the tyre-marks of the Opel. But here are some others, different tyres, Dunlop I'd say: the tyres of the car that was waiting for the Opel.



Blistering barnacles, you're right! But how did you guess that it was fawn-coloured?

Look here...



Specks of fawn paint... The lane is narrow. In turning, one of the wings of the car scraped against this tree, leaving traces of paint.



The crooks! So they switched cars!

Come on, we must pass all this on to the police at once. Perhaps they'll be able to catch them further on...



The next morning...

Let's see... Ah, here...



"The car used by the kidnappers is a large fawn saloon..." Good... "The occupants are believed to be of South American origin..." That's right... "Anyone who can give any information is asked to get in touch with the nearest police station immediately."



Oh well, there's still some hope left...

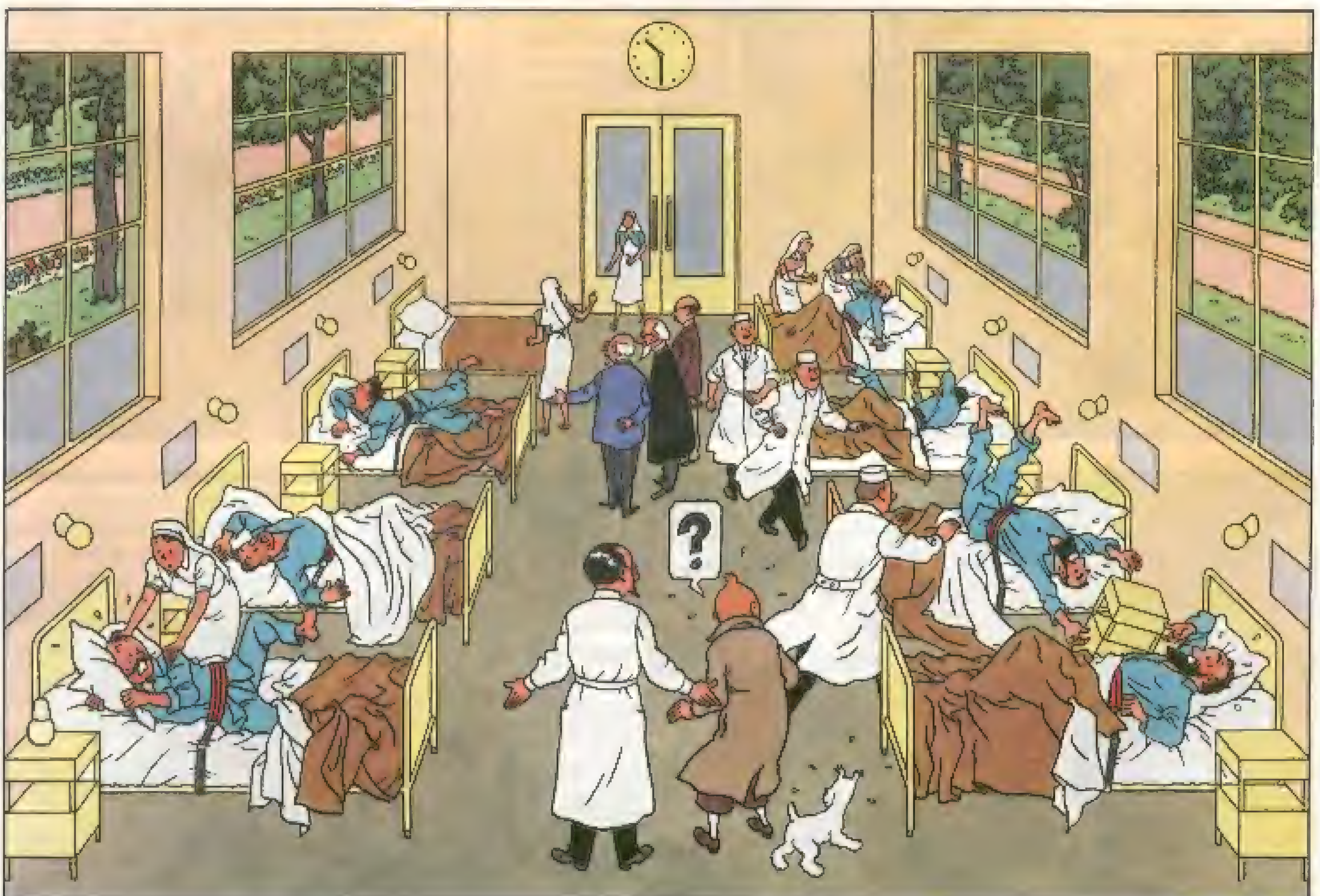


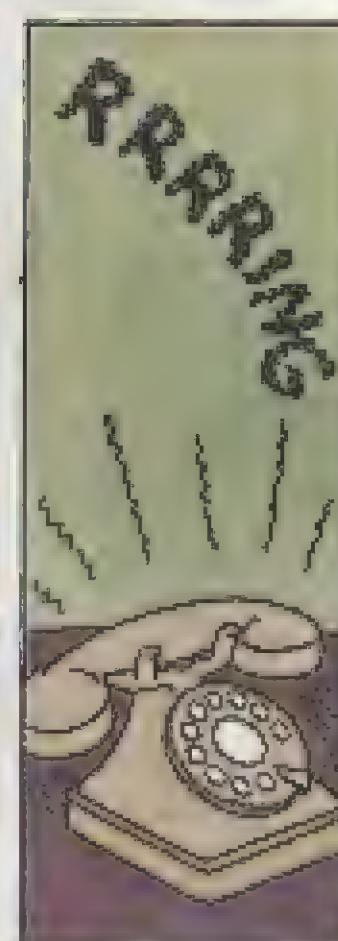
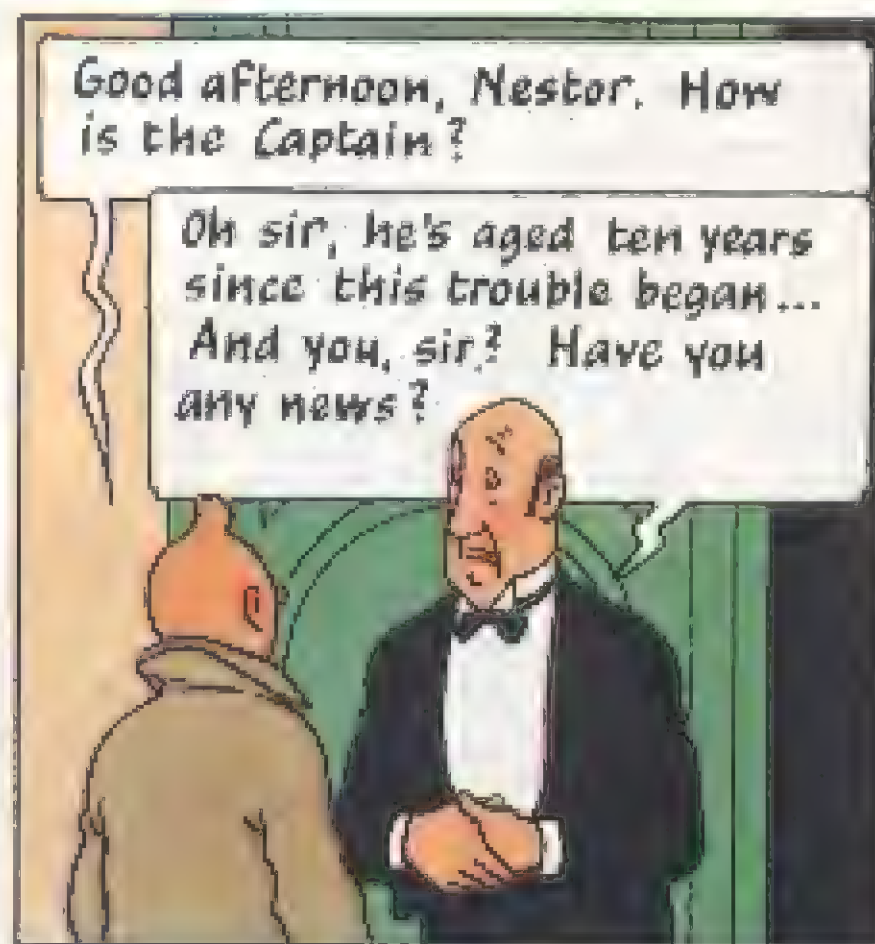
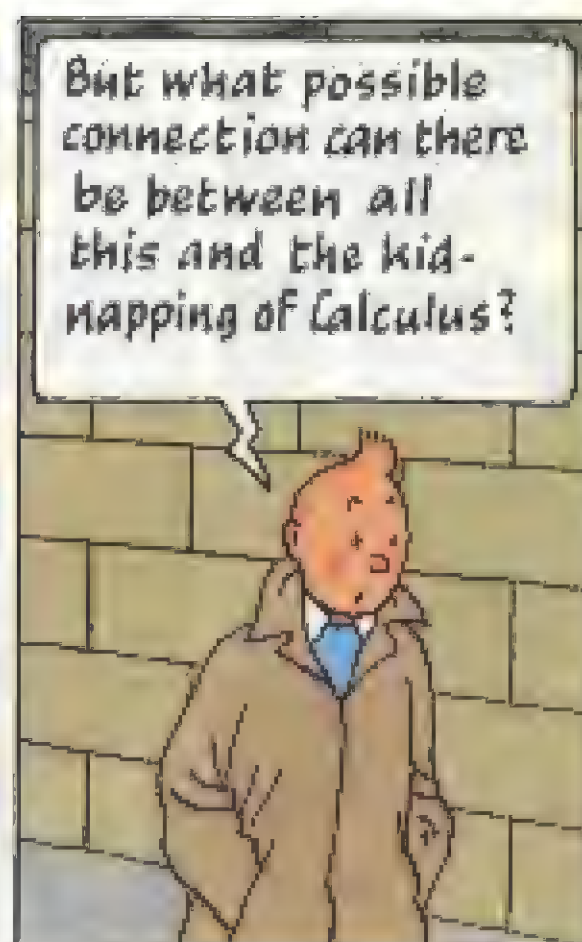
RRRING
RRRING

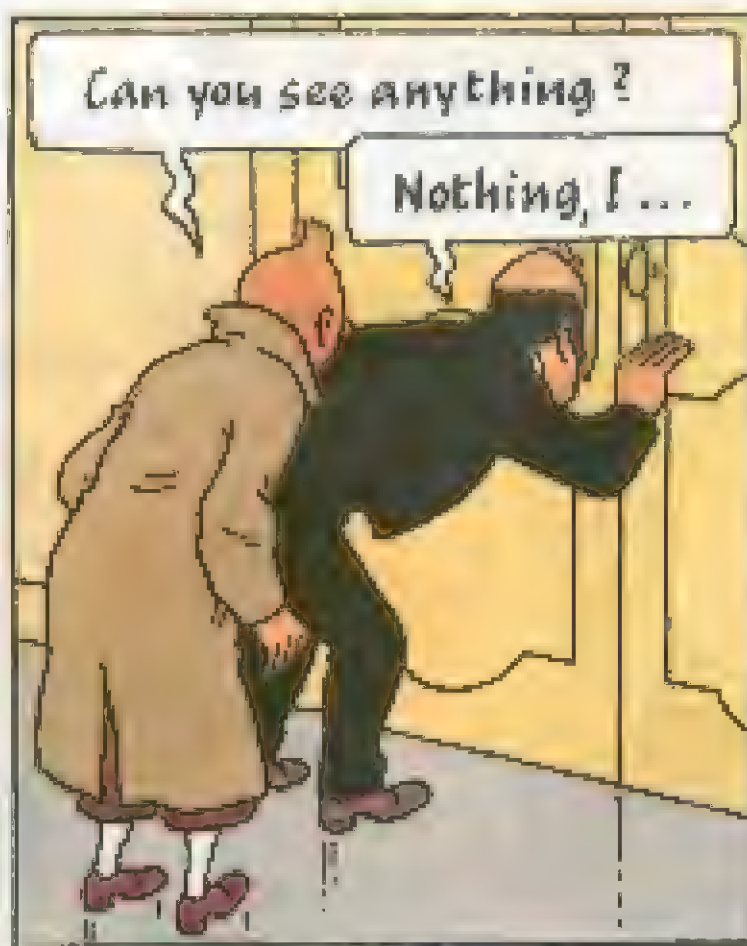
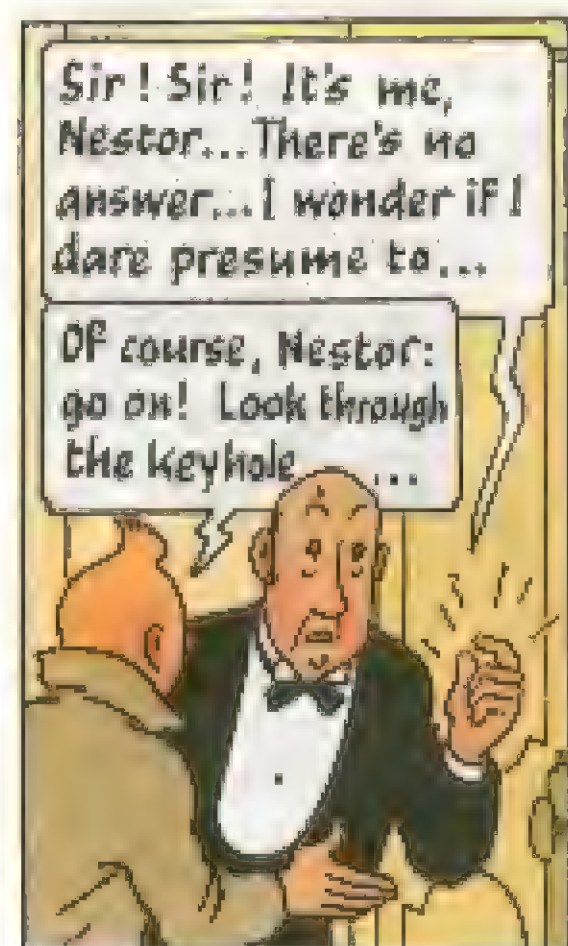
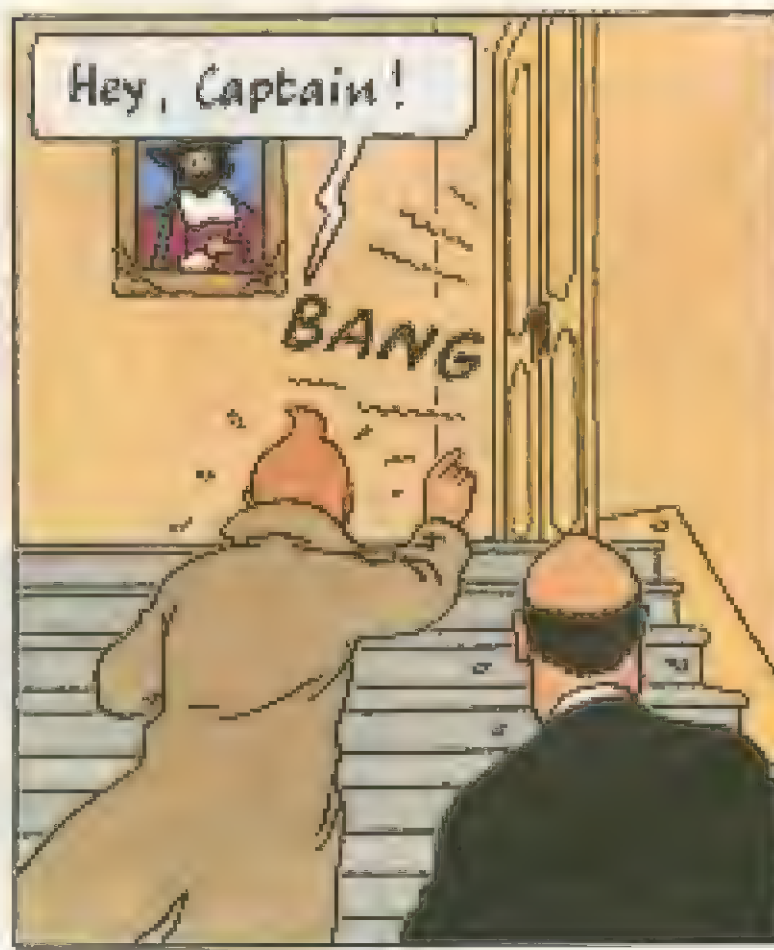
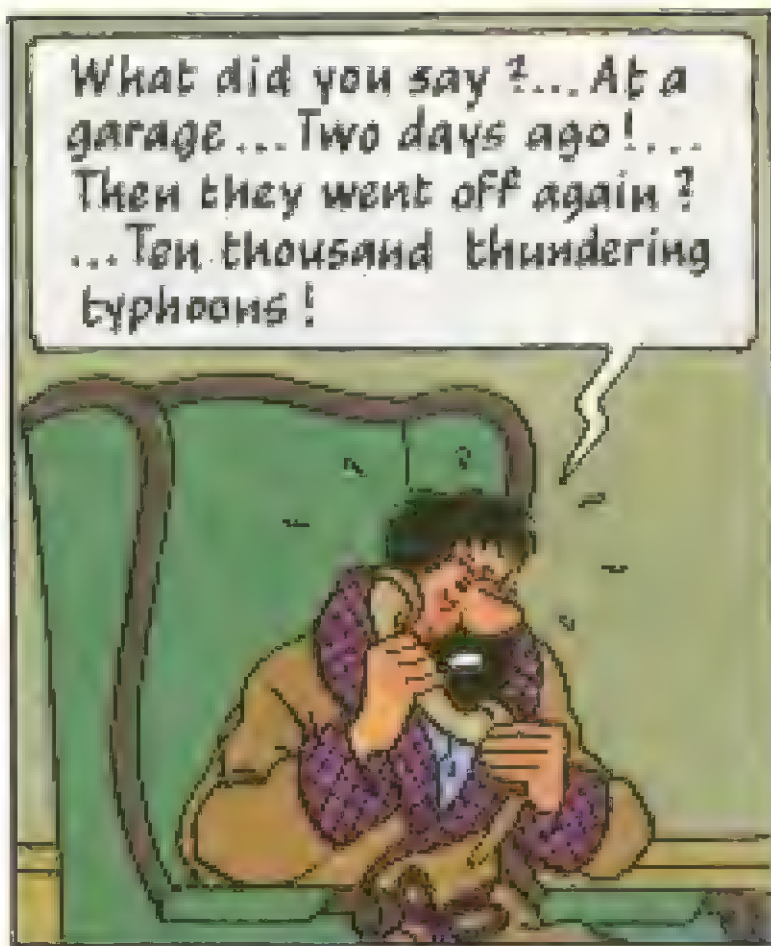


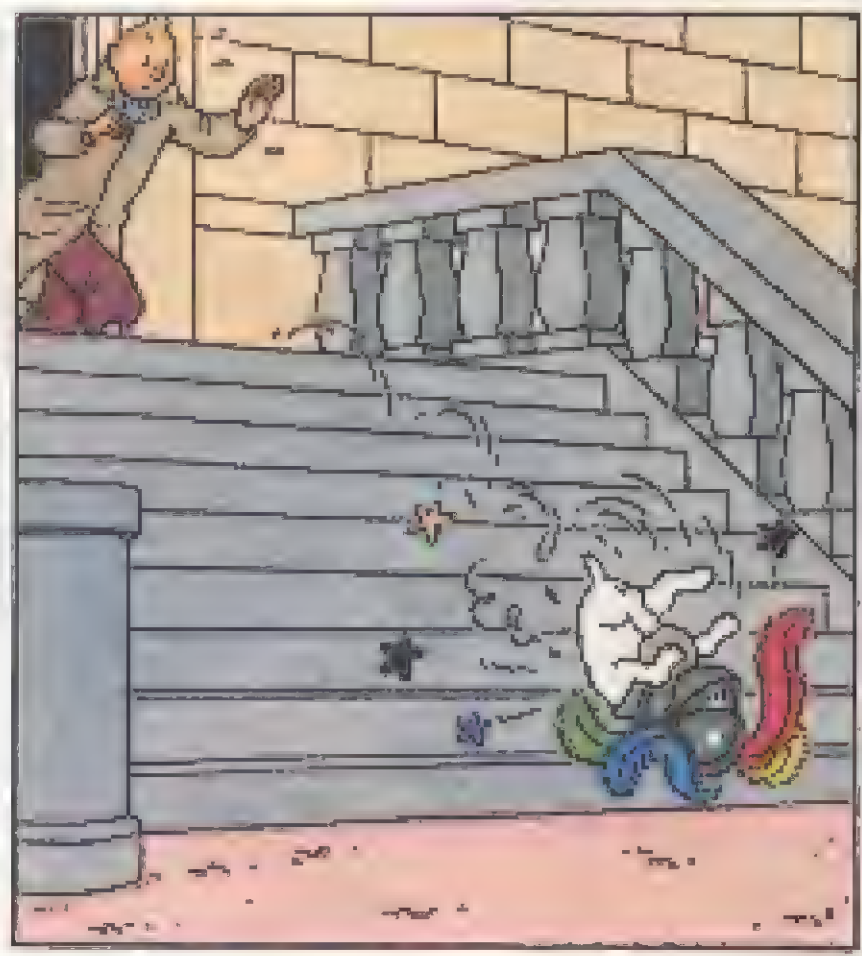
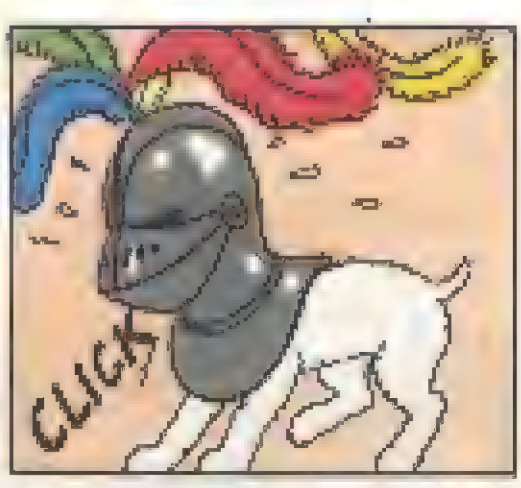
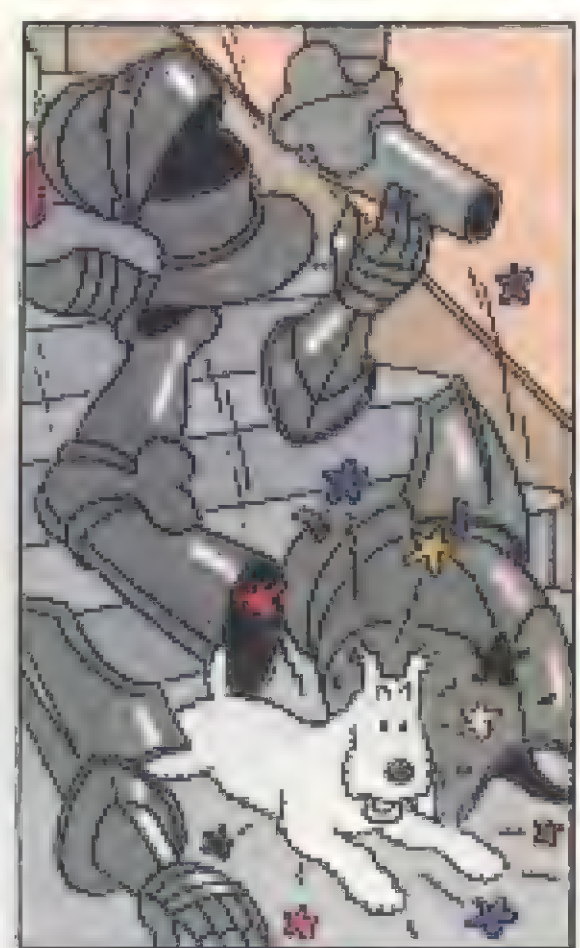
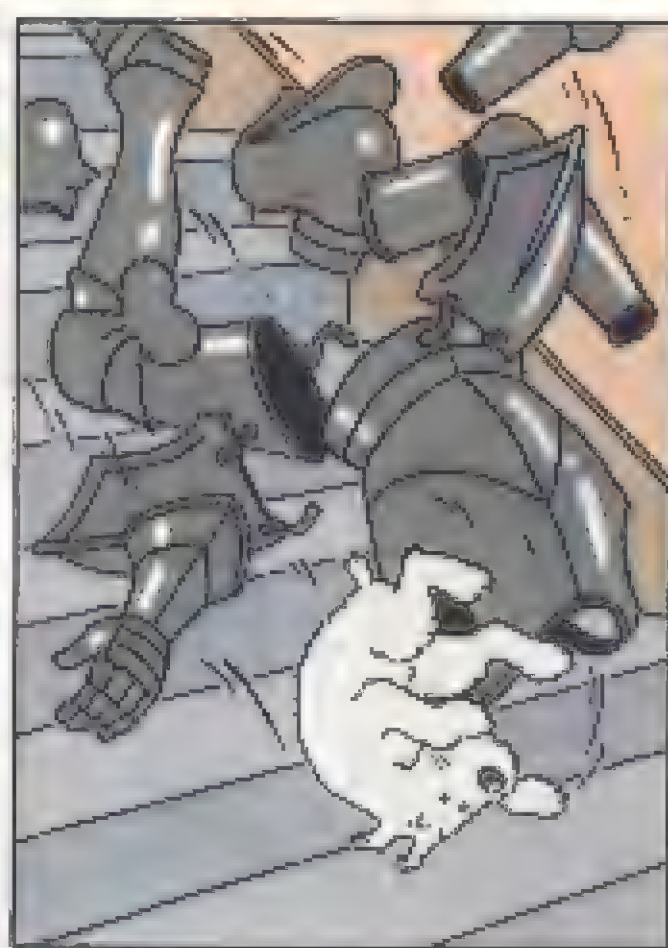
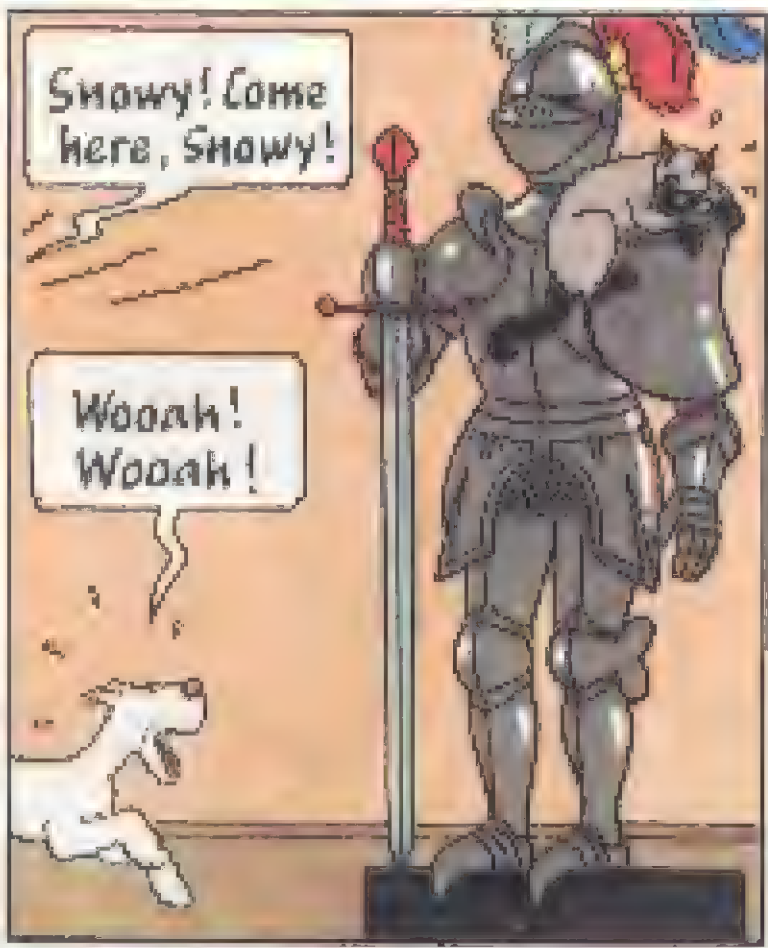
Hello, this is Thomson... Yes, without a P... I say, there's something very queer going on at the hospital where the seven explorers are detained... I think you'd better slip round there...











Meanwhile...

Just one more
tot... the last...

My poor, poor
friend. What has
become of you?

Here's to you, Cuthbert old
chap. We'll find you, I promise
- dead or alive.

As I've told you before -
more to the west!

And now perhaps you'll be kind enough
to behave yourself. Otherwise it's a
muzzle and lead ...understand?

What is it now? Oh,
you're thirsty?
...All right,
go on.

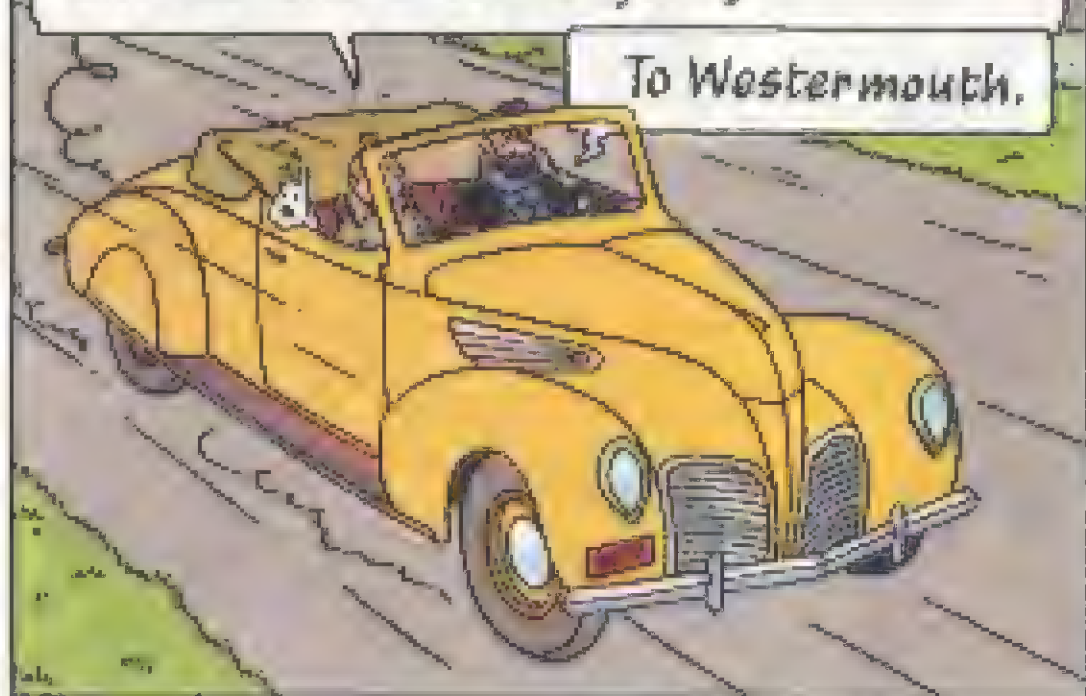
Mm-m-m-m!
This is what I
call water!

?

A few minutes later ...

And now, Captain, will you please tell me where we're going?

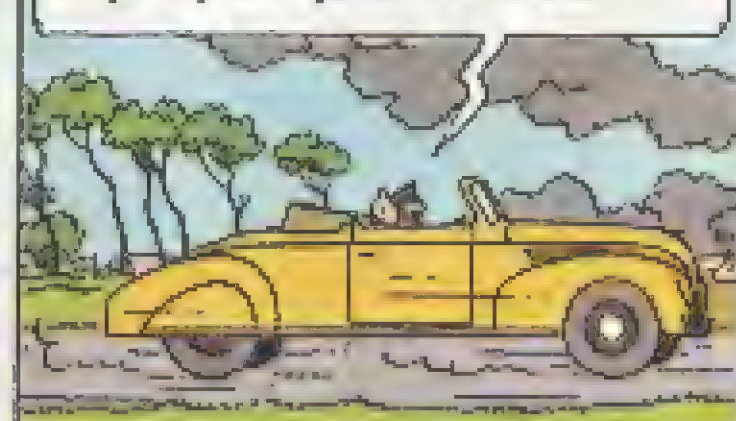
To Westermouth.



The police rang me... The fawn car was seen near there two days ago by a garage-hand. They stopped at a pump for petrol, then left, heading towards the docks. Undoubtedly the kidnappers have boarded a ship with Calculus... And so will we...



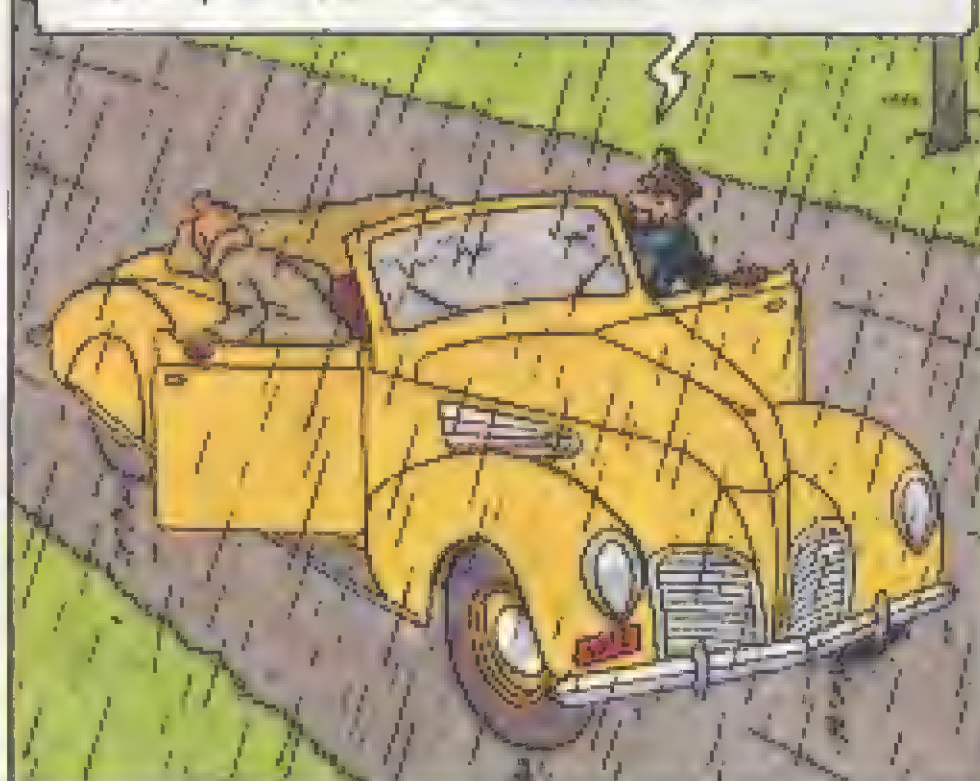
... by thunder, and snatch him from the grasp of those iconoclasts, those vampires, those... And just think: Westermouth, docks, jetties, the ocean, the sea-breezes whipping the spray in your face...



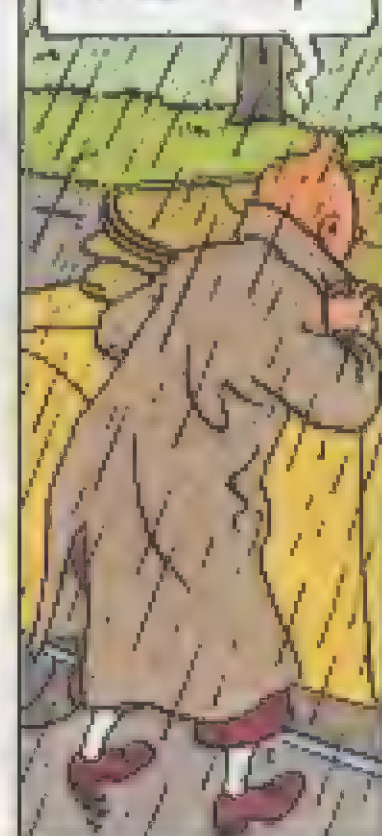
As for the spray, Captain, you've got your wish!



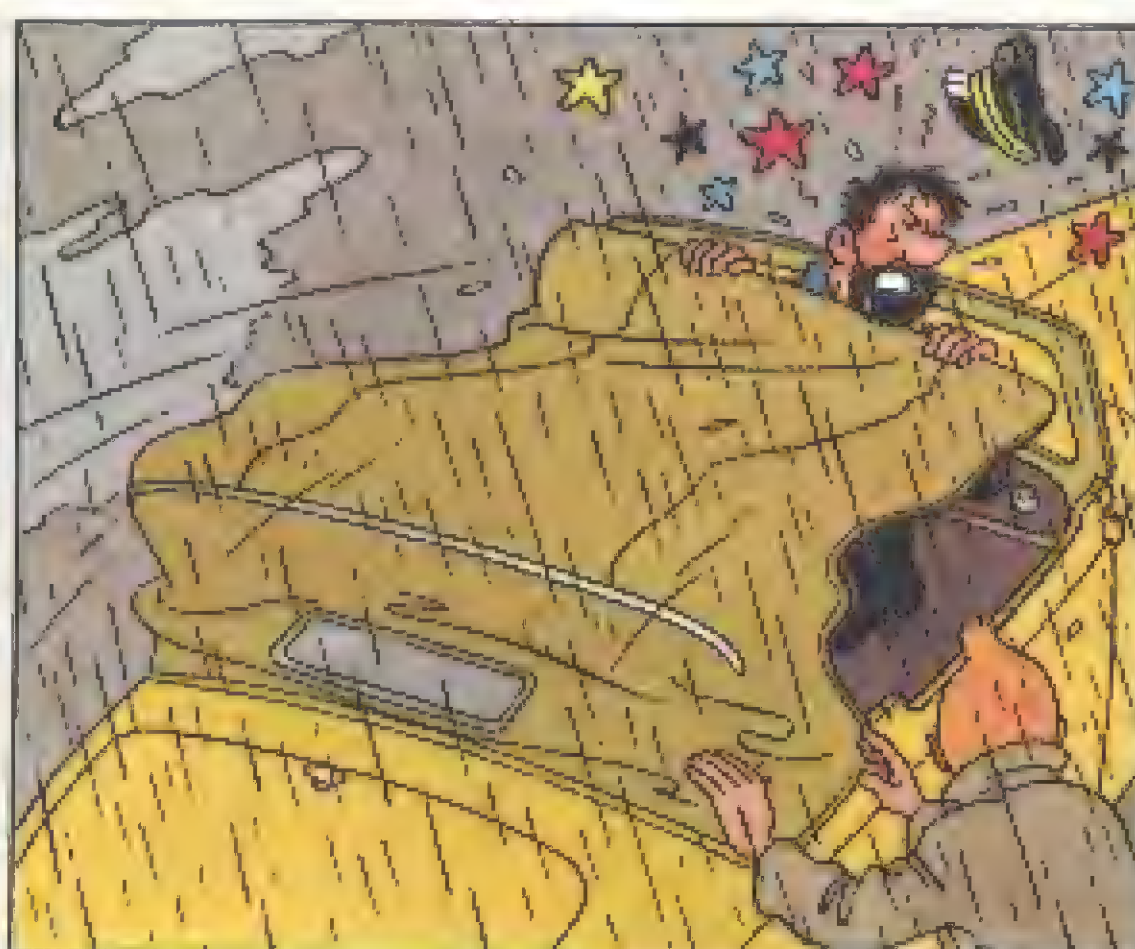
Blistering barnacles!... Quick, the hood, or we'll be drenched!



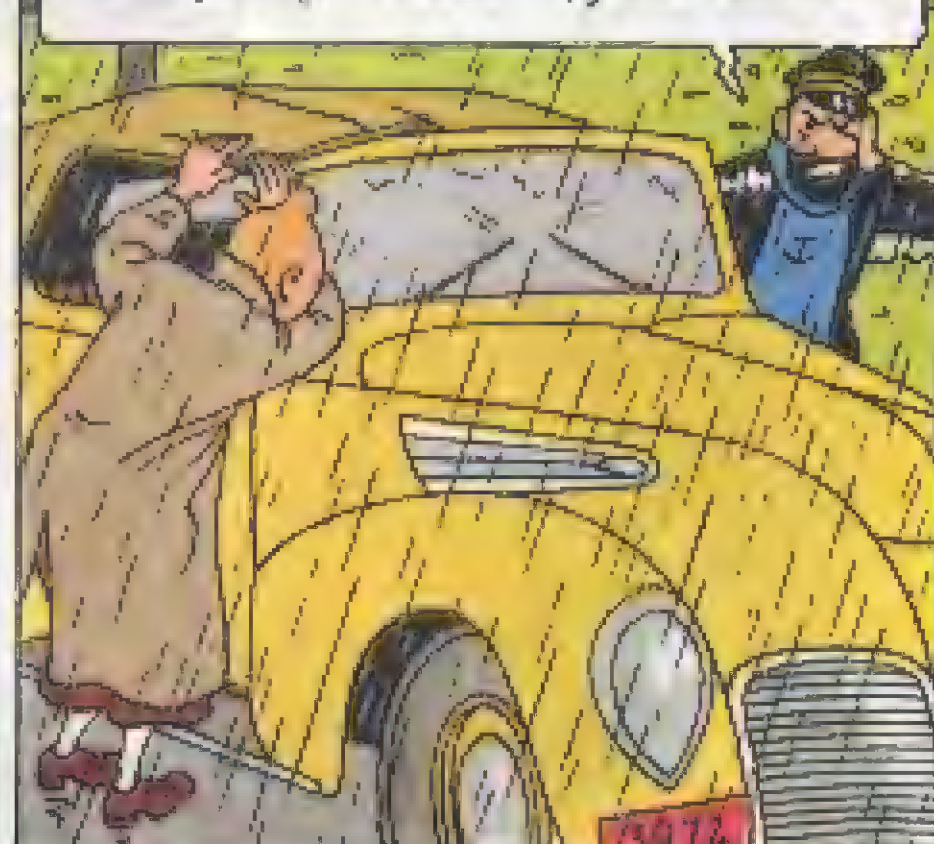
What's up?



Thundering typhoons, it's stuck!... Something's caught up... I'll try to do it from inside the car...

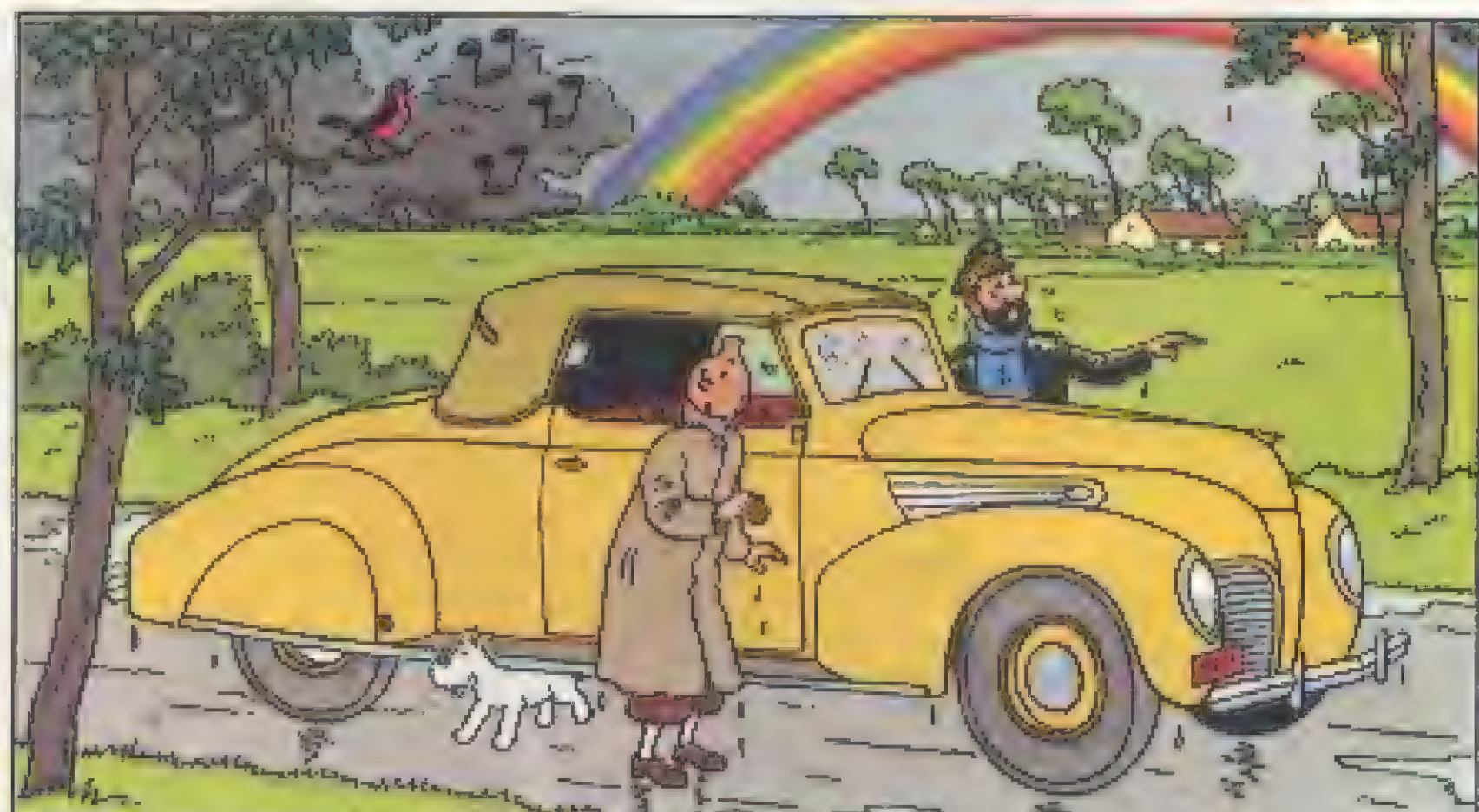
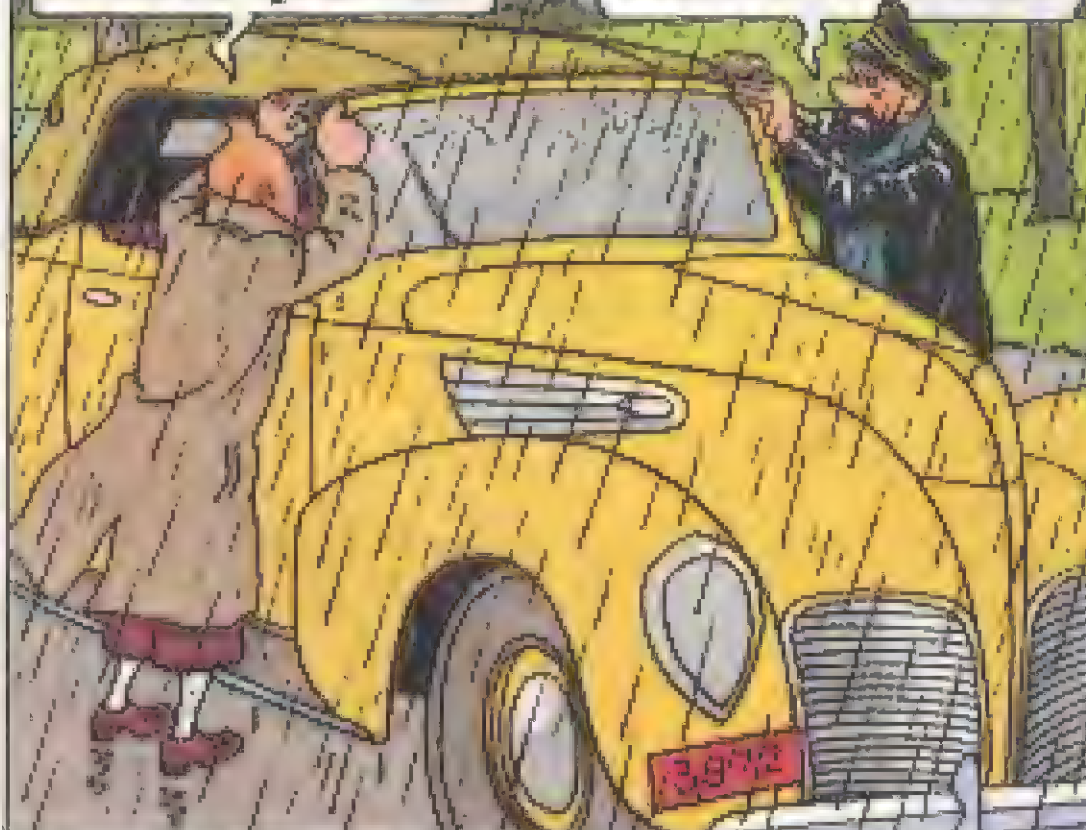


Billions of blistering barnacles!



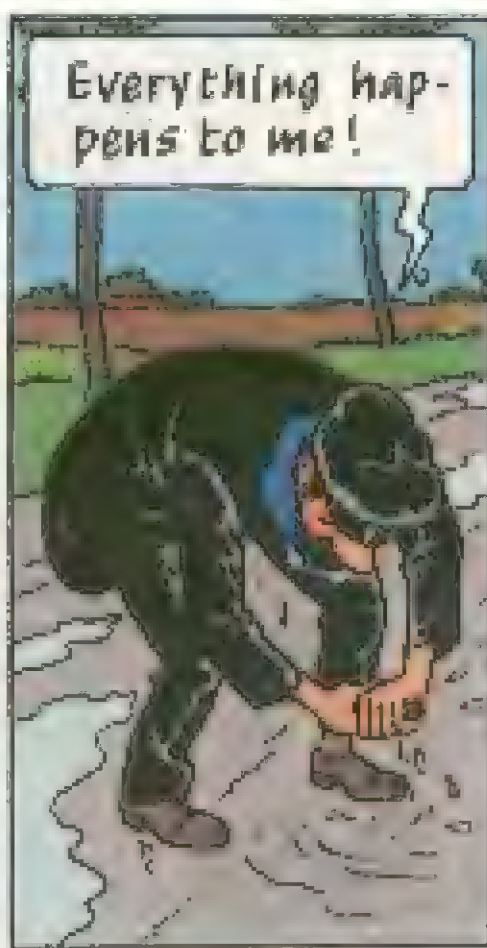
That's got it!

About time too!





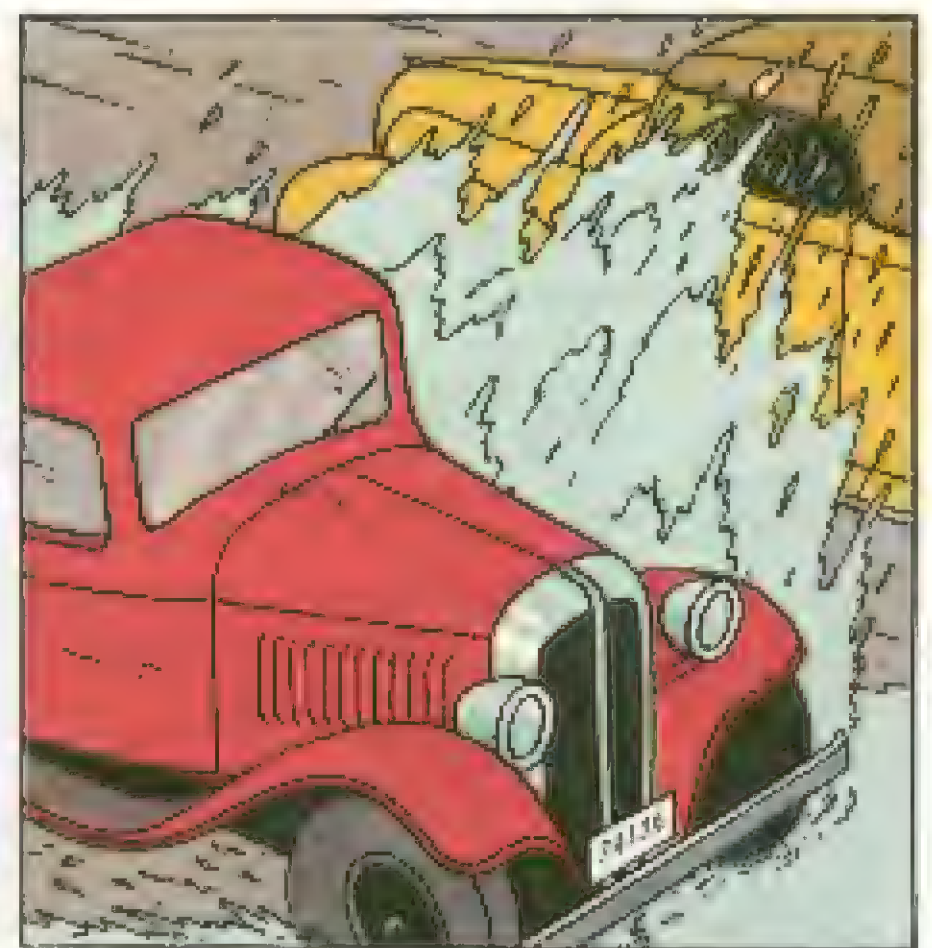
Thundering typhoons!
I'm soaked!



Everything happens to me!



Oh, well, at least I'm a bit
drier now...

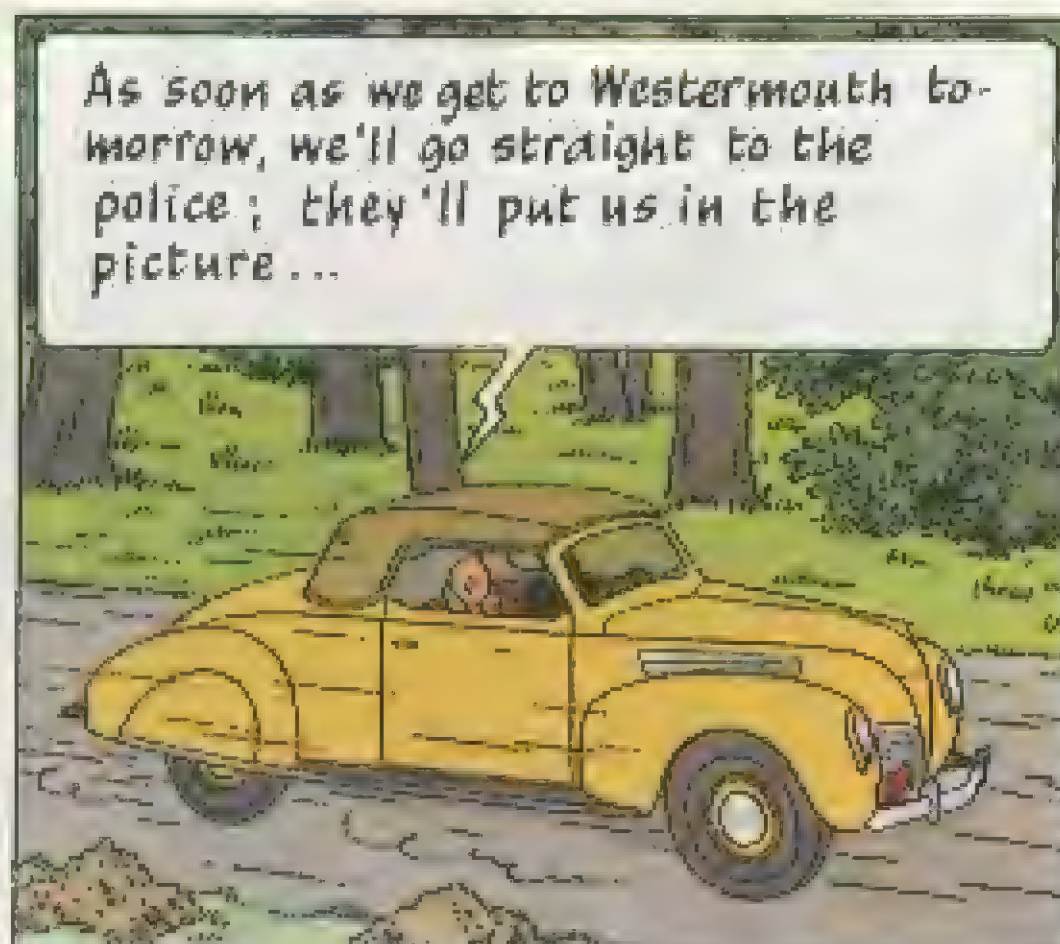
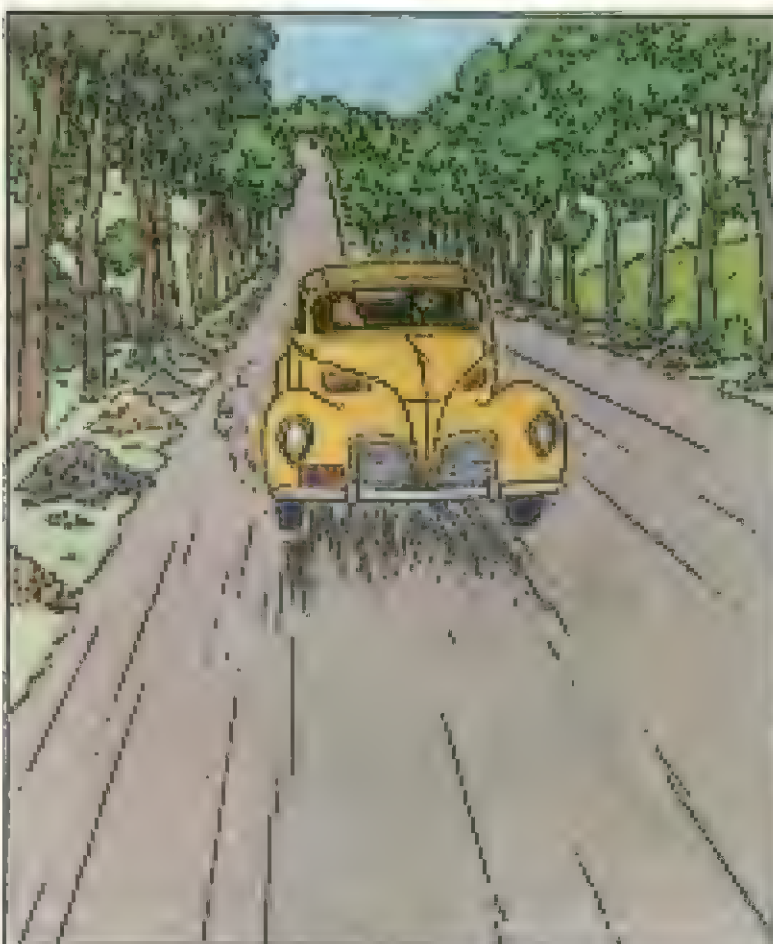


Gangsters! ... Road-hogs! ... Mountebanks!
Steamrollers! ... Nyctalops! ... Parasites!



Sea-gherkins! ... Pock-marks!
Cannibals!

Come on, Captain; hurry up, or
we'll never get there.



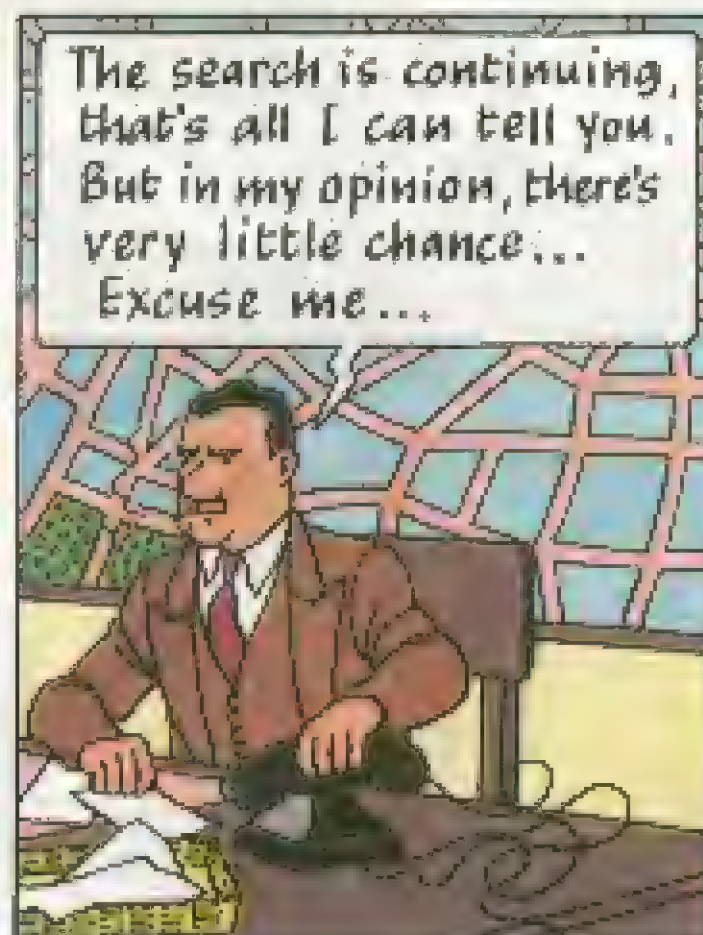
As soon as we get to Westermouth to-
morrow, we'll go straight to the
police; they'll put us in the
picture...



Early next morning...



I'm sorry, there's nothing fresh... It was a
fawn car all right; but was it the one containing
your friend? It was seen heading for Wester-
mouth... and since then, nothing... it has
simply vanished.



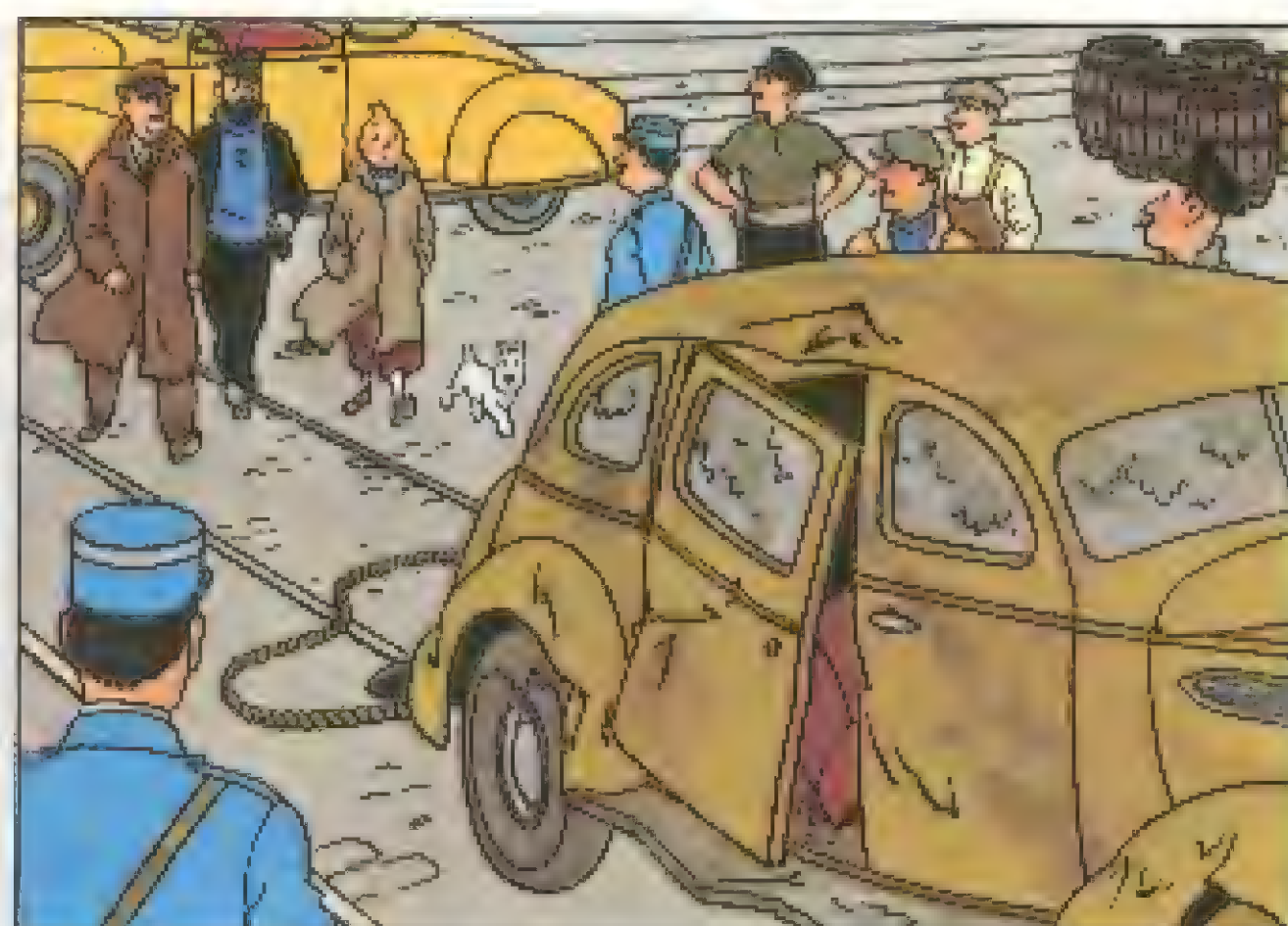
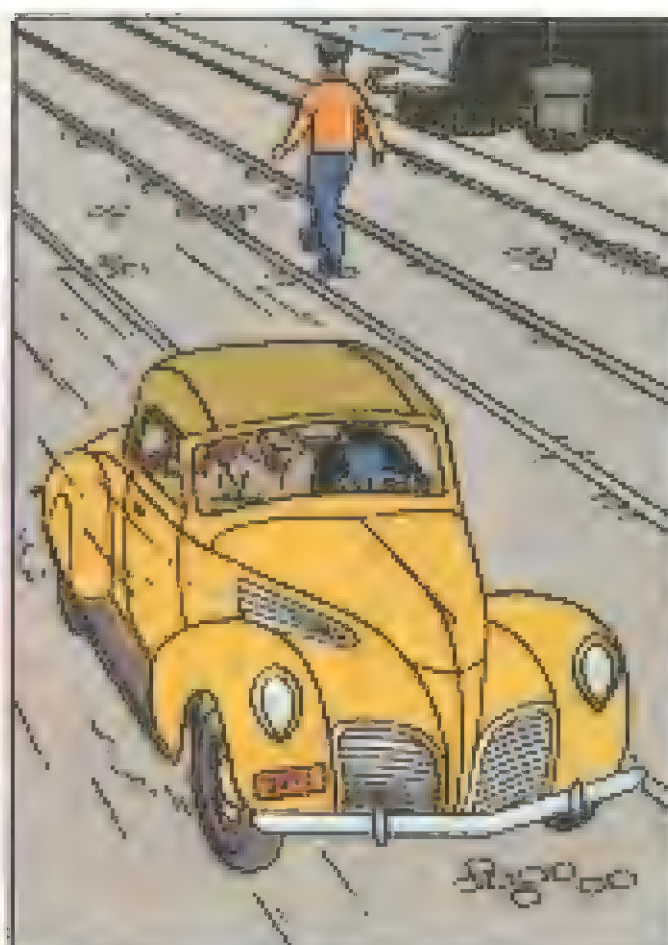
The search is continuing,
that's all I can tell you.
But in my opinion, there's
very little chance...
Excuse me...



Hello?... Yes, this is Inspector
Jackson... Yes... Again?...
What?... Where?... In one
of the docks?...
Well I'm...!! There's no
mistake about it?...
Excellent!

Well, gentlemen, you're in luck! The fawn car has just been recovered from one of the docks. If you'd like to come with me, we'll go and have a look.

Thanks very much!



It was a trawler, coming in. She struck an obstacle, so we dragged the dock... And there you are.

Is there any means of identification? ...
Number plate? ... Licence?
... Engine number?



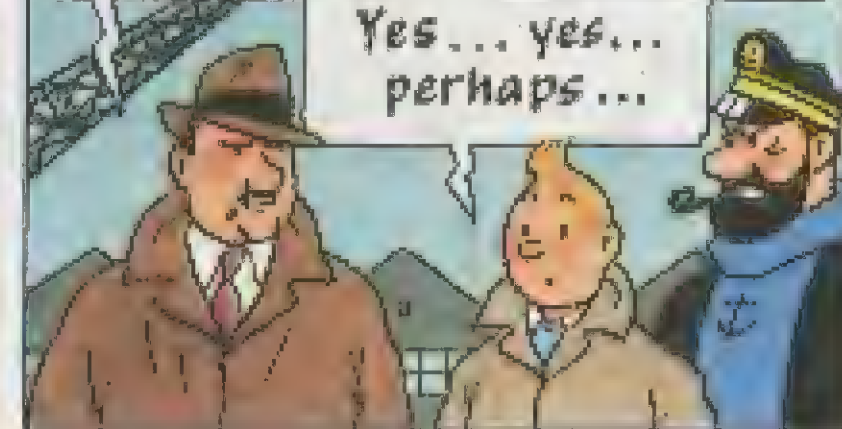
Nothing at all, sir. There are no number plates, and the engine and chassis numbers have been filed off. It's a mass-produced car, so there isn't much chance of ever finding out...

Yes, I see...



Anyway, we can be certain of one thing: whoever kidnapped Professor Calculus embarked here, having first tried to get rid of the car by dumping it in the dock.

Yes... yes... perhaps...



We must act at once: we'll radio a description of your friend to all the ships that have sailed from Westermouth since the twelfth... Then we'll see what happens.

Thanks, Inspector - and you'll let us know how things are going?



All things considered, we're not much further on.

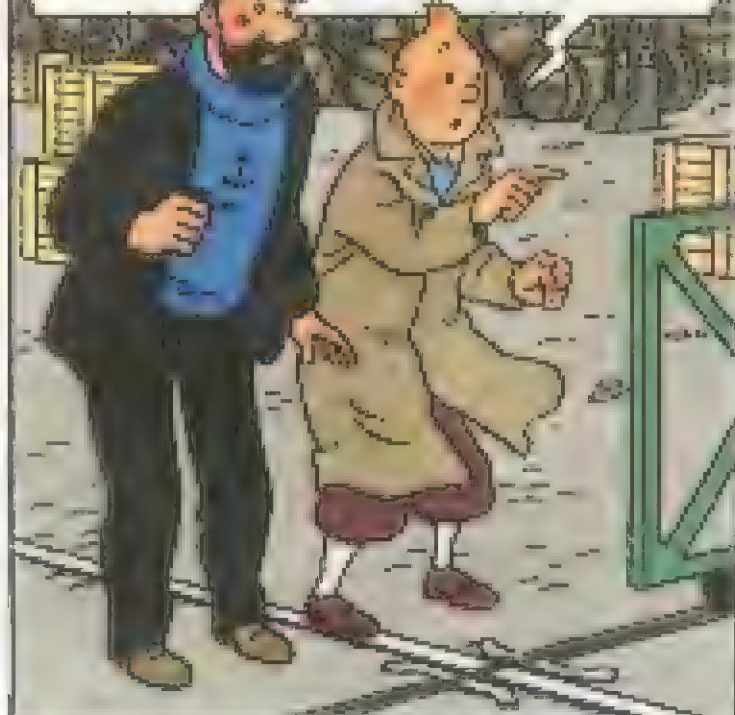
I know.



Hello, she's leaving for South America...and the kidnappers could be aboard... with poor Calculus!

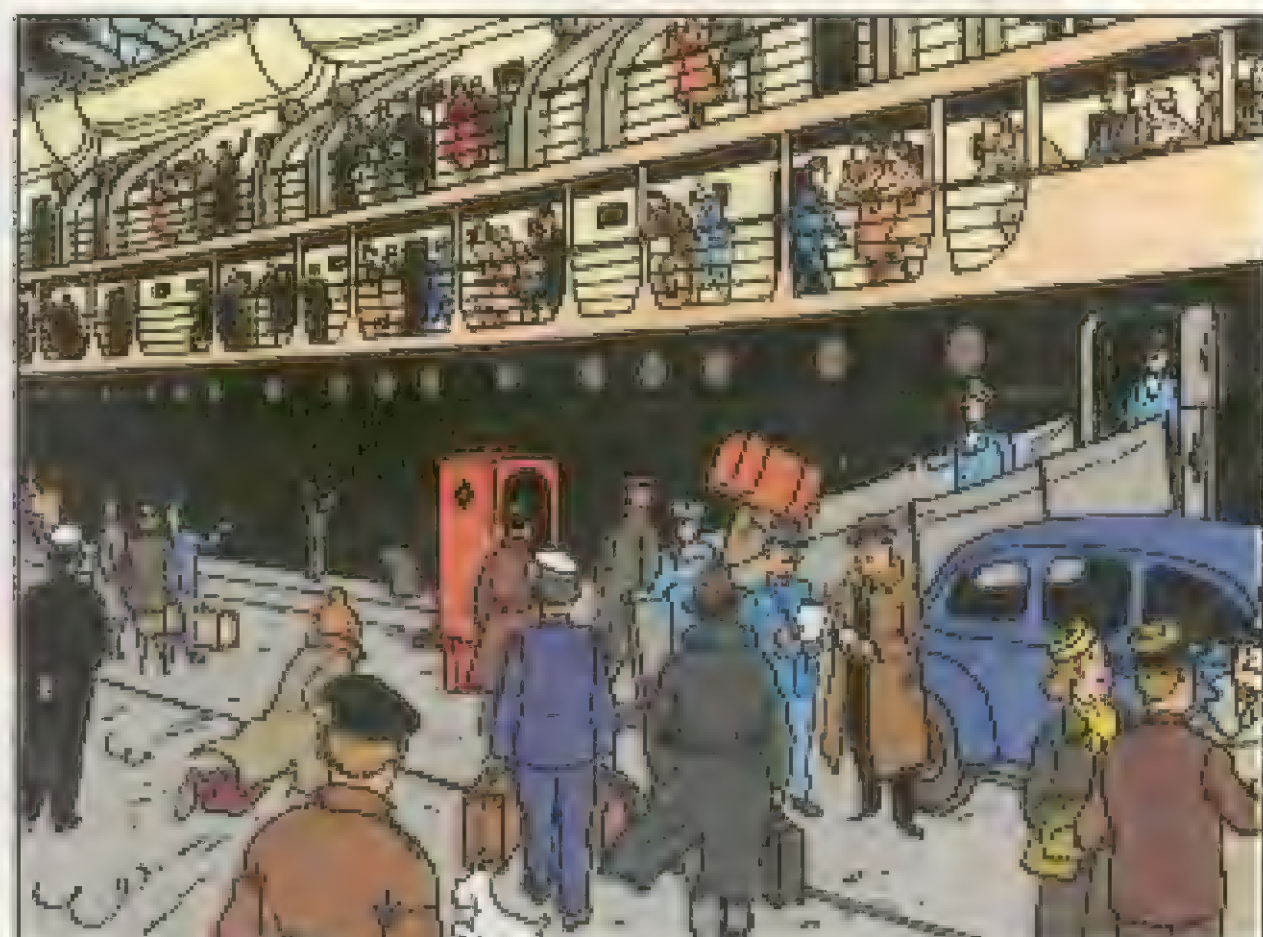


Great snakes!... That looks like... Yes, it is!



Hey!... Who are you?

Police!





Hello, General!

Ay Dios de mi vida! ... Tintin! amigo mio!



Nice to see you, General. Are you off on tour?

On tour? ... Caramba! ... I go home to my own country. Music-hall, for me is finished ... No more partner.



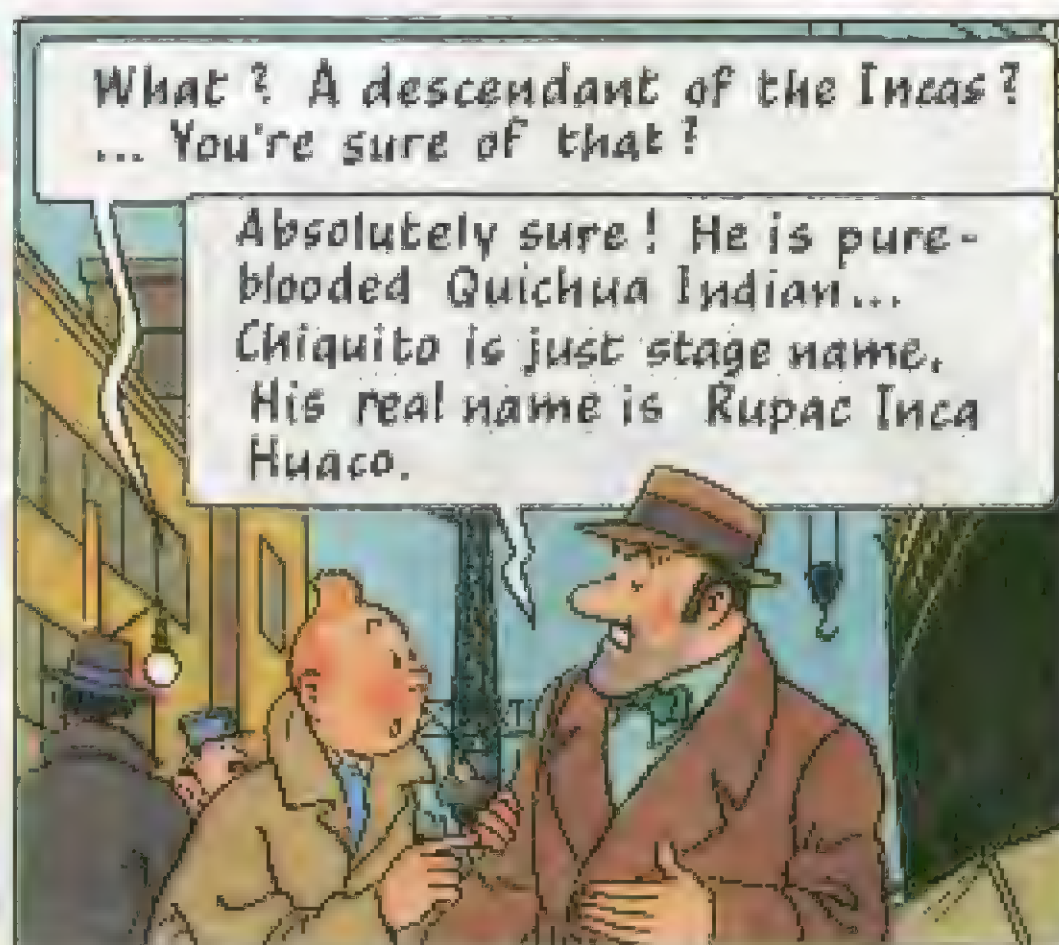
No partner? ... What's happened to Chiquito?

Gone! ... Disappeared! ... Four days ago ... I not blame him ... Before we come to Europe he say he leave me one day; not to worry, not to look for him ... And, it is so.



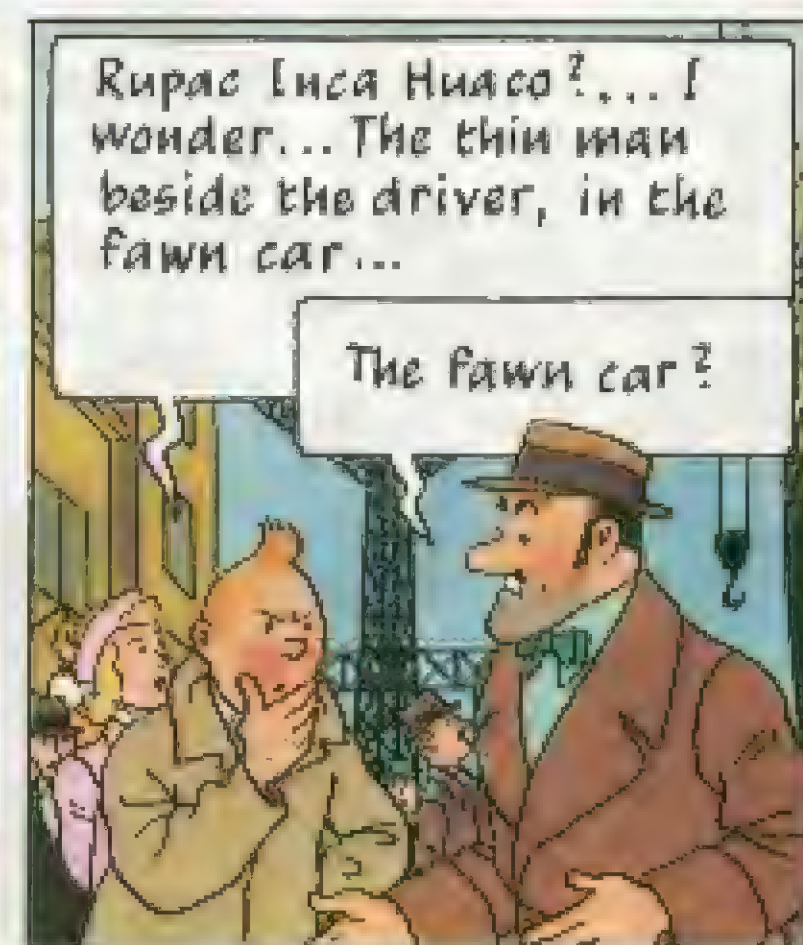
Four days ago? ... Then he disappeared on the twelfth ... well, well. Tell me: is Chiquito a real Indian?

Is Chiquito a real Indian? Santa Madre de Dios! ... He is one of last descendants of los Incas!



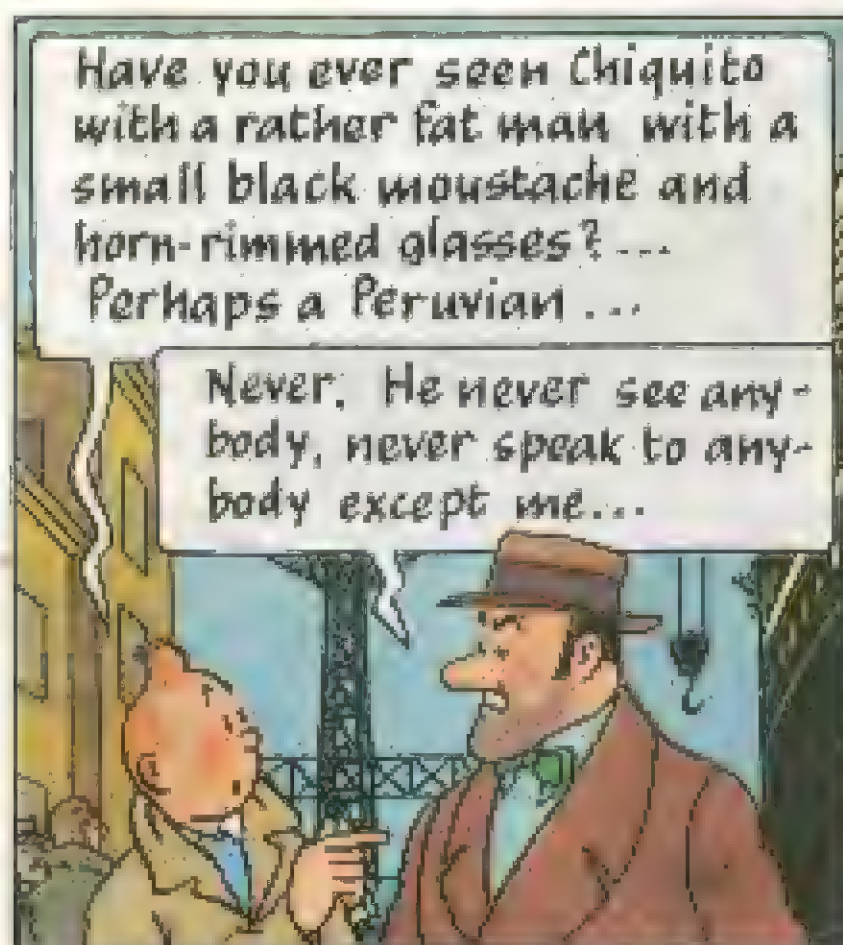
What? A descendant of the Incas? ... You're sure of that?

Absolutely sure! He is pure-blooded Quichua Indian ... Chiquito is just stage name. His real name is Rupac Inca Huaco.



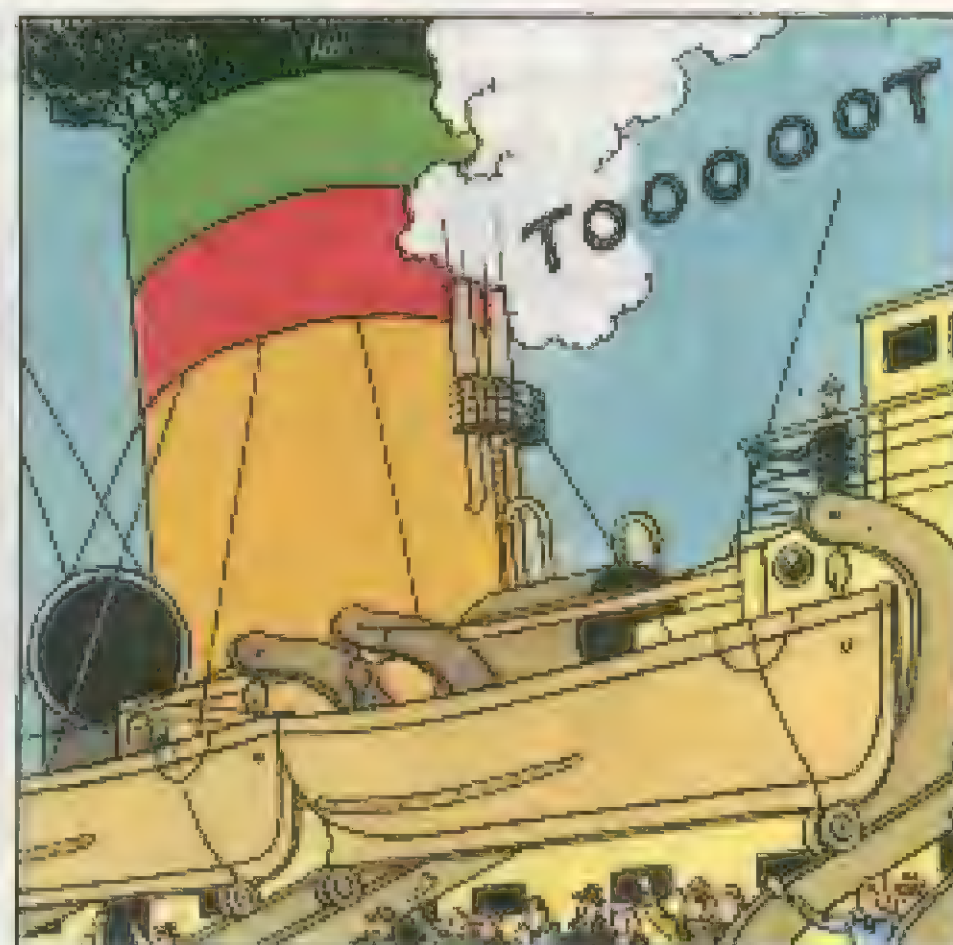
Rupac Inca Huaco? ... I wonder ... The thin man beside the driver, in the fawn car ...

The fawn car?



Have you ever seen Chiquito with a rather fat man with a small black moustache and horn-rimmed glasses? ... Perhaps a Peruvian ...

Never. He never see anybody, never speak to anybody except me ...



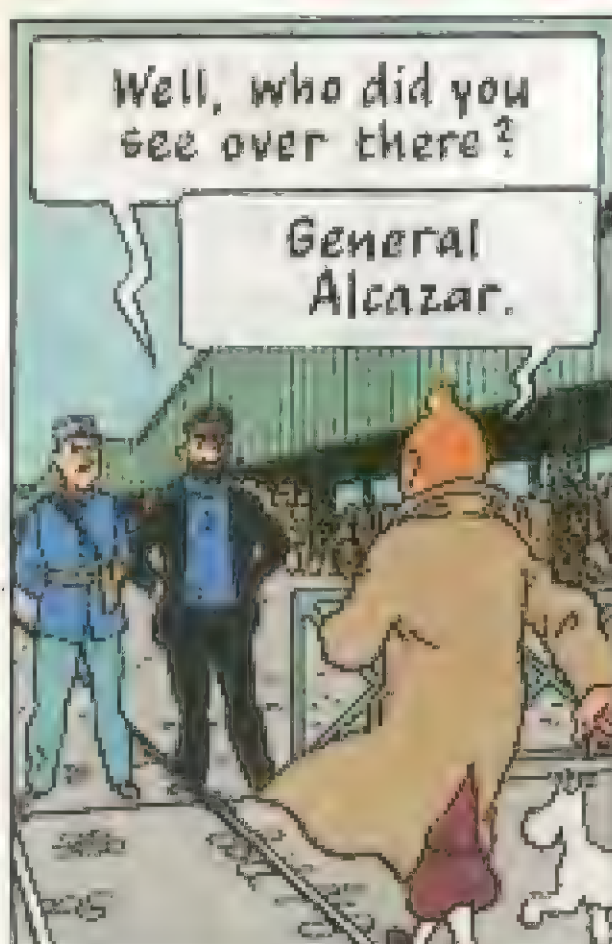
TOOOOOT



Caramba! I must go now ... Adios, amigo mio ... We meet again, perhaps!

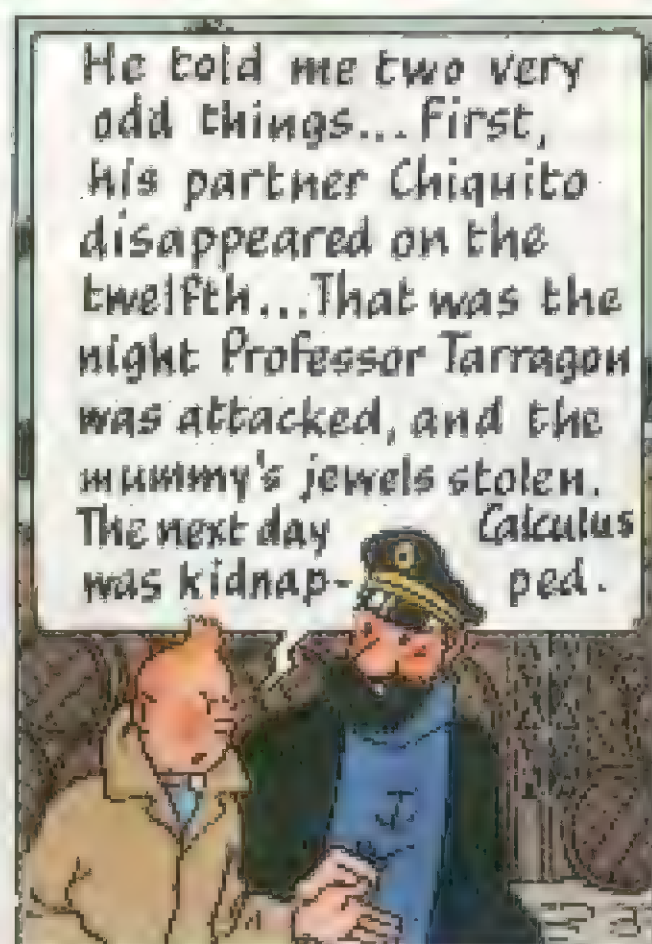
Good luck!

All aboard!



Well, who did you see over there?

General Alcazar.

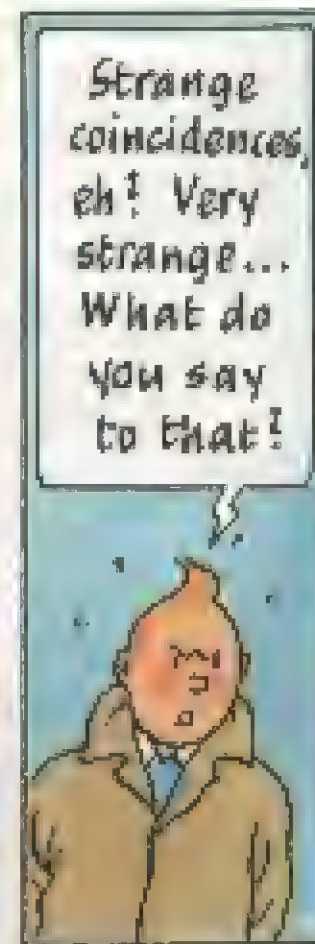


He told me two very odd things ... First, his partner Chiquito disappeared on the twelfth ... That was the night Professor Tarragon was attacked, and the mummy's jewels stolen. The next day was kidnaped.



Secondly, Chiquito's real name is Rupac Inca Huaco, and he's a descendant of the Incas!

What?



Strange coincidences, eh? Very strange ... What do you say to that?



Hey! ... Whoa! ... Stop! ...



Blistering barnacles, put me down! Put me down at once!



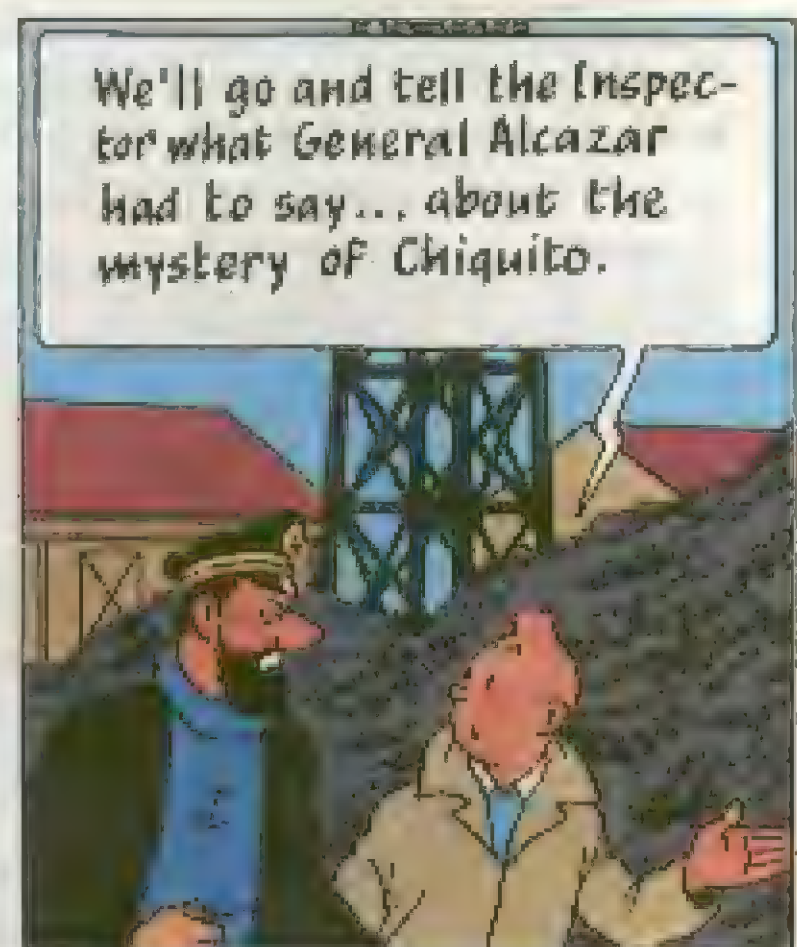
Numbskulls! ... Hi-jackers!

But Captain, I...

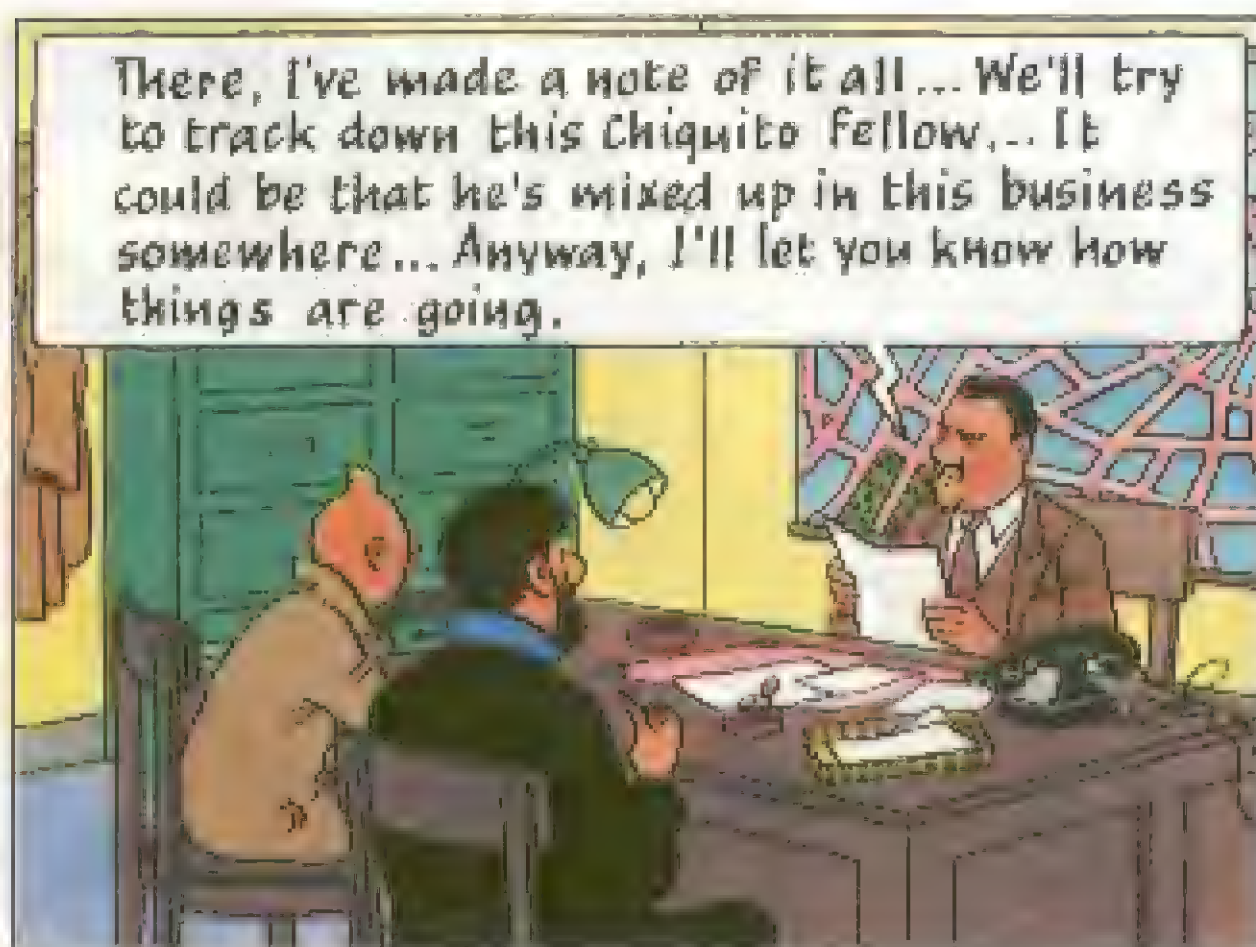


Kleptomaniacs!...Body-snatchers!

Come on, let's go, Captain.



We'll go and tell the Inspector what General Alcazar had to say... about the mystery of Chiquito.



There, I've made a note of it all... We'll try to track down this Chiquito fellow... It could be that he's mixed up in this business somewhere... Anyway, I'll let you know how things are going.



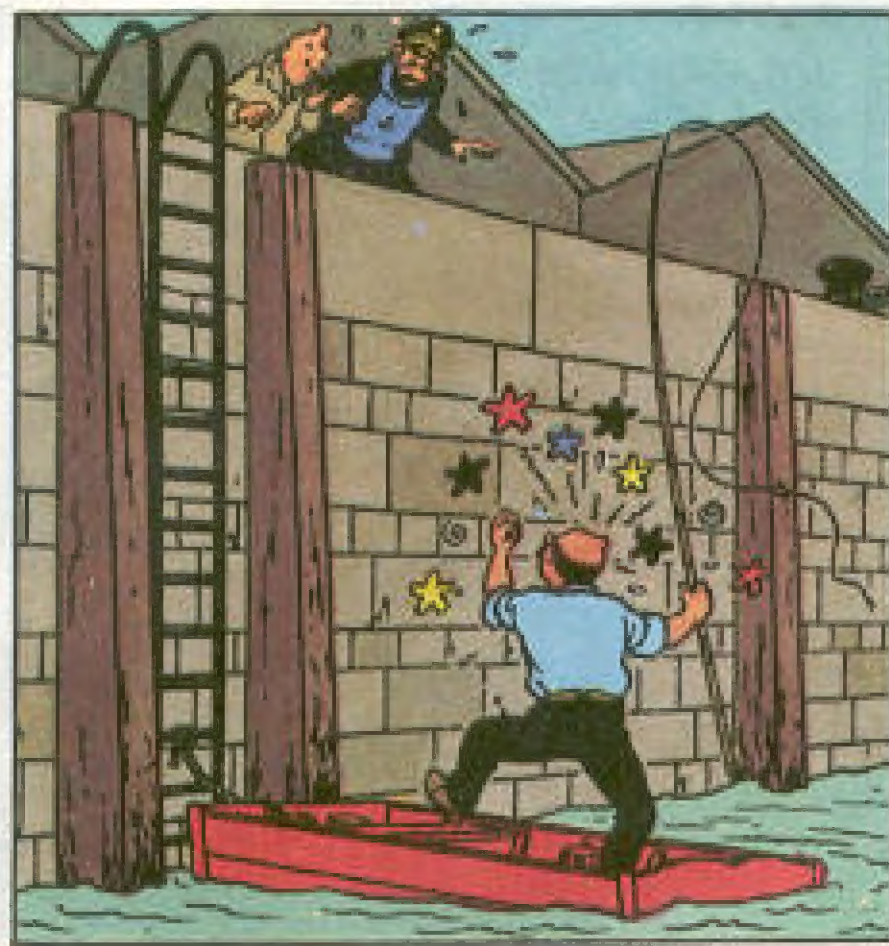
So that's that. Now what shall we do, Captain?

I haven't a notion.



Wait a minute! I've got an idea...

Well?





Whew, that was a near thing!



Hello, Snowy. What have you got there?... A hat?



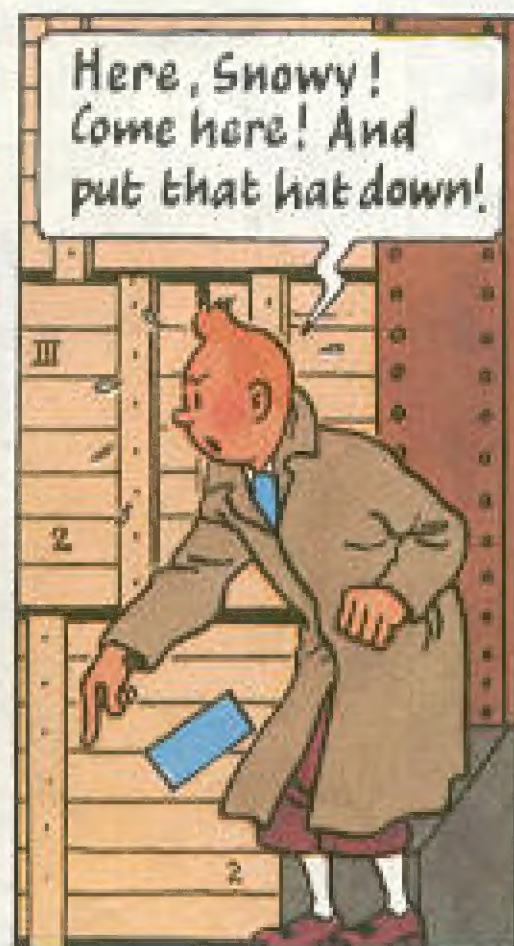
Goodness, it's the same one... The one the Captain kicked.



There... And leave the dirty thing alone!



Here, Snowy! Come here! And put that hat down!



Why can't you do as you're told?



We'll put a stop to your little game...



Now!... At least you won't go in there after it!



Come along, Snowy!... Here!



Wooah! Wooah!

SPLASH



Oh, so you're trying to make a fool of me, are you?



Donkey! What do you want me to do with the hat? Wear it?



Then I'd look like... Crumbs!... No, it's impossible!



Captain! ... Captain! ... I've got Calculus's hat!



Old Cuthbert's little round hat! ... That's why Snowy insisted on retrieving it! ... Look at the initials!

C.C.: Cuthbert Calculus! ... But then ...



Calculus wasn't taken aboard at Westermouth. It was here at Bridgeport ... But what ship? ... And what was her destination? ... That's what we need to know.

But how can we find out?



I've got it! We must try to find those two lads who played the trick with the hat.

Yes! I'll teach the young pirates a thing or two!



On the contrary, Captain, you'll be very nice to them ... After all, thanks to them we found the hat ... and we want them to tell us how they came by it themselves.

Oh, yes...



Good old Snowy; because of you we've made a wonderful discovery ... Now we want you to help us again ... We must find those two scamps ... you ran after them, remember?



An hour later...



?



Hey, what's bitten you?



Hello there!



Don't worry, we're not looking for trouble. We just want to know where you found this hat?

That hat? ... We were down in No.17 shed this morning ... where the crates were stacked for loading aboard ...



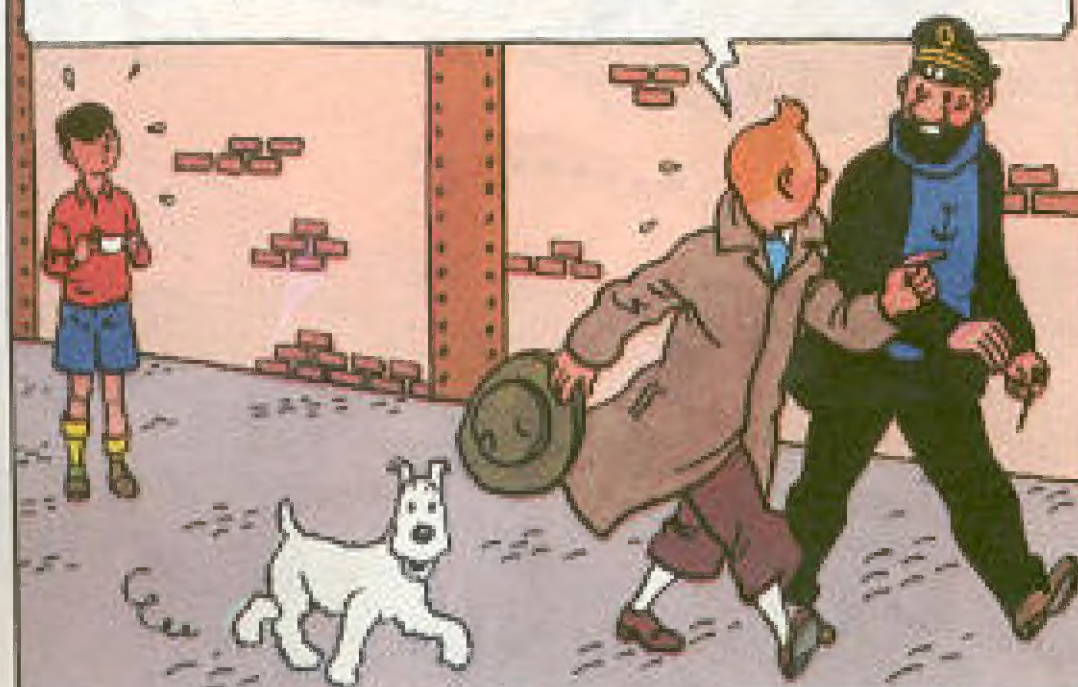
... the "Black Cat" ... When they lifted one of the crates out of the shed, I saw the hat underneath, all flattened out ... Honestly, it wasn't my idea to play that trick ... it was my friend ...



Well, your friend had a jolly good idea ... Didn't he, Captain?

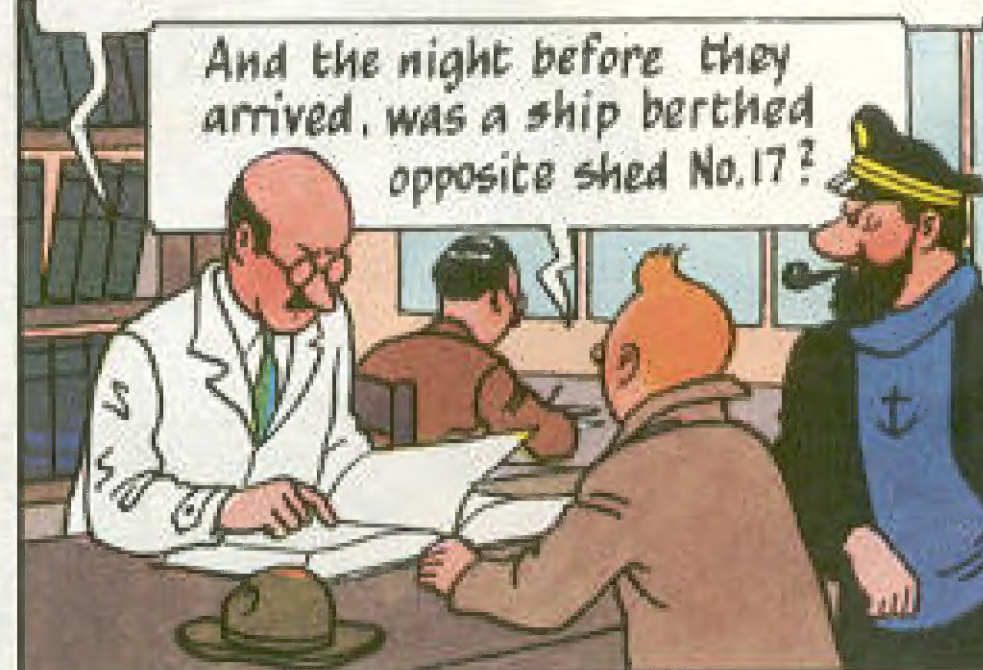


Now, Captain, to the harbour master's office. We'll ask them when the packing-cases came into the warehouse.



The cases? ... They arrived on the fourteenth, by rail ... This morning they were loaded aboard the "Black Cat."

And the night before they arrived, was a ship berthed opposite shed No.17?



On the thirteenth?... Let's see... Yes, the "Pachacamac" - a Peruvian merchantman. She arrived from Callao on the tenth with a cargo of guano; she sailed again for Callao on the fourteenth with a load of timber.

Fine. I'm most grateful to you.



As I see it, Calculus was kidnapped by Chiquito, a Peruvian Indian; he's aboard the "Pachacamac", a Peruvian ship, bound for a Peruvian port!

But, thundering typhoons, we must go after those gangsters at once! We must rescue him!



Agreed! We'll leave for Peru as soon as we can... Tomorrow, or the day after. Now I'm going to ring up the Inspector and tell him what we've discovered.

Good. And I'll telephone Nestor to tell him we're leaving.



Hello... yes, speaking... What? The Professor's hat?... You... Oh!... Yes... Of course... The "Pachacamac" for Callao... It seems a very strong lead... Yes, I'll make the necessary arrangements... What? You're going to Callao? But that's absurd!... As you like... When are you leaving?... Right... Goodbye, and good luck!



The next day...



Excuse me, but that isn't the plane for South America taking off, is it?

Yes, that's her.



Oh dear! Oh dear! What a calamity! What a terrible calamity... The master! My poor, poor master!

What's up? Anything serious?

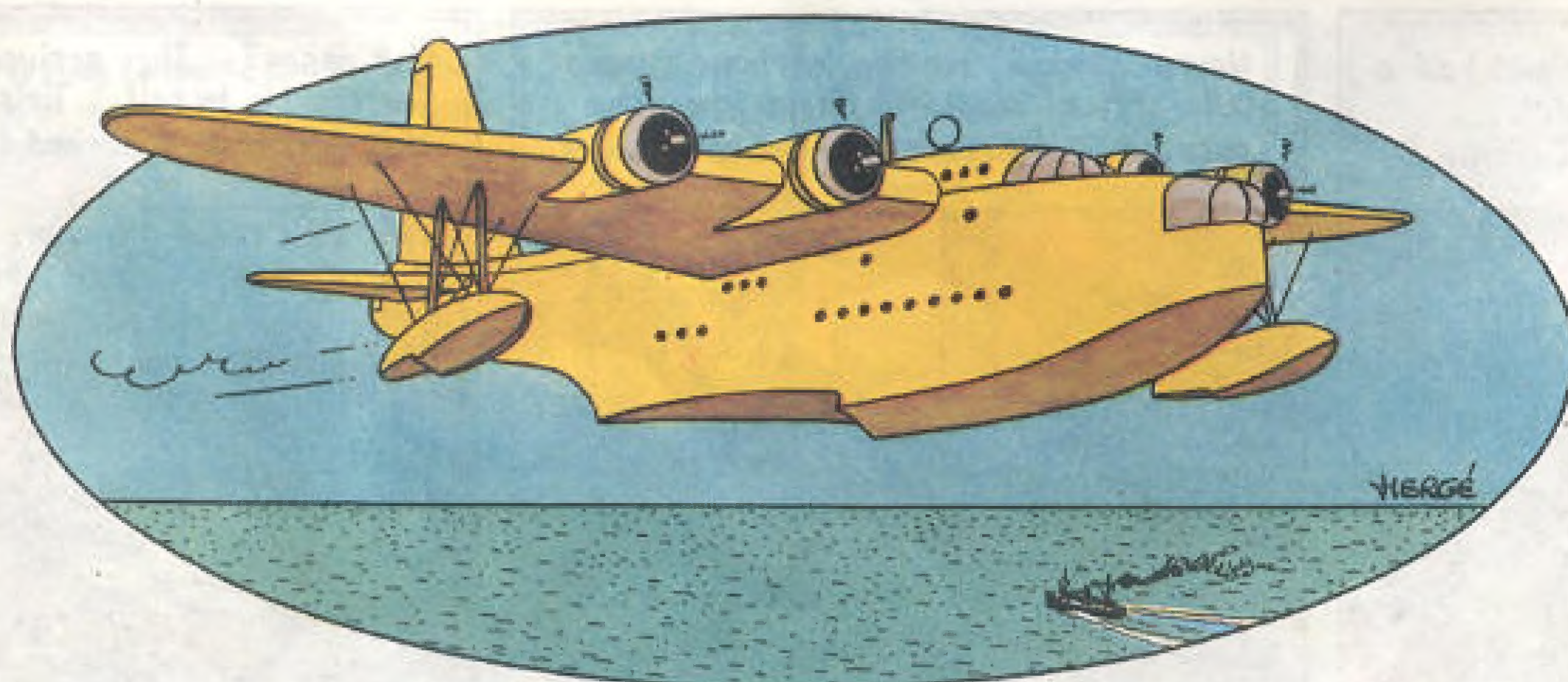


It is indeed! The master has left without a single spare monocle!



Now off to Peru!... We shall be in Callao well before the "Pachacamac". We'll get in touch with the police there at once, and as soon as the ship arrives, we'll rescue Calculus.

Yes, that's all very fine, but I wonder if it will be as easy as you think...



What will happen in Peru? You will find out in **PRISONERS OF THE SUN**